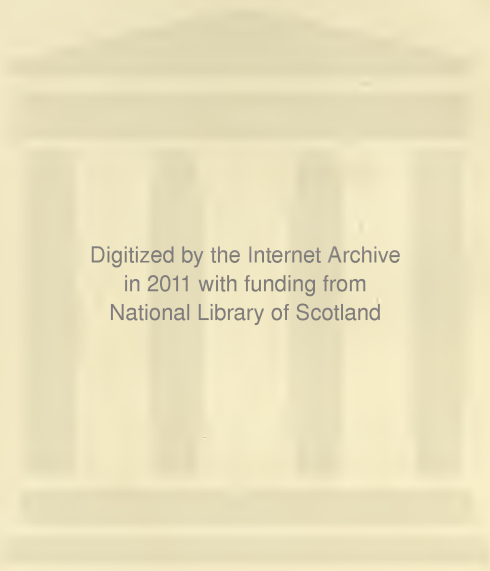


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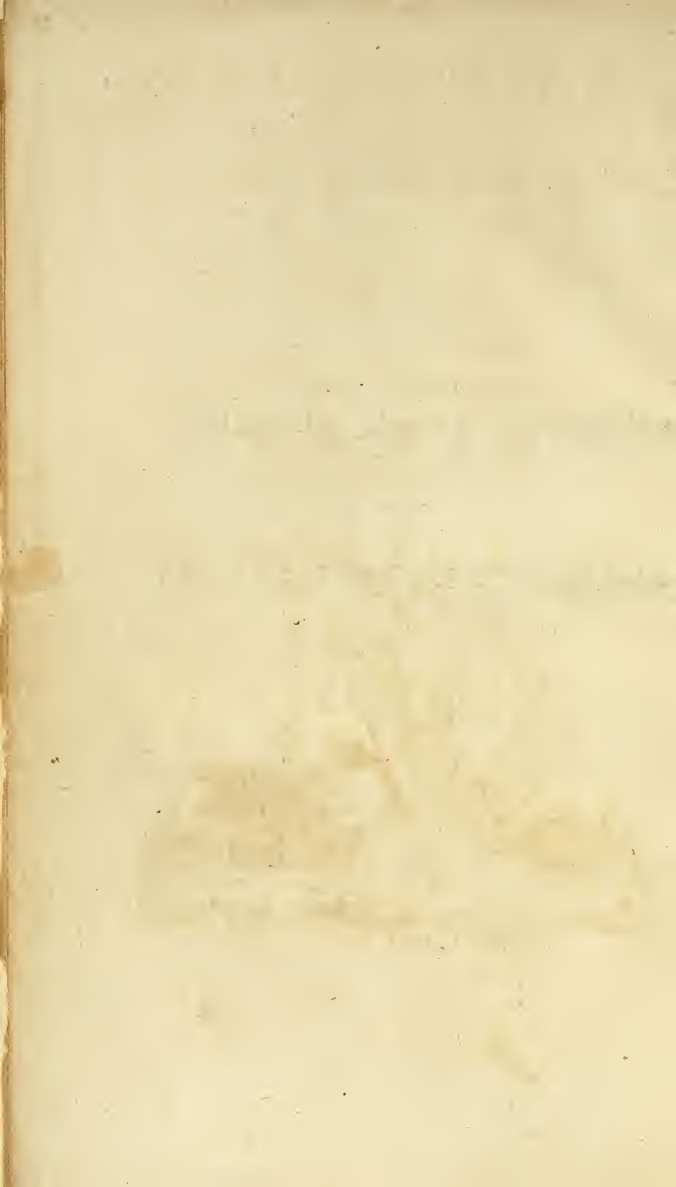


R E L I Q U E S

O F

ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY.

VOL. II.



Glen 114 a

RELIQUES
OF
ANCIENT ENGLISH POETRY:
CONSISTING OF
Old Heroic BALLADS, SONGS, and other
PIECES of our earlier POETS,
(Chiefly of the LYRIC kind.)
Together with some few of later Date.
THE SECOND EDITION.
VOLUME THE SECOND.



L O N D O N :
Printed for J. DODSLEY in Pall-Mall.
M D C C L X V I I .

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OF SCOTLAND

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* Lord Thomas and Fair Annet, see in Vol. 3. p. 240.
The Heir of Lynne, and Corydon's doleful Knell, see
above, p. 126. 263.

Though some make flight of LIBELS, yet you may see by them how the wind fits: As take a straw and throw it up into the air, you may see by that which way the wind is, which you shall not do by casting up a stone. More solid things do not shew the complexion of the times so well as BALLADS and Libels.

SELDEN'S TABLE-TALK.

RELIGIONS



A R C H I V E
SONGS AND BALLADS,
Etc.

SERIES THE SECOND.
BOOK I.

I.

RICHARD OF ALMAIGNE,

“ A ballad made by one of the adherents to Simon de Montfort, earl of Leicester, soon after the battle of Lewes, which was fought May 14, 1264, ”

—affords a curious specimen of ancient Satire, and shews that the liberty, assumed by the good people of this realm, of

VOL. II.

B

abusing

abusing their kings and princes at pleasure, is a privilege of very long standing.

To render this antique libel intelligible, the reader is to understand that just before the battle of Lewes which proved so fatal to the interests of Henry III. the barons had offered his brother Richard King of the Romans 30,000*l.* to procure a peace upon such terms, as would have divested Henry of all his regal power, and therefore the treaty proved abortive.—The consequences of that battle are well known: the king, prince Edward his son, his brother Richard, and many of his friends fell into the hands of their enemies: while two great barons of the king's party, John earl of Warren, and Hugh Bigot the king's Justiciary, had been glad to escape into France.

In the 1st stanza the aforesaid sum of THIRTY THOUSAND pounds is alluded to, but with the usual misrepresentation of party malevolence, is asserted to have been the exorbitant demand of the king's brother.

With regard to the 2d st. the Reader is to note that Richard, along with the earldom of Cornwall, had the honours of WALINGFORD and Eyre confirmed to him on his marriage with Sanchia daughter of the Count of Provence, in 1243.—WINDSOR castle was the chief fortress belonging to the king, and had been garrisoned by foreigners: a circumstance, which furnishes out the burthen of each stanza.

The 3d st. very humorously alludes to some little fact, which history hath not condescended to record. Earl Richard possessed some large WATER-MILLS near Isleworth, which had been plundered and burnt by the Londoners: in these perhaps by way of defence he had lodged a party of soldiers.

The 4th st. is of obvious interpretation: Richard, who had been elected king of the Romans in 1256, and had afterwards gone over to take possession of his dignity, was in the year 1259 about to return into England, when the barons raised a popular clamour, that he was bringing with him foreigners to over-run the kingdom: upon which he was forced

forced to dismiss almost all his followers, otherwise the barons would have opposed his landing.

In the 5th st. the writer regrets the escape of the Earl of Warren, and in the 6th and 7th sts. insinuates that if he and Sir Hugh Bigot once fell into the hands of their adversaries, they should never more return home. A circumstance, which fixes the date of this ballad; for in the year 1265 both these noblemen landed in South Wales, and the royal party soon after gained the ascendant. See Holingshed, Rappin, &c.

The following is copied from a very ancient MS. in the British Museum. [Harl. MSS. 2253. f. 23.] This MS. is judged, from the peculiarities of the writing, to be not later than the time of Richard II; th being every where expressed by the character þ; the y is pointed after the Saxon manner, and the i hath an oblique stroke over it.

Prefixed to this ancient libel on government is a small design, which the engraver intended should correspond with the subject. On the one side a Satyr, (emblem of Petulance and Ridicule) is trampling on the ensigns of Royalty; on the other Faction under the masque of Liberty is exciting Ignorance and Popular Rage to deface the Royal Image; which stands on a pedestal inscribed MAGNA CHARTA, to denote that the rights of the king, as well as those of the people, are founded on the laws; and that to attack one, is in effect to demolish both.

SITTETH alle stille, ant herkneþ to me;
 The kyng of Alemaigne, bi mi leaute,
 Thritti thousand pound askede he
 For te make the pees in the countre,

Ant so he dude more.

5

Richard, thah thou be ever trichard,
 Tricthen shalt thou never more.

B 2

Richard

Ver. 2. kyn. MS.

Richard of Alemaigne, whil that he wes kying,
 He spende al is tresfour opon swyvyng,
 Haveth he nout of Walingford oferlȳng, 10
 Let him habbe, ase he brew, bale to dryng,
 Maugre Wyndesore.

Richard, thah thou be ever, &c.

The kyng of Alemaigne wende do ful wel,
 He saifede the mulne for a castel, 15
 With hare sharpe swerdes he grounde the stel,
 He wende that the fayles were mangonel
 To helpe Wyndesore.

Richard, thah thou be ever, &c.

The kyng of Alemaigne gederede ys host, 20
 Makede him a castel of a mulne post,
 Wende with is prude, ant is muchele boft,
 Brohte from Alemayne monȳ fori goft
 To store Wyndesore.

Richard, thah thou be ever, &c. 25

By God, that is aboven ous, he dude muche sȳnne,
 That lette passen over see the erl of Warynne :
 He hath robbed Engelond, the mores, ant th fenne,
 The gold, ant the selver, and ȳ-boren henne,
 For love of Wyndesore. 30

Richard, thah thou be ever, &c.

Sire Simond de Mountfort hath suore bi ys chyn,
 Hevede he nou here the erl of Waryn,
 Shuld he never more come to is yn,
 Ne with sheld, ne with spere, ne with other gyn, 35
 To help of Wyndesfore.
 Richard, thah thou be ever, &c.

Sire Simond de Montfort hath suore bi ys 'fot',
 Hevede he nou here Sire Hue de Bigot :
 Al he shulde grante here twelfmoneth scot, 40
 Shulde he never more with his sot pot
 To helpe Wyndesfore.
 Richard, thah thou be ever trichard,
 Tricthen shalt thou never more.

Ver. 38. top or cop.

Ver. 40. g'te here. MS. i. e. grant their. Vid. Glosf.

* * * *The SERIES OF POEMS given in this volume will shew the gradual changes of the ENGLISH Language thro' a succession of FIVE HUNDRED years. This and the following article may be considered as specimens of it in its most early state, almost as soon as it ceased to be SAXON. Indeed the annals of this kingdom are written in the Saxon language almost down to the end of K. Stephen's reign: for so far reaches the SAXON CHRONICLE; within little more than a century of the date of this poem.*

II.

ON THE DEATH OF K. EDWARD
THE FIRST.

*We have here an early attempt at Elegy. EDWARD I. died July 7. 1307, in the 35th year of his reign, and 69th of his age. This poem appears to have been composed soon after his death. According to the modes of thinking peculiar to those times, the writer dwells more upon his devotion, than his skill in government, and pays less attention to the martial and political abilities of this great monarch, in which he had no equal, than to some little weaknesses of superstition, which he had in common with all his cotemporaries. The king had in the decline of life vowed an expedition to the holy land, but finding his end approach, he dedicated the sum of 32,000*l.* to the maintenance of a large body of knights (140 say historians, 80 says our poet,) who were to carry his heart with them into Palestine. This dying command of the king was never performed. Our poet with the honest prejudices of an Englishman, attributes this failure to the advice of the king of France, whose daughter Isabel our young monarch immediately married. But the truth is, Edward and his destructive favourite Piers Gaveston spent the money upon their pleasures. — To do the greater honour to the memory of his hero, our poet puts his elege in the mouth of the Pope; with the some poetic licence, as a more modern bard would have introduced Britannia, or the Genius of Europe pouring forth his praises.*

This antique Elegy is extracted from the same MS volume, as the preceding article; is found with the same peculiarities of writing and orthography; and tho' written at near the distance of half a century contains little or no

varia-

variation of idiom: whereas the next following poem by Chaucer, which was probably written not more than 50 or 60 years after this, exhibits almost a new language. This seems to countenance the opinion of some antiquaries, that this great poet made considerable innovations in his mother tongue, and introduced many terms, and new modes of speech from other languages.

A LLE, that beoth of huerte trewe,
 A stounde herkneth to my song
 Of duel, that Deth hath diht us newe,
 That maketh me syke, ant forewe among;
 Of a knyht, that wes so strong, 5
 Of wham God hath don ys wille;
 Me-thuncheth that deth hath don us wrong,
 That he so sone shall ligge stille.

Al Englund ahte for te knowe
 Of wham that song is, that y synge; 10
 Of Edward kyng, that lith so lowe,
 Zent al this world is nome con springe:
 Trewest mon of alle thinge,
 Ant in werre war ant wys,
 For him we ahte oure honden wrynge, 15
 Of Cristendome he ber the prys.

Byfore that oure kyng wes ded,
 He spek ase mon that wes in care,
 “ Clerkes, knyhtes, barons, he sayde,
 “ Y charge ou by oure sware, 20

“ That ye to Engelonde be trewe.
 “ Y deze, y ne may lyven na more ;
 “ Helpeth mi sone, ant crouneth him newe,
 “ For he is nest to buen y-core.

“ Ich biqueth myn herte aryht, 25
 “ That hit be write at mi devys,
 “ Over the see that Hue * be diht,
 “ With fourscore knyhtes al of prys,
 “ In werre that buen war ant wys,
 “ Azein the hethene for te fyhte, 30
 “ To wynne the croiz that lowe lys,
 “ Myself ycholde zef that y myhte.”

Kyng of Fraunce, thou hevedest ‘ finne,’
 That thou the counsail woldest fonde,
 To latte the wille of ‘ Edward kyng’ 35
 To wende to the holy londe :
 That oure kyng hede take on honde
 All Engelond to zeme ant wyffe,
 To wenden in to the holy londe
 To wynnen us heveriche blisse. 40

The messager to the pope com,
 And seyde that oure kyng was ded ;
 Ys oune hond the lettre he nom,
 Ywis his herte wes ful gret :

The

* This is probably the name of some person, who was to preside over this business. Ver. 33. sunpe. MS. Ver. 35. kyng Edward. MS. Ver. 43. ys is probably a contraction of in hys or yn his.

The Pope him self the lettre redde, 45
 Ant spec a word of gret honour.
 “ Alas ! he seid, is Edward ded ?
 “ Of Cristendome he ber the flour.”

The Pope to is chaumbre wende,
 For dol ne mihte he speke na more ; 50
 Ant after cardinals he fende,
 That muche couthen of Cristes lore,
 Bothe the lasse, ant eke the more,
 Bed hem bothe rede ant syngre :
 Gret deol me myhte se thore, 55
 Mony mon is honde wryngre.

The Pope of Peyters stod at is masse
 With ful gret solempnetè,
 Ther me con the foule blesse :
 “ Kyng Edward honoured thou be : 60
 “ God love thi sone come after the,
 “ Bringe to ende that thou hast bygonne,
 “ The holy crois y-mad of tre,
 “ So fain thou woldest hit hav y-wonne.

“ Jerusalem, thou hast i-lore 65
 “ The flour of al chivalrie
 “ Now kyng Edward liveth na-more :
 “ Alas ! that he zet shulde deye !

“ He

“ He wolde ha rered up ful heyze
 “ Oure banners, that bueth broht to grounde ;
 “ Wel! longe we mowe clepe and crie 70
 “ Er we a fuch kyng han y-founde.”

Nou is Edward of Carnarvan
 King of Engelond al aplyht,
 God lete him ner be worse man
 Then is fader, ne lasse of myht, 75
 To holden is pore men to ryht,
 And understonde good counsail,
 Al Engelong for to wyffe ant dyht ;
 Of gode knyhtes darh him nout fail.

Thah mi tonge were mad of stel,
 Ant min herte yzote of bras,
 The godnes myht y never telle,
 That with kyng Edward was :
 Kyng, as thou art cleped conquerour,
 In uch bataille thou hadest prys ; 85
 God bringe thi soule to the honour,
 That ever wes, ant ever ys.*

* Here follow in the original three lines more, which, as apparently spurious, we chuse to throw to the bottom of the Page, viz.

That lasteth ay withouten ende,
 Bidde we God, ant oure Ledy to thilke blisse
 Jesus us sende. Amen.

III.

AN ORIGINAL BALLAD BY CHAUCER.

This little sonnet, which hath escaped all the editors of Chaucer's works, is now printed for the first time from an ancient MS in the Pepysian library, that contains many other poems of its venerable author. The versification is of that species, which the French call RONDEAU, very naturally englished by our honest countrymen ROUND O. Tho' so early adopted by them, our ancestors had not the honour of inventing it: Chaucer picked it up, along with other better things, among the neighbouring nations. A fondness for laborious trifles hath always prevailed in the dawn of literature. The ancient Greek poets had their WINGS and AXES: the great father of English poesy may therefore be pardoned one poor solitary RONDEAU.—Dan Geofrey Chaucer died Oct. 25. 1400. aged 72.

I. 1.

YOURE two eyn will fle me sodenly,
 I may the beaute of them not sustene,
 So wendeth it thorowout my herte kene.

2.

And but your words will helen hastely
 My hertis wound, while that it is grene,
 Youre two eyn will fle me sodenly.

3.

Upon my trowth I fey yow feithfully,
 That ye ben of my liffe and deth the quene;
 For with my deth the trowth shal be sene.

Youre two eyn, &c.

II. 1.

So hath youre beauty fro your herte chafed
 Pitee, that me n' availeth not to pleyne ;
 For daunger halt your mercy in his cheyne.

2.

Giltles my deth thus have ye purchafed ;
 I fey yow soth, me nedeth not to fayn :
 So hath your beaute fro your herte chafed.

4.

Alas, that nature hath in yow compasped
 So grete beaute, that no man may atteyn
 To mercy, though he sterue for the peyn.
 So hath youre beaute, &c.

III. 1.

Syn I fro love escaped am so fat,
 I nere thinke to ben in his prisson lene ;
 Syn I am fre, I counte hym not a bene.

2.

He may answere, and fey this and that,
 I do no fors, I speak ryght as I mene ;
 Syn I fro love escaped am so fat.

3.

Love hath my name i-strike out of his sclat,
 And he is strike out of my bokes clene :
 For ever mo * this is non other mene.

Syn I fro love escaped, &c.

* Ther.

IV.

THE TURNAMENT OF TOTTENHAM:

“OR, THE WOOING, WINNING, AND WEDDING
“OF TIBBE, THE REEY’S DAUGHTER THERE.”

It does honour to the good sense of this nation, that while all Europe was captivated with the bewitching charms of Chivalry and Romance, two of our writers in the rudest times could see thro’ the false glare that surrounded them, and discover whatever was absurd in them both. Chaucer wrote his Rhyme of sir Thopas in ridicule of the latter, and in the following poem we have a humourous burlesque of the former. Without pretending to decide, whether the institution of chivalry was upon the whole useful or pernicious in the rude ages, a question that has lately employed many fine pens, it evidently encouraged a vindictive spirit, and gave such force to the custom of duelling, that it will probably never be worn out. This, together with the fatal consequences which often attended the diversion of the Turnament, was sufficient to render it obnoxious to the graver part of mankind. Accordingly the Church early denounced its censures against it, and the State was often prevailed on to attempt its suppression. But fashion and opinion are superior to authority; and the proclamations against Tilting were as little regarded in those times, as the laws against Duelling are in these. This did not escape the discernment of our poet, who easily perceived that inveterate opinions must be attacked by other weapons, than proclamations and censures; he accordingly made use of the keen one of RIDICULE. With this view he has here introduced, with admirable humour, a parcel of clowns, imitating all the solemnities of the Tournay. Here we have the*
regular

* See [Mr. Hurd’s] Letters on Chivalry, 8vo. 1762. Memoires de la Chevalerie par M. de la Curne des Palais, 1759. 2 tom. 12mo. &c.

regular challenge—the appointed day—the lady for the prize—the formal preparations—the display of armour—the scutcheons and devices—the oaths taken on entering the lists—the various accidents of the encounter—the victor leading off the prize,—and, the magnificent feasting,—with all the other solemn fopperies, that usually attended the exercise of the barriers. And how acutely the sharpness of the author's humour must have been felt in those days, we may learn, from what we can perceive of its keenness now, when time has so much blunted the edge of his ridicule.

THE TURNAMENT OF TOTTENHAM was published from an ancient MS. in 1631, 4to, by the rev. Whilhem Bedwell, rector of Tottenham, and one of the translators of the Bible: he tells us it was written by one Gilbert Pilkington, thought to have been some time parson of the same parish, and author of another piece intitled *Passio Domini Jesu Christi*. Bedwell, who was eminently skilled in the oriental languages, appears to have been but little conversant with the ancient writers in his own, and he so little entered into the spirit of the poem he was publishing that he contends for its being a serious narrative of a real event, and thinks it must have been written before the time of Edward III, because Turnaments were prohibited in that reign. “I do
 “ verily beleeve, says he, that this Turnament was acted
 “ before this proclamation of K. Edward. For how durst
 “ any to attempt to do that, although in sport, which was
 “ so straightly forbidden, both by the civill and ecclesiasticall
 “ power? For although they fought not with lances, yet, as
 “ our authour sayth, “It was no childrens game.” And
 “ what would have become of him, thinke you, which
 “ should have slayne another in this manner of jeasting?
 “ Would he not, trow you, have been HANG'D FOR IT
 “ IN EARNEST? YEA, AND HAVE BENE BURIED LIKE
 “ A DOGGE?” It is however well known that Turnaments were in use down to the reign of Elizabeth.

Without pretending to ascertain the date of this Poem, the obsolescency of the style shews it to be very ancient: It will appear from the sameness of orthography in the above ex-

tract that Bedwell has generally reduced that of the poem to the standard of his own times; yet, notwithstanding this innovation, the phraseology and idiom shew it to be of an early date. The poem had in other respects suffered by the ignorance of transcribers, and therefore a few attempts are here made to restore the text, by amending some corruptions, and removing some redundancies; but lest this freedom should incur censure, the former readings are retained in the margin. A farther liberty is also taken, what is here given for the concluding line of each stanza, stood in the former edition divided as two: e. g.

“ Of them that were doughty,

“ And hardy indeed:”

but they seemed most naturally to run into one, and the frequent neglect of rhyme in the former of them seemed to prove that the author intended no such division.

OF all ‘ the ’ kene conquerours to carpe is our kinde;
 Of fell fighting folke ‘ a ’ ferly we finde;
 The Turnament of Tottenham have I in minde;
 It were harme such hardineffe were holden behinde.

In story as we reade,

Of Hawkin, of Harry,

Of Timkin, of Terry,

Of them that were doughty, and hardy in deed.

It befell in Tottenham on a deare day,
 There was made a shurting by the highway:
 Thither come all the men of that countray
 Of Hisselton, of High-gate, and of Hakenay,

And

Ver. 1. these. P. C.
 Ver. 3. indeed. P. C.

Ver. 2. ‘ a ’ not in P. C.

And all the sweete fwinkers :
 There hopped Hawkin,
 There daunced Dawkin,
 There trumped Timkin, and were true drinkers.

15

‘ When ’ the day was gone, and eve-song past,
 That they should reck’n their skot, and their counts cast,
 Perkin the potter into the presse past,
 And say’d, Randill the reve, a daughter thou hast, 20
 Tibbe thy deare,

Therefore faine weet would I,
 Whether these fellowes or I,
 Or which of all this batchelery
 Were the best worthy to wed her his fere. 25

Upstart the gadlings with their lang staves,
 And sayd, Randill the reve, lo ! the ladde raves,
 How proudly among us thy daughter he craves,
 And we are richer men then he, and more good haves,
 Of cattell, and of corne. 30

* Then sayd Perkin, ‘ I have hight
 ‘ To Tibbe in my right
 ‘ To be ready to fight, and thoughe it were to morne.

Then

*Ver. 17. Till. P. C.**Ver. 25. in his fere. P. C.*

* The latter part of this stanza seemed embarrassed and redundant, we have therefore ventured to contract it. It stood thus ;

Then sayd Perkin, to Tibbe I have hight
 That I will bee alwaies ready in my right,
 With a flayle for to fight

This day seaven-night, and thought it were to morne.

The two last lines seem in part to be borrowed from the following stanza, where they come in more properly.

Then sayd Randill the reſe, ' Ever' be he waryd
 That about this carping lenger would be taryd ; 35
 I would not my daughter that ſhe were miſkaryd,
 But at her moſt worſhip I would ſhe were maryd,

For the turnament ſhall beginne

This day feav'n-night,

With a flayle for to fight, 40

And he, that is moſt of might, ſhall brok her with winne.

He that bear'th him beſt in the turnament,

Shall be granted the gree, by the common aſſent;

For to winne my daughter with doughtineſſe of dent,

And Cottle my brood-hen, that was brought out of Kent,

And my dunned cow : 46

For no ſpence will I ſpare ;

For no cattell will I care ;

He ſhall have my gray mare, and my ſpotted ſow.

There was many a bold lad their bodyes to bede ; 50

Then they take their leave, and hamward they hede,

And all the weeke after they gayed her wede,

Till it come to the day, that they ſhould do their dede :

They armed them in mattes ;

They ſet on their nowlls 55

Good blacke bowlls,

To keep their powlls from battering of battes.

VOL. II.

C

They

They sewed hem in sheepskinnes, for they should not brest;
 And every ilke of hem a black hatte, instead of a crest,
 A basket or panyer before on their brest, 60
 And a flayle in their hande, for to fight prest,
 Forthe con they fare.

There was kid mickle force,
 Who should best fend his corse;
 He, that had no good horse, borrowed him a mare. 65

Sich another clothing have I not seene oft,
 When all the great company riding to the croft,
 Tibbe on a gray-mare was sette up on-loft,
 Upon a sacke-full of senvy, for she should sit soft,
 And led till the gappe: 70
 Forther would she not than,
 For the love of no man,
 Till Copple her brood-hen wer brought into her lappe.

A gay girdle Tibbe had borrowed for the nonce;
 And a garland on her head full of ruell bones; 75
 And a brouch on her brest full of sapphyre stones,
 The holyroode tokening was written for the nonce;
 For no spendings ' they had spar'd :'
 When jolly Jenkin wist her thare,
 He gurd so fast his gray mare, 80
 That she let a fowkin fare at the rere-ward.

I make

Ver. 59. ilken. P. C. Ver. 65. Mares were never used in Chivalry: It was beneath the dignity of a knight to ride any thing but a stallion. V. Memoires de la Chevalerie.

Ver. 67. perhaps, rid into. Ver. 78. would they spare. P. C.

I make a vowe, quoth 'he, my capul' is comen of kinde
I shall fall five in the field, and I my flaile finde.

I make a vowe, quoth Hudde, I shall not leve behinde;
May I meet with lyard or bayard the blinde, 85

I wote I shall them grieve.

I make a vowe, quoth Hawkin,

May I meete with Dawkin,

For all his rich kin, his flaile I shall him reve.

I make a vow, quoth Gregge, Tibbe thou shall see 90

Which of all the bachelery graunted is the gree :

I shall skomfit hem all, for the love of thee,

In what place that I come, they shall have doubt of mee;

For I am armd at the full :

In my armes I beare wele 95

A dough-trough, and a pele,

A saddle without a pannele, with a fleece of wooll.

Now go downe, quoth Dudman, and beare me bet about,

I make a vow, they shall aby that I finde out,

Have I twice or thrice ridden thorough the rout, 100

In what place that I come, of me they shall ha doubt,

Mine armes bene so clere ;

I beare a riddle and a rake,

Powder'd with the brenning drake,

And three cantles of a cake, in ilka cornere. 105

C 2

I make

Ver. 82. Originally it stood thus,

*I make a vowe, quoth Tibbe, coppie is comen of kinde;
but as this evidently has no connection with the lines that follow, the Edi-
tor proposes the above emendation. Ver. 98. Perhaps 'I shall' go downe.*

I make a vowe, quoth Tirry, and sweare by my crede,
 Saw thou never young boy forther his body bede ;
 For when they fight fastest, and most are in drede,
 I shall take Tib by the hand, and away her lede :

Then bin mine armes best ; 110

I beare a pilch of ermin,

Powderd with a cats skinne,

The cheefe is of perchmine, that stond'th on the crest.

I make a vow, quoth Dudman, and sweare by the stra,
 While I am most merry, thou gettst her not swa ; 115
 For she is well shapen, as light as a rae,
 There is no capull in this mile before her will ga :

Shee will me not beguile ;

I dare foothly fay,

Shee will be a Monday 120

Fro Hisselton to Hacknay, nought other halfe mile.

I make a vow, quoth Perkin, thou carpst of cold rost ;
 I will wirke wislier without any boast ;
 Five of the best capulls, that are in this host,
 I will hem lead away by another cost ; 125

And then laugh Tibbe,

Wi' loo, boyes, here is hee,

That will fight and not flee,

For I am in my jellity ; Ioo fourth, Tibbe.

When

When they had their oathes made, forth can they ' he' 130

With flailles, and harnisse, and trumps made of tre :

There were all the bachelers of that countre ;

They were dight in aray, as themselves would be :

 Their banner was full bright,

 Of an old rotten fell, 135

 The cheefe was a plowmell,

And the shadow of a bell, quartered with the moone-light.

I wot it was no childrens game, when they together mette,

When ilka freke in the field on his fellow bette,

And layd on stifly, for nothing would they lette, 140

And fought ferly fast, till ' their' horses swette ;

 And few wordes were spoken :

 There were flailles all to flatterd,

 There were shields all to clatterd,

Bowles and dishes all to batterd, and many heads broken.

There was clenking of cart-saddles, and clattering of

 cannes, 146

Of fell frekes in the field, broken were their fannes ;

Of some were the heads broken, of some the braine-pannes,

And evill were they besene, ere they went thance,

 With swipping of swipples : 150

 The ladds were so weary for fought,

 That they might fight no more on-loft,

But creeped about in the croft, as they were crooked

 cripples.

C 3

Perkin

Perkin was so weary, that he beganne to lowte,
 Help, Hudde, I am dead in this ilk rowte; 155
 An horse for forty pennys, a good and a stowte;
 That I may lightly come of mine owne owte;
 For no cost will I spare.

He starte up as a snaile,
 And hent a capull by the taile, 160
 And raught of Daukin his flayle, and wanne him a mare.

Perkin wan five, and Hudde wan twa;
 Glad and blithe they were, that they 'had' done fa;
 They would have them to Tibbe, and present her with tha;
 The capuls were so weary, that they might not ga, 165
 But still can they 'stonde.'

Alas! quoth Hudde, my joy I leese
 Mee had lever then a stone of cheete,
 That deare Tibbe had all these, and wist it were my sonde.

Perkin turned him about in the ilk throng, 170
 He fought freshly, for he had rest him long;
 He was ware of Tirry take Tibbe by the hond,
 And would have led her away with a love-song;
 And Perkin after ran,

And off his capull he him drowe, 175
 And gave him of his flayle inowe;
 Then te, he! quoth Tibbe, and lowe, ye are a doughty man.
 Thus

Thus they tugged, and they rugged till it was nigh night:
 All the wives of Tottenham come to see that fight ;
 To fetch home their husbands, that were them trough
 plight, 180

With wifes and kixes, that was a rich fight ;
 Her husbands home to fetch.
 And some they had in armes,
 That were feeble wretches,
 And some on wheel-barrowes, and some on critches. 185

They gatherd Perkin about on every side,
 And grant him there the gree, the more was his pride :
 Tib and hee, with great mirth, hameward can ride,
 And were all night together, till the morrow tide ;
 And to church they went : 190
 So well his needs he has sped,
 That deare Tibbe he shall wed ;
 The cheefemen that her hither lead, were of the turnament.

To the rich feast come many for the nonce :
 Some come hop-halte, and some tripping thither on the
 stons ; 195
 Some with a staffe in his hand, and some two at once ;
 Of some were the headsbroken; of some the shoulderbones:
 With sorrow come they thither ;
 Wo was Hawkin ; wo was Harry ;
 Wo was Tymkin ; wo was Tirry ; 200
 And so was all the company, but yet they come together.

At that feast were they served in rich aray ;
 Every five and five had a cokeneý ;
 And so they sat in jollity all the long day .
 Tibbe at night, I trowe, had a simple aray ;

205

Mickle mirth was them among :

In every corner of the house

Was melody delicious,

For to hear precious of six mens song.

V.

FOR THE VICTORY AT AGINCOURT.

That our plain and martial ancestors could wield their swords much better than their pens, will appear from the following homely Rhymes, which were drawn up by some poet laureat of those days to celebrate the immortal victory gained at Agincourt, Oct. 25, 1415. This song or hymn is given meerly as a curiosity, and is printed from a MS copy in the Pepys collection, vol. I. folio. It is there accompanied with the musical notes, which are copied in a small plate at the end of this volume.

Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria !

O W R E kynge went forth to Normandy,
 With grace and myzt of chivalry ;
 The God for hym wrouzt marvelously,
 Wherefore Englonde may calle, and cry

5

Deo gratias :

Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria.

He

He sette a fege, the sothe for to say,
 To Harflue toune with ryal aray ;
 That toune he wan, and made a fray, 10
 That Fraunce shall rywe tyl domes day.

Deo gratias, &c.

Then went owre kynge, with alle his oste,
 Thorowe Fraunce for all the Frenshe bofte ;
 He spared ' for' drede of leste, ne most, 15
 Tyl he come to Agincourt coste.

Deo gratias, &c.

Than for sothe that knyzt comely
 In Agincourt feld he fauzt manly,
 Thorow grace of God most myzty 20
 He had bothe the felde, and the victory.

Deo gratias, &c.

Ther dukys, and erlys, lorde and barone,
 Were take, and slayne, and that wel sone,
 And some were ledde in to Lundone 25
 With joye, and merthe, and grete renone.

Deo gratias, &c.

Now gracious God he save owre kynge,
 His peple, and all his wel wyllynge,
 Gef him gode lyfe, and gode endyng, 30
 That we with merth mowe savely fynge

Deo gratias :

Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria.

VI.

THE NOT-BROWNE MAYD.

The sentimental beauties of this ancient ballad have always recommended it to Readers of taste, notwithstanding the rust of antiquity, which obscures the style and expression. Indeed if it had no other merit, than the having afforded the groundwork to Prior's HENRY AND EMMA, this ought to preserve it from oblivion. That we are able to give it in a more correct manner, than almost any other Poem in these volumes, is owing to the great care and exactness of the accurate Editor of the PROLUSIONS 8vo. 1760; who has formed the text from two copies found in two different editions of Arnolde's Chronicle, a book supposed to be first printed about 1521. From the correct Copy in the Prolusions the following is printed, with a few additional improvements gathered from another edition of Arnolde's book preserved in the public Library at Cambridge. All the various readings of this Copy will be found here, either received into the text, or noted in the margin. The references to the Prolusions will shew where they occur. It does honour to the critical sagacity of that gentleman, that almost all his conjectural readings are found to be the established ones of this edition. In our ancient folio MS. described in the preface is a very corrupt and defective copy of this ballad, which yet afforded a great improvement in one line that will be found in its due place.*

It has been a much easier task to settle the text of this poem, than to ascertain its date. Mat. Prior published it in the folio edition of his poems, 1718, as then "300 years old." In making this decision he was probably guided by the learned Wanley, whose judgment in matters of this nature was most consummate. For that whatever related to the reprinting of this old piece was referred to Wanley, appears from two letters of

* This (which a learned friend supposes to be the first Edition) is in folio: the folios are numbered at the bottom of the leaf: the Song begins at folio 75.

of Prior's preserved in the British Museum [Harl. MSS. N^o 3777.] The Editor of the Prolusions thinks it cannot be older than the year 1500, because in Sir Thomas More's tale of THE SERJEANT, &c. which was written about that time, there appears a sameness of rhythmus and orthography, and a very near affinity of words and phrases with those of this ballad. But this reasoning is not conclusive; for if Sir Thomas More made this ballad his model, as is very likely, that will account for the sameness of measure, and in some respect for that of words and phrases, even tho' this had been written long before: and as for the orthography, it is well known that the old Printers reduced that of most books to the standard of their own times. Indeed it is hardly probable that an antiquarian like Arnolde would have inserted it among his historical Collections, if it had been then a modern piece; at least he would have been apt to have named its author. But to shew how little can be inferred from a resemblance of rhythmus or style, the editor of these volumes has in his ancient folio MS. a poem on the Victory of Floddenfield, written in the same numbers, with the same alliterations, and in orthography, phraseology, and style nearly resembling the Visions of Pierce Plowman, which are yet known to have been composed above 160 years before that battle. As this poem is a great curiosity, we shall give a few of the introductory lines,

“ Grant gracious God, grant me this time,
 “ That I may say, or I cease, thy selven to please;
 “ And Mary his mother, that maketh this world;
 “ And all the seemlie saints, that sitten in heaiven;
 “ I will carpe of kings, that conquered full wide,
 “ That dwelled in this land, that was alyes noble;
 “ Henry the seventh, that soveraigne lord, &c.

With regard to the date of the following ballad, we have taken a middle course, neither placed it so high as Wanley and Prior, nor quite so low as the editor of the Prolusions: we should have followed the latter in dividing every other line into two, but that the whole would then have taken up more room, than could be allowed it in this volume.

BE it ryght, or wrong, these men among
 On women do complayne ;
 Affyrmynge this, how that it is

A labour spent in vayne,
 To love them wele ; for never a dele

5

They love a man agayne :
 For late a man do what he can,
 Theyr favour to attayne,

Yet, yf a newe do them persue,

Theyr first true lover than
 Laboureth for nought ; for from her thought
 He is a banyshed man,

10

I say nat, nay, but that all day

It is bothe writ and fayd
 That womans faith is, as who sayth,
 All utterly decayd ;

15

But, neverthelesse, ryght good wytnèsse
 In this case might be layd,

That they love true, and continde :

Recorde the not-browne mayde ;
 Which, when her love came, her to prove,
 To her to make his mone,

20

Wolde nat depart ; for in her hart
 She loved but hym alone.

Than

Than betwaine us late us dyscus 25
 What was all the manere
 Betwayne them two: we wyll also
 Tell all the payne, and fere,
 That she was in. Nowe I begyn,
 So that ye me anfwère; 30
 Wherefore, all ye, that present be
 I pray you, gyve an ere.
 " I am the knyght; I come by nyght,
 As secret as I can;
 Sayinge, Alas! thus standeth the case, 35
 I am a banyshed man."

SHE:

And I your wyll for to fulfyll
 In this wyll nat refuse;
 Trustying to shewe, in wordès fewe,
 That men have an yll use 40
 (To theyr own shame) women to blame,
 And causelesse them accuse:
 Therefore to you I answere nowe,
 All women to excuse,—
 Myne owne hart dere, with you what chere? 45
 I pray you, tell anone;
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

HE.

H E.

It standeth so ; a dede is do
 Wherof grete harme shall growe: 50
 My destiny is for to dy
 A shamefull deth, I trowe ;
 Or elles to fle : the one must be ;
 None other way I knowe,
 But to withdrawe as an outlawe, 55
 And take me to my bowe.
 Wherfore, adue, my owne hart true!
 None other rede I can ;
 For I must to the grene wode go,
 Alone, a banyshed man. 60

S H E.

O lord, what is this worldys blyffe,
 That chaigeth as the mone !
 My somers day in lusty may
 Is derked before the none.
 I here you say, farewell ; Nay, nay, 65
 We départ nat so sone :
 Why say ye so ? wheder wyll ye go ?
 Alas ! what have ye done ?
 All my welfâre to forrowe and care
 Sholde change, yf ye were gone ; 70
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

H E.

H E.

I can beleve, it shall you greve,
 And somewhat you dystrayne ;
 But, aftywarde, your paynes harde 75
 Within a day or twayne
 Shall sone aflake ; and ye shall take
 Comfort to you agayne.
 Why sholde ye ought ? for, to make thought,
 Your labour were in vayne. 80
 And thus I do ; and pray you to,
 As hartely, as I can ;
 For I must to the grene wode go,
 Alone, a banyshed man.

S H E.

Now, fyth that ye have shewed to me 85
 The secret of your mynde,
 I shall be playne to you agayne,
 Lyke as ye shall me fynde :
 Syth it is so, that ye wyll go,
 I wolle not leve behynde ; 90
 Shall never be sayd, the not-browne mayd
 Was to her love unkynde :
 Make you redy, for so am I,
 Although it were anone ;
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde 95
 I love but you alone.

H E.

Ver. 91. Shall it never. *Prosl.*

Ver. 94. Although. *Prosl.*

H E.

Yet I you rede to take good hede

What men wyll thynke, and say :

Of yonge, and olde it shall be tolde,

That ye be gone away ;

100

Your wanton wyll for to fulfill,

In grene wode yon to play ;

And that ye myght from your delýght

No lenger make delay :

Rather than ye sholde thus for me

105

Be called an yll womàn,

Yet wolde I to the grene wode go,

Alone, a banyshed man.

S H E.

Though it be songe of old and yonge,

That I sholde be to blame,

110

Theys be the charge, that speke so large

In hurtynge of my name :

For I wyll prove, that faythfulle love

It is devoy'd of shame ;

In your dystresse, and hevynesse,

115

To part with you, the same ;

And sure all tho' that do not so,

True lovers are they none :

For, in my mynde, of all mankynde

I love but you alone.

120

H E.

HE.

I counceyle you, remember howe
 It is no maydens lawe,
 Nothyng to dout, but to renne out
 To wode with an outlawe :
 For ye must there in your hand bere 125
 A bowe, redy to drawe ;
 And, as a thefe, thus must you lyve,
 Ever in drede and awe ;
 Wherby to you grete harme myght growe :
 Yet had I lever than, 130
 That I had to the grene wode go,
 Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

I thinke nat, nay, but as ye say,
 It is no maydens lore :
 But love may make me for your sake, 135
 As I have sayd before
 To come on fote, to hunt, and shote
 To gete us mete in flore ;
 For so that I your company
 May have, I aske no more : 140
 From which to part, it maketh my hart
 As colde as ony stone ;
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

VOL. II.

D

HE.

H E.

For an outlawe this is the lawe, 145
 That men hym take and bynde ;
 Without pytè, hanged to be,
 And waver with the wynde.
 If I had nede, (as God forbede !)
 What rescous coude ye fynde ? 150
 Forsoth, I trowe, ye and your bowe
 For fere wolde drawe behynde :
 And no mervayle : for lytell avayle
 Were in your counceyle than :
 Wherefore I wyll to the grene wode go, 155
 Alone, a banyshed man.

S H E.

Ryght wele knowe ye, that women be
 But feble for to fyght ;
 No womanhede it is indede
 To be bolde as a knyght : 160
 Yet, in such fere yf that ye were
 With enemyes day or nyght,
 I wolde withstande, with bowe in hande,
 To greve them as I myght,
 And you to save ; as woman have 165
 From deth 'men' many one :
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

H E.

Ver. 150. socours. *Prol.* *Ver.* 162. and night, *Camb. Copy.*
Ver. 164. to helpe ye with my myght. *Prol.*

H E.

Yet take good hede ; for ever I drede
 That ye coude nat sustayne 170
 The thornie wayes, the depe valèies,
 The snowe, the frost, the rayne,
 The colde, the hete : for dry, or wete,
 We must lodge on the playne ;
 And, us above, none other rose 175
 But a brake bush, or twayne :
 Which sone sholde greve you, I beleve ;
 And ye wolde gladly than
 That I had to the grene wode go,
 Alone, a banyshed man. 180

S H E.

Syth I have here bene partynère
 With you of joy and blyffe,
 I must also parte of your wo
 Endure, as reson is :
 Yet am I sure of one plesùre ; 185
 And, shortely, it is this :
 That, where ye be, me semeth, pardè,
 I coude nat fare amyffe.
 Without more speche, I you besече
 That we were sone agone ; 190
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

D 2

H E.

H E.

If ye go thyder, ye must confyder,
 Whan ye have lust to dyne,
 There shall no mete be for you gete, 195
 Nor drinke, bere, ale, ne wyne.
 Ne fhetés clene, to lye betwene,
 Maden of threde and twyne ;
 None other house, but leves and bowes,
 To cover your hed and myne. 200
 O myne harte fwete, this evyll dyéte
 Sholde make you pale and wan ;
 Wherfore I wyll to the grene wode go,
 Alone, a banyshed man.

S H E.

Amonge the wylde dere, such a archére, 205
 As men fay that ye be,
 Ne may nat fayle of good vitayle,
 Where is fo grete plentè :
 And water clere of the ryvére
 Shall be full fwete to me ; 210
 With which in hele I shall ryght wele
 Endure, as ye shall see :
 And, or we go, a bedde or two
 I can provyde anone ;
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde 215
 I love but you alone.

H E.

HE.

Lo yet, before, ye must do more,
 Yf ye wyll go with me :
 As cut your here up by your ere,
 Your kyrtel by the kne ; 220
 With bowe in hande, for to withstande
 Your enemyes, yf nede be :
 And this same nyght before day-lyght,
 To wode-warde wyll I fle.
 Yf that ye wyll all this fulfill, 225
 Do it shortely as ye can ;
 Els wyll I to the grene wode go,
 Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

I shall as nowe do more for you
 Than longeth to womanhede ; 230
 To shorte my here, a bowe to bere,
 To shote in tyme of nede.
 O my swete mother, before all other
 For you I have most drede :
 But nowe, adue ! I must ensue, 235
 Where fortune doth me lede.
 All this make ye : Now let us fle ;
 The day cometh fast upon ;
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone. 240

D 3

HE.

Ver. 219. above your ere. *Prol.*
Ver. 223. the same. *Prol.*

Ver. 220. above the kne. *Prol.*

HE.

Nay, nay, nat so ; ye shall nat go,
 And I shall tell ye why, ———
 Your appetight is to be lyght
 Of love, I wele espy :
 For, lyke as ye have sayed to me, 245
 In lyke wyfe hardely
 Ye wolde anfwére whosoever it were,
 In way of company.
 It is sayd of olde, Sone hote, sone colde ;
 And so is a womàn. 250
 Wherefore I to the wode wyll go,
 Alone, a banyshed man.

SHE.

Yf ye take hede, it is no nede
 Such wordes to say by me ;
 For oft ye prayed, and longe assayed, 255
 Or I you loved, pardè :
 And though that I of auncestry
 A barons daughter be,
 Yet have you proved howe I you loved
 A squyer of lowe degré ; 260
 And ever shall, whatso befall ;
 To dy therfore * anone ;
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

HE.

Ver. 251. For I must to the grene wode go. *Prol.* *Ver. 253.* yet
35. Camb. Copy. Perhaps for yt is. *Ver. 262.* dy with him. *Editor's MS,*
 * 1. e. for this cause ; too' I were to die for having loved you.

H E.

A barons chyld to be begylde ! 265
 It were a curfed dede ;
 To be felawe with an outlawe !
 Almighty God forbede !
 Yet beter were, the pore squyere
 Alone to forest yede, 270
 Than ye sholde fay another day,
 That, by my curfed dede,
 Ye were betray'd : Wherefore, good mayd,
 The best rede that I can,
 Is, that I to the grene wode go, 275
 Alone, a banyshed man.

S H E.

Whatever befall, I never shall
 Of this thyng you upbrayd :
 But yf ye go, and leve me so,
 Than have ye me betrayd. 280
 Remember you wele, howe that ye dele ;
 For, yf ye, as ye fayd,
 Be so unkynde, to leve behynde,
 Your love, the not-browne mayd,
 Trust me truly, that I shall dy 285
 Sone after ye be gone ;
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

D 4

H E.

Ver. 278. outbrayd. *Prol.* *Ver.* 282. ye be as. *Prol.*
Ver. 283. Ye were unkynde to leve me behynde. *Prol.*

H E.

Yf that ye went, ye sholde repent ;
 For in the forest nowe 290
 I have purvayed me of a mayd,
 Whom I love more than you ;
 Another fayrère, than ever ye were,
 I dare it wele avowe ;
 And of you bothe eche sholde be wrothe 295
 With other, as I trowe :
 It were myne ese, to lyve in pefe ;
 So wyll I, yf I can ;
 Wherefore I to the wode wyll go,
 Alone, a banyshed man. 300

S H E.

Though in the wode I undyrstode
 Ye had a paramour,
 All this may nought remove my thought,
 But that I wyll be your :
 And she shall fynde me soft, and kynde, 305
 And courteys every hour ;
 Glad to fulfyll all that she wyll
 Commaunde me to my power ;
 For had ye, lo, an hundred mo,
 ‘ Of them I wolde be one ;’ 310
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.

H E.

*Ver. 310. So the Editor's MS. All the printed copies read,
 Yet wolde I be that one.*

H E.

Myne owne dere love, I fe the prove
 That ye be kynde, and true ;
 Of mayde, and wyfe, in all my lyfe, 315
 The best that ever I knewe.
 Be mery and glad, be no more sad,
 The case is chaunged newe ;
 For it were ruthe, that, for your truthe,
 Ye sholde have cause to rewe : 320
 Be nat difmayed ; whatsoever I fayd
 To you, whan I began ;
 I wyll nat to the grene wode go,
 I am no banyshed man.

S H E.

These tydings be more gladd to me, 325
 Than to be made a quene,
 Yf I were sure they sholde endure :
 But it is often sene,
 Whan men wyll breke promyse, they speke
 The wordés on the splene. 330
 Ye shape some wyle me to begyle,
 And stele from me, I wene :
 Than, were the case worse than it was,
 And I more wo-begone :
 For, in my mynde, of all mankynde 335
 I love but you alone.

H E.

H E.

Ye shall nat nede further to drede ;
 I wyll nat dysparàge
 You, (God defend !) fyth ye descend
 Of so grete a lynàge. 340
 Nowe undyrstande ; to Westmarlande,
 Which is myne herytage,
 I wyll you brynge ; and with a rynge,
 By way of maryage
 I wyll you take, and lady make, 345
 As shortely as I can :
 Thus have you won an erlys son,
 And not a banyshed man."

A U T H O R.

" Here may ye se, that women be
 In love, meke, kynde, and stable : 350
 Late never man reprove them than,
 Or call them variable ;
 But, rather, pray God, that we may
 To them be comfortable ;
 Which sometyme proveth such, as he loveth, 355
 Yf they be charytable.
 For fyth men wolde that women sholde
 Be meke to them each one ;
 Moche more ought they to God obey,
 And serve but hym alone. 360

VII. A

Ver. 340. grete lynyage. *Prol.* *Ver.* 347. Then have. *Prol.*
Ver. 348. And no banyshed. *Prol.* *V.* 352. This line wanting in *Prol.*
V. 355. proved—loved. *Prol.* *ib.* as loveth. *Camb. V.* 357. Forsoth. *Prol.*

AND BALLADS.

VII.

A BALET BY THE EARL RIVERS.

The amiable light, in which the character of Anthony Widville the gallant Earl Rivers has been placed by the elegant Author of the Catal. of Noble Writers, interests us in whatever fell from his pen. It is presumed therefore that the insertion of this little Sonnet will be pardoned, tho' it should not be found to have much poetical merit. It is the only original Poem known of that nobleman's; his more voluminous works being only translations. And if we consider that it was written during his cruel confinement in Pomfret castle a short time before his execution in 1483, it gives us a fine picture of the composure and steadiness with which this stout earl beheld his approaching fate.

The verses are preserved by ROUSE a contemporary historian, who seems to have copied them from the Earl's own hand writing. In tempore, says this writer, incarcerationis apud Pontem-fractum edidit unum BALET in anglicis, ut mihi monstratum est, quod subsequitur sub his verbis: Sum what musyng, &c. "Rossi Hist. 8vo. 2 Edit. p. 213." The 2d Stanza is, notwithstanding, imperfect, and we have inserted asterisks, to denote the defect.

This little piece, which perhaps ought rather to have been printed in stanzas of eight short lines, is written in imitation of a poem of Chaucer's, that will be found in Urry's Edit. 1721. pag. 555. beginning thus,

- " Alone walkyng, In thought plainyng,
- " And fore sighyng, All desolate.
- " Me remembryng Of my li-vyng
- " My death wishyng Bothe erly and late.
- " Infortunate Is so my fate
- " That wote ye what, Out of mesure
- " My life I hate; Thus desperate
- " In such pore estate, Doe I endure, &c."

SUM-

SUMWHAT musyng, and more mornyng,
 In remembring the unстыdfastnes;
 This world being of such whelyng,
 Me contrarieng, what may I gesse?

I fere dowlles, remediles,
 Is now to sese my wofull chaunce.
 Lo 'is' this traunce now in substaunce,
 * * * * * such is my dawnce.

Wylyng to dye, me thynkys truly
 Bowndyn am I, and that gretly, to be content: 10
 Seyng playnly, that fortune doth wry
 All contrary from myn entent.

My lyff was lent me to on intent,
 Hytt is ny spent. Welcome fortune!
 But I ne went thus to be shent,
 But sho hit ment, such is hur won. 15

Ver. 7. in this. Rossi Hist.

Ver. 15. went, i. e. weened.

VIII.

CUPID'S ASSAULT: BY LORD VAUX.

The Reader will think that infant Poetry grew apace between the times of RIVERS and VAUX, tho' nearly contemporaries; if the following Song is the composition of that Sir NICHOLAS (afterwards Lord) VAUX, who was the shining ornament of the court of Henry VII. and died in the year 1523.

And yet to this Lord it is attributed by Puttenham in his "Art of Eng. Poesie, 1589. 4to." a writer commonly well informed: take the passage at large. "In this figure [Counterfait Action] the Lord NICHOLAS VAUX, a noble gentleman and much delighted in vulgar making, and a man otherwise of no great learning, but having herein a marvellous facilitie, made a dittie representing the Battayle and Assault of Cupide, so excellently well, as for the gallant and propre application of his fiction in every part, I cannot choose but set downe the greatest part of his ditty, for in truth it cannot be amended. WHEN CUPID SCALED, &c." p. 200.—For a farther account of Nicholas Lord Vaux see Mr. Walpole's Noble Authors, Vol. I.

The following Copy is printed from the first Edit. of Surrey's Poems, 1557, 4to.—See another Song of Lord Vaux's in the preceding Vol. Book II. No. II.

WHEN Cupide scaled first the fort,
 Wherin my hart lay wounded fore;
 The batry was of such a fort,
 That I must yelde or die therefore.

There sawe I Love upon the wall,
 How he is banner did display:
 Alarme, alarme, he gan to call:
 And bad his fouldiours kepe aray.

5

The

The armes, the which that Cupide bare,
 Were pearced hartes with teares besprent, 10
 In silver and fable to declare
 The stedfast love, he alwayes ment.

There might you se his band all drest
 In colours like to white and blacke,
 With powder and with pelletes prest 15
 To bring the fort to spoile and facke.

Good-wyll, the maister of the shot,
 Stode in the rampire brave and proude,
 For spence of poudre he spared not
 Assault! assault! to crye aloude. 20

There might you heare the cannons rore;
 Eche pece discharged a lovers loke;
 Which had the power to rent, and tore
 In any place whereas they toke.

And even with the trumpettes fowne 25
 The scaling ladders were up set,
 And Beautie walked up and downe,
 With bow in hand, and arrowes whet.

Then first Desire began to scale,
 And shrouded him under 'his' targe; 30
 As one the worthiest of them all,
 And aptest for to geve the charge.

Then

Then pushed fouldiers with their pikes,
 And halberders with handy strokes ;
 The argabushe in fleshe it lightes,
 And duns the ayre with misty smokes.

35

And, as it is the fouldiers use
 When shot and powder gins to want,
 I hanged up my flagge of truce,
 And pleaded for my livès grant.

40

When Fansy thus had made her breche,
 And Beauty entred with her band,
 With bagge and baggage, fely wretch,
 I yelded into Beauties hand.

Then Beautie bad to blow retrete,
 And every fouldier to retire,
 And Mercy wyll'd with spede to fet
 Me captive bound as prisoner.

45

Madame, quoth I, sith that this day
 Hath served you at all affayes,
 I yeld to you without delay
 Here of the fortresse all the kayes.

50

And sith that I have ben the marke,
 At whom you shot at with your eye ;
 Nedes must you with your handy warke
 Or salve my fore, or let me die.

55

* * SINCE

* * * *SINCE* the foregoing Song was first printed off, reasons have occurred, which incline me to believe that Lord VAUX the poet, was not the Lord NICHOLAS VAUX, who died in 1523, but rather a successor of his in the title.—For in the first place it is remarkable that all the old writers mention Lord Vaux the poet, as contemporary or rather posterior to Sir THOMAS WYAT, and the E. of SURREY, neither of which made any figure till long after the death of the first Lord Nicholas Vaux. Thus Puttenham in his “*Art of English Poesie*, 1589.” in p. 48. having named SKELTON, adds, “*In the latter end of the same kings raigne [Henry VIII.] sprong up a new company of courtly Makers, [poets] of whom Sir THOMAS WYAT th’ elder, and Henry Earl of SURREY were the two chieftaines, who having travailed into Italie, and there tasted the sweet and stately measures and stile of the Italian poesie . . . greatly polished our rude and homely manner of vulgar poesie In the SAME TIME, or NOT LONG AFTER was the Lord NICHOLAS VAUX, a man of much facilitie in vulgar makings †.*” —Webbe in his *Discourse of English Poetrie*, 1586. ranges them in the following order, “*The E. of Surrey, the Lord VAUX, Norton, Bristow.*” And Gascoigne in the place quoted in the 1st vol. of this work, [B. II. No. II.] mentions Lord VAUX after Surrey.—Again, the stile and measure of Lord VAUX’s pieces seem too refined and polished for the age of Henry VII. and rather resemble the smoothness and harmony of Surrey and Wyatt, than the rude metre of Skelton and Hawes:—But what puts the matter out of all doubt, in the *British Museum* is a copy of his poem, I lothe that I did love, [vid. vol. I. ubi supra] with this title, “*A dyttye or sonet made by the Lord VAUX, in the time of the noble Queene Marye, representing the image of Death.*” Harl. MSS. No. 1703. §. 25.

It is evident then that Lord VAUX the poet was not he that flourished in the reign of Henry vij. but either his son, or grandson: and yet according to Dugdale’s *Baronage*, the former was

† i. e. Compositions in English.

was named THOMAS, and the latter WILLIAM: but this difficulty is not great, for none of the old writers mention the christian name of the poetic Lord Vaux*, except Puttenham; and it is more likely that he might be mistaken in that Lord's name, than in the time in which he lived, who was so nearly his contemporary.

THOMAS Lord VAUX of Harrowden in Northamptonshire was summoned to parliament in 1531. When he died, does not appear; but he probably lived till the latter end of Queen Mary's reign, since his son

WILLIAM was not summoned to parl. till the last year of that reign, in 1558. This Lord died in 1595. See Dugdale, V. 2. p. 304.——Upon the whole I am inclined to believe that Lord THOMAS was the POET.

* In the *Paradise of Dainty Devises*, 1596, he is called simply "Lord Vaux the elder."

IX.

SIR ALDINGAR.

This old fabulous legend is given from the Editor's folio MS, with a few conjectural emendations, and the insertion of 3 or 4 stanzas to supply defects in the original copy.

It has been suggested to the Editor, that the Author of this Poem seems to have had in his eye the story of Gunhilda, who is sometimes called Eleanor, and was married to the Emperer (here called King) Henry.

OUR king he kept a false stewarde,
 Sir Aldingar they him call;
 A falser steward than he was one,
 Servde not in bower nor hall.

He wolde have layne by our comelye queene, 5
 Her deere worshippe to betraye :
 Our queene she was a good womàn,
 And evermore sayd him naye.

Sir Aldingar was wrothe in his mind,
 With her hee was never content, 10
 Till traiterous meanes he colde devyse,
 In a fyer to have her brent.

There came a lazar to the kings gate,
 A lazar both blinde and lame :
 He took the lazar upon his backe, 15
 And on the queenes bed him layne.

“ Lye still, lazàr, wheras thou lyeft,
 “ Looke thou go not hence away ;
 “ Ile make thee a whole man and a sound
 “ In two howers of the day.” 20

Then went him forth fir Aldingar,
 And hyed him to our king :
 “ If I might have grace, as I have space,
 “ Sad tydings I could bring.”

Saye on, faye on, fir Aldingar, 25
 Saye on the foothe to mee.
 “ Our queene hath chofen a new new love,
 “ And shee will have none of thee.

“ If

“ If shee had chosen a right good knight,
 “ The lesse had beene her shame ; 30
 “ But she hath chose her a lazar man,
 “ A lazar both blinde and lame.”

If this be true, fir Aldingar,
 The tydings thou tellest to me,
 Then I will make thee a riche riche knight, 35
 Riche both of golde and fee.

But if it be false, fir Aldingar,
 As God nowe grant it bee !
 Thy body, I sweare by the holy rood,
 Shall hang on the gallows tree. 40

He brought our king to the queenes chambèr,
 And opend to him the dore.
 A lodlye love, king Henrye sayd,
 For our queene dame Elinore !

If thou wert a man, as thou art none, 45
 Here on my sword thoust dye ;
 But a payre of new gallowes shall now be built,
 And there shalt thou hang on hye.

Forth then hyed our king, I wyfse,
 And an angry man was hee ; 50
 And soone he found queene Elinore,
 That bride so bright of blee.

Now God you save, our queene, madame,
 And Christ you save and see;
 Heere you have chofen a newe newe love; 55
 And you will have none of mee.

If you had chofen a right good knight,
 The lesse had been your shame :
 But you have chose you a lazar man,
 A lazar both blinde and lame. 60

Therefore a fyer there shall be built,
 And brent all shalt thou bee.—
 “ Now out alacke ! sayd our comlye queene,
 Sir Aldingar’s false to mee.

Now out alacke ! sayd our comlye queene, 65
 My heart with grieve will braft.
 I had thought swevens had never beene true ;
 I have proved them true at last.

I dreamt a sweven on thursday eve,
 In my bed wheras I laye, 70
 I dreamt a grype and a grimlie beast
 Had carried my crowne awaye ;

My gorget and my kirtle of golde,
 And all my faire head-geere :
 And he wolde worrye me with his tush 75
 And to his nest y-beare :

Saving

Saving there came a litle 'grey' hawke,
 A merlin him they call,
 Which untill the grounde did strike the grype,
 That dead he downe did fall.— 80

Giffe I were a man, as now I am none,
 A battell wolde I prove,
 To fight with that traitor Aldingar ;
 Att him I cast my glove.

But seeing Ime able noe battell to make, 85
 My liege, grant me a knight
 To fight with that traitor Aldingar,
 To maintaine me in my right.”

“ Now forty dayes I will give thee
 To seeke thee a knight therin : 90
 If thou find not a knight in forty dayes
 Thy bodye it must brenn.”

Then shee sent east, and shee sent west,
 By north and south bedeene :
 But never a champion colde shee find, 95
 Wolde fight with that knight soe keene.

Now twenty dayes were spent and gone,
 Noe helpe there might be had ;
 Many a teare shed our comelye queene
 And aye her hart was sad. 100

Then came one of the queenes damsèlles,
 And knelt upon her knee,
 “ Cheare up, cheare up, my gracious dame,
 I trust yet helpe may be :

And here I will make mine avowe, 105
 And with the same me binde ;
 That never will I return to thee,
 Till I some helpe may finde.”

Then forth she rode on a faire palfràye
 Oer hill and dale about : 110
 But never a champion colde she finde,
 Wolde fighte with that knight so stout.

And nowe the daye drewe on a pace,
 When our good queene must dye ;
 All woe-begone was that faire damsèlle, 115
 When she found no helpe was nye.

All woe-begone was that faire damsèlle,
 And the salt teares fell from her eye :
 When lo ! as she rode by a rivers side,
 She met with a tynye boye. 120

A tynye boye she mette, God wot,
 All clad in mantle of golde ;
 He seemed noe more in mans likenèsse,
 Then a child of four yeere olde.

Why

Why grieve you, damselle faire, he sayd, 125
 And what doth cause you moane?
 The damfell scant wolde deigne a looke,
 But fast she pricked on.

Yet turn againe, thou faire damselle,
 And greete thy queene from mee: 130
 When bale is att hyest, boote is nyest,
 Now helpe enoughe may bee.

Bid her remember what she dreamt
 In her bedd, wheras shee laye;
 How when the grype and the grimly beast 135
 Wolde have carried her crowne awaye,

Even then there came the litle gray hawke,
 And saved her from his clawes:
 Then bidd the queene be merry at hart,
 For heaven will fende her cause. 140

Back then rode that faire damselle,
 And her hart it lept for glee:
 And when she told her gracious dame
 A gladd woman was shee.

But when the appointed day was come, 145
 No helpe appeared nye:
 Then woeful, woeful was her hart,
 And the teares stood in her eye.

And nowe a fyer was built of wood ;
 And a stake was made of tree ; 150
 And now queene Elinore forth was led,
 A forrowful fight to see.

Three times the herault he waved his hand,
 And three times spake on hye :
 Giff any good knight will fende this dame, 155
 Come forth, or shee must dye.

No knight stood forth, no knight there came,
 No helpe appeared nye :
 And now the fyer was lighted up,
 Queen Elinore she must dye. 160

And now the fyer was lighted up,
 As hot as hot might bee ;
 When riding upon a little white steed,
 The tynye boy they see.

“ Away with that stake, away with those brands, 165
 And loose our comelye queene :
 I am come to fight with sir Aldingar,
 And prove him a traitor keene.”

Forthe then stood sir Aldingar,
 But when he saw the chylde, 170
 He laughed, and scoffed, and turned his backe,
 And weened he had been beguylde.

Now

Now turne, now turne thee, Aldingar,
And eyther fighte or flee;

I trust that I shall avenge the wronge,
Though I am so small to see. 175

The boye pulld forth a well good sworde
So gilt it dazzled the ee;

The first stroke stricken at Aldingar
Smote off his leggs by the knee. 180

Stand up, stand up, thou false traitore,
And fight upon thy feete,
For and thou thrivest, as thou beginnest,
Of height wee shal be meete.

A priest, a priest, sayes Aldingar,
While I am a man alive. 185

A priest, a priest, sayes Aldingar,
Me for to houzle and thrive.

I wolde have layne by our comlye queene,
Bot shee wolde never consent; 190

Then I thought to betraye her unto our kinge
In a fyer to have her brent.

There came a lazar to the kings gates,
A lazar both blinde and lame:

I tooke the lazar upon my backe,
And on her bedd him layne. 195

Then

Then ranne I to our comlye king,
 These tidings fore to tell.
 But ever alacke! fayes Aldingar,
 Falsing never doth well.

209

Forgive, forgive me, queene, madame,
 The short time I must live.
 Nowe Christ forgive thee, Aldingar,
 As freely I forgive.

Here take thy queene, our king Harry'e,
 And love her as thy life,
 For never had a king in Christentye,
 A truer and fairer wife.

205

King Henrye ran to claspe his queene,
 And loosed her full sone:
 Then turnd to look for the tinye boye;
 — The boye was vanisht and gone.

210

But first he had touchd the lazar man,
 And stroakt him with his hand:
 The lazar under the gallowes tree
 All whole and founde did stand.

215

The lazar under the gallowes tree
 Was comelye, straight and tall;
 King Henrye made him his head stewarde
 To wayte withinn his hall.

* * *

220

X. THE

X.

THE GABERLUNZIE MAN.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

Tradition assures us that the author of this song was K. JAMES V. of Scotland. This prince (whose character for wit and libertinism bears a great resemblance to that of his gay successor Charles II.) was noted for strolling about his dominions in disguise †, and for his frequent gallantries with country girls. Two adventures of this kind he hath celebrated with his own pen, viz. in this ballad of THE GABERLUNZIE MAN; and in another intitled THE JOLLY BEGGAR, beginning thus,

Thair was a jollie beggar, and a begging he was boun,
And he tuik up his quarters into a land'art toun.

Fa, la, la, &c.

It seems to be the latter of these ballads (which was too licentious to be admitted into this collection) that is meant in the Catalogue of Royal and Noble Authors, where the ingenious writer remarks, That there is something very ludicrous in the young woman's distress when she thought her first favour had been thrown away upon a beggar.*

Bp. Tanner has attributed to James V. the celebrated ballad of CHRIST'S KIRK ON THE GREEN, which better authorities ascribe to his ancestor James I. and which has all the internal marks of being the production of an earlier age. See the EVER-GREEN, Vol. I.

As for K. JAMES V. he died Dec. 13th, 1542, aged 33.

† *sc. of a tinker, beggar, &c. Thus he used to visit a smith's daughter at Niddry near Edinburgh.*

* *Vol. 2. p. 203.*

THE pauky auld Carle came ovir the lee
 Wi' mony good-eens and days to mee,
 Saying, Goodwife, for zour courtesie,
 Will ze lodge a filly poor man ?
 The night was cauld, the carle was wat,
 And down azont the ingle he sat ;
 My dochters shoulers he gan to clap,
 And cadgily ranted and sang.

O wow! quo he, were I as free,
 As first when I saw this countrie,
 How blyth and merry wad I bee !
 And I wad nevir think lang.

He grew canty, and she grew fain ;
 But little did her auld minny ken
 What thir flee twa togither were say'n,
 When wooing they were fa thrang.

And O! quo he, ann ze were as black,
 As evir the crown of your dadyes hat,
 Tis I wad lay thee by my back,
 And awa wi' me thou fould gang.

And O! quoth she, ann I were as white,
 As evir the snaw lay on the dike,
 Ild clead me braw, and lady-like,
 And awa with thee Ild gang.

Between the twa was made a plot ;
 They raise a wee before the cock,
 And wyliely they shot the lock,

And

And fast to the bent are they gane.
 Up the morn the auld wife raise,
 And at her leisure put on her claihs, 30
 Syne to the servants bed she gaes
 To speir for the silly poor man.

She gaed to the bed, whair the beggar lay,
 The sitrae was cauld, he was away,
 She clapt her hands, cryd, dulefu' day! 35
 For some of our geir will be gane.
 Some ran to coffers, and some to kists,
 But nought was stown that could be mist,
 She dancid her lane, cryd, praise be blest,
 I have lodgd a leal poor man. 40

Since naithings awa, as we can learn,
 The kirns to kirn, and milk to earn,
 Gae butt the house, las, and waken my bairn,
 And bid her come quickly ben.
 The servant gaed where the dochter lay, 45
 The sheets was cauld, she was away,
 And fast to her goodwife can say,
 Shes aff with the gaberlunzie-man.

O fy gar ride, and fy gar rin,
 And hast ze, find these traitors agen; 50
 For shees be burnt, and hees be slein.

The

The wearyfou gaberlunzie man.
 Some rade upo horfe, some ran a fit,
 The wife was wood, and out o' her wit;
 She could na gang, nor yet could she fit,
 But ay did curfe and did ban.

55

Mean time far hind out owre the lee,
 Fou snug in a glen, where nane could see,
 The twa, with kindlie sport and glee,
 Cut frae a new cheefe a whang.
 The priving was gude, it pleas'd them baith,
 To lo'e her for ay, he gae her his aith.
 Quo she, to leave thee, I will be laith,
 My winsome gaberlunzie-man.

60

O kend my minny I were wi' zou,
 Illfardly wad she crook her mou,
 Sic a poor man sheld nevir trow,
 Aftir the gaberlunzie-mon.

65

My dear, quo he, zee're zet owre zonge;
 And hae na learnt the beggars tonge,
 To follow me frae toun to toun,
 And carrie the gaberlunzie on.

70

Wi' kauk and keel, Ill win zour bread,
 And spindles and whorles for them wha need,
 Whilk is a gentil trade indeed

75

The

The gaberlunzie to carrie ---- o.
 Ill bow my leg and crook my knee,
 And draw a black clout owre my ee,
 A criple or blind they will cau mee:
 While we fall sing and be merrie--o.

80

XI.

ON THOMAS LORD CROMWELL.

*It is ever the fate of a disgraced minister to be forsaken by his friends, and insulted by his enemies, always reckoning among the latter the giddy inconstant multitude. We have here a spurn at fallen greatness from some angry partisan of declining popery, who could never forgive the downfall of their Diana, and loss of their craft. The ballad seems to have been composed between the time of Cromwell's commitment to the tower June 11. 1540, and that of his being beheaded July 28. following. A short interval! but Henry's passion for Catharine Howard would admit of no delay. Notwithstanding our libeller, Cromwell had many excellent qualities; his great fault was too much obsequiousness to the arbitrary WILL of his master; but let it be considered that this master had raised him from obscurity, and that the high-born nobility had shewn him the way in every kind of mean and servile compliance. — The original copy printed at London in 1540, is intitled, "A newe ballade made of Thomas Crumwel, called TROLLE ON AWAY." To it is prefixed this distich by way of burthen, Trolle on away, trolle on awaye.
 Synge heave and howe rombelowe trolle on away.*

BOTH

BOOTH man and chylde is glad to here tell
 Of that false traytoure Thomas Crumwel,
 Now that he is set to learne to spell.

Synge trolle on away.

When fortune lokyd the in thy face,
 Thou haddyft fayre tyme, but thou lackydyft grace; 5
 Thy cofers with golde thou fyllydft a pace.

Synge, &c.

Both plate and chalys came to thy fyft,
 Thou lockydst them vp where no man wyft,
 Tyll in the kynges treafoure fuche thinges were myft.

Synge, &c.

Both cruft and crumme came thorowe thy handes, 10
 Thy marchaundyfe fayled over the fandes,
 Therefore nowe thou art layde fast in bandes.

Synge, &c.

Fyrste when kynge Henry, God faue his grace!
 Perceyud myfchefe kyndlyd in thy face,
 Then it was tyme to purchafe the a place. 15

Synge, &c.

Hys grace was euer of gentyll nature,
 Mouyd with petye, and made the hys feruyture;
 But thou, as a wretche, fuche thinges dyd procure.

Synge, &c.

Thou

Thou dyd not remembre, false heretyke,
 One God, one fayth, and one kynge catholyke, 20
 For thou hast bene so long a scyfmatyke.

Synge, &c.

Thou woldyft not learne to knowe these thre ;
 But euer was full of iniquite :
 Wherefore all this lande hath ben troubled with the.

Synge, &c.

All they, that were of the new trycke, 25
 Agaynst the churche thou baddest them stycke ;
 Wherefore nowe thou haste touchyd the quycke.

Synge, &c.

Bothe sacramentes and sacramentalles
 Thou woldyft not suffre within thy walles ;
 Nor let vs praye for all chrysten soules. 30

Synge, &c.

Of what generacyon thou were no tonge can tell,
 Whyther of Chayme, or Syschemell,
 Or else sent vs frome the deuyll of hell.

Synge, &c.

Thou woldest neuer to vertue applye,
 But couetyd euer to clymme to hye, 35
 And nowe haste thou trodden thy shoo awrye.

Synge, &c.

Who-so-euer dyd winne thou wolde not lose;
 Wherefore al Englande doth hate the, as I suppose,
 Bycause thou wast false to the redolent rose.

Synge, &c.

Thou myghtest haue learned thy cloth to focke 40
 Upon thy gresy fullers focke;
 Wherefore lay downe thy heade vpon this blocke.

Synge, &c.

Yet saue that soule, that God hath bought,
 And for thy carcas care thou nought,
 Let it suffre payne, as it hath wrought. 45

Synge, &c.

God saue kyng Henry with all his power,
 And prynce Edward that goodly flowre,
 With all hys lordes of great honoure.

Synge trolle on away, syng trolle on away.

Hevye and how rombelowe trolle on away.

*** The foregoing Piece gave rise to a poetic controversy, which was carried on thro' a succession of seven or eight Ballads written for and against Lord CROMWELL. These are all preserved in the archives of the Antiquarian Society, in a large folio Collection of Proclamations, &c. made in the Reigns of K. Hen. VIII. K. Edw. VI. Q. Mary. Q. Eliz. K. James I. &c.*

XII.

HARPALUS.

AN ANCIENT ENGLISH PASTORAL.

This beautiful poem, which is perhaps the first attempt at pastoral writing in our language, is preserved among the SONGS AND SONNETTES of the earl of Surrey, &c. 4to. in that part of the collection, which consists of pieces by UNCERTAIN AUCTOURS. These poems were first published in 1557, ten years after that accomplished nobleman fell a victim to the tyranny of Henry VIII: but it is presumed most of them were composed before the death of sir Thomas Wyatt in 1541. See Surrey's poems, 4to. fol. 19. 49.

Tho' written perhaps near half a century before the SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR, this will be found far superior to any of those Eclogues in natural unaffected sentiments, in simplicity of style, in easy flow of versification, and all other beauties of pastoral poetry. Spenser ought to have profited more by so excellent a model.*

PHYLIDA was a faire mayde,
As fresh, as any flowre;
Whom Harpalus the herdman prayde
To be his paramour.

Harpalus, and eke Corin,
Were herdmen both yfere:
And Phylida could twist and spinne,
And thereto sing full clere.

F 2

But

* First published in 1579.

But Phylida was all tò coye,
 For Harpalus to winne : 10
 For Corin was her onely joye,
 Who forst her not a pinne.

How often would she flowers twine ?
 How often garlandes make
 Of couflips and of columbine ? 15
 And al for Corin's sake.

But Corin, he had haukes to lure,
 And forced more the field :
 Of lovers lawe he toke no cure ;
 For once he was begilde. 20

Harpalus prevailed nought,
 His labour all was lost ;
 For he was fardest from her thought,
 And yet he loved her most.

Therefore waxt he both pale and leane, 25
 And drye as clot of clay :
 His fleshe it was consumed cleane ;
 His colour gone away.

His beard it had not long be shave ;
 His heare hong all unkempt : 30
 A man most fit even for the grave,
 Whom spitefull love had thent.

His

His eyes were red, and all 'forewacht';
 His face besprent with teares :
 It semde unhap had him long 'hatcht', 35
 In mids of his dispaire.

His clothes were blacke, and also bare ;
 As one forlorne was he ;
 Upon his head alwayes he ware
 A wreath of wyllow tree. 40

His beastes he kept upon the hyll,
 And he sate in the dale ;
 And thus with sighes and sorowes shril,
 He gan to tell his tale.

Oh Harpalus ! thus would he say ; 45
 Unhappiest under sunne !
 The cause of thine unhappy day,
 By love was first begunne.

For thou wentest first by fute to seeke
 A tigre to make tame, 50
 That fettes not by thy love a leeke ;
 But makes thy grieve her game.

As easy it were for to convert
 The frost into 'a' flame ;
 As for to turne a frowarde hert, 55
 Whom thou so faine wouldst frame.

F 3

Corin

Corin he liveth carelesse :

He leapes among the leaves :

He eates the frutes of thy redresse :

Thou 'reapst', he takes the sheaves.

60

My beastes, a whyle your foode refraine,

And harke your herdmans founde :

Whom spitefull love, alas! hath slaine,

Through-girt with many a wounde.

O happy be ye, beastes wilde,

65

That here your pasture takes :

I fe that ye be not begilde

Of these your faithfull makes.

The hart he feedeth by the hinde :

The bucke harde by the doe :

70

The turtle dove is not unkinde

To him that loves her so.

The ewe she hath by her the ramme:

The yong cowe hath the bulle :

The calfe with many a lusty lambe

75

Do fede their hunger full.

But, wel-a-way! that nature wrought

Thee, Phylida, so faire :

For I may fay that I have bought

Thy beauty all to deare.

80

What

What reason is that crueltie
 With beautie should have part ?
 Or els that such great tyranny
 Should dwell in womans hart ?

I see therefore to shape my death 85
 She cruelly is prest ;
 To th'ende that I may want my breath :
 My dayes been at the best.

O Cupide, graunt this my request,
 And do not stoppe thine eares ; 90
 That she may feele within her brest
 The paines of my dispaire :

Of Corin 'who' is carelesse,
 That she may crave her fee :
 As I have done in great distresse, 95
 That loved her faithfully.

But since that I shal die her slave ;
 Her slave, and eke her thrall :
 Write you, my frendes, upon my grave
 This chaunce that is befall. 100

“ Here lieth unhappy Harpalus
 “ By cruell love now flaine :
 “ Whom Phylida unjustly thus,
 “ Hath murdered with disdaine.”

XIII.

ROBIN AND MAKYNE.

AN ANCIENT SCOTTISH PASTORAL.

The palm of pastoral poesy is here contested by a cotemporary writer with the author of the foregoing. The reader will decide their respective merits. The author of this poem has one advantage over his rival, in having his name handed down to us. Mr. ROBERT HENRYSON (to whom we are indebted for it) appears to so much advantage among the writers of eclogue, that we are sorry we can give little other account of him, besides what is contained in the following elege, written by W. Dunbar, a Scottish poet, who lived about the middle of the 16th century :

“ In Dumferling, he [Death] bath tane Broun,

“ With gude Mr. Robert Henryson.”

Indeed some little farther insight into the history of this Scottish bard is gained from the title prefixed to some of his poems preserved in the British Museum; viz. “ The morall Fabillis of Esop compylit be Maister ROBERT HENRISOUN, SCOLMAISTER of Dumfermling, 1571.” Harleian MSS. 3865, § 1.

In Ramsay's EVERGREEN, Vol. I. whence the above distich, and the following beautiful poem are extracted, are preserved two other little Doric pieces by Henryson; the one intituled THE LYON AND THE MOUSE; the other, THE GARMENT OF GUDE LADYIS.

ROBIN sat on the gude grene hill,

Keipand a flock of fie,

Quhen mirry Makyne said him till,

“ O Robin rew on me

“ I haif thee luvt baith loud and still,

“ Thir towmonds twa or thre :

“ My

“ My dule in dern but gif thou dill,
 “ Doubtless bot dreid Ill die.

Robin replied, Now by the rude,
 Naithing of luvè I knaw, 10

But keip my sheip undir yon wod :
 Lo quhair they raik on raw.

Quhat can have mart thee in thy mude,
 Thou Makyne to me schaw ;
 Or quhat is luvè, or to be lude ? 15
 Fain wald I leir that law.

“ The law of luvè gin thou wald leir,
 “ Tak thair an A, B, C ;
 “ Be keynd, courtas, and fair of feir,
 “ Wyse, hardy, ‘bauld’ and frie, 20
 “ Sae that nae danger do the deir,
 “ What dule in dern thou drie ;
 “ Prefs ay to pleis, and blyth appeir,
 “ Be patient and privie.”

Robin, he answert her again, 25
 I wat not quhat is luvè ;
 But I half marvel uncertain

Quhat makes thee thus wanruse.
 The wedder is fair, and I am fain ;
 My sheep gais hail abuve ; 30
 And we fould pley us on the plain,
 They wald us baith reprove.

“ Robin

Ver. 20. kind and frie, MS.

“ Robin, tak tent unto my tale,
 “ And wirk all as I reid ;
 “ And thou fall haif my heart all hale, 35
 “ Eik and my maiden-heid :
 “ Sen God, he fends ‘us’ bute for bale,
 “ And for murning remeid,
 “ I’dern with thee but give I dale,
 “ Doubtless I am but deid.” 40

Makyne, to-morn be this ilk tyde,
 Gif ye will meit me heir,
 Maybe my sheip may gang befyde,
 Quhyle we have liggd full neir ;
 But maugre haif I, gif I byde, 45
 Frae thay begin to steir,
 Quhat lyes on heart I will nocht hyd,
 Then Makyne mak gude cheir.

“ Robin, thou reivs me of my rest ;
 “ I luvè but thee alane.” 50

Makyne, adieu ! the sun goes west,
 The day is neir-hand gane.
 “ Robin, in dule I am so drest,
 “ That luvè will be my bane.”
 Makyn, gae luvè quhair-eir ye list, 55
 For lemans I luid nane.

“ Robin,

“ Robin, I stand in sic a style,

“ I sich and that full fair.”

Makyne, I have bene here this quyle ;

At hame I wish I were.

60

“ Robin, my hinny, talk and smyle,

“ Gif thou will do nae mair.”

Makyne, fom other man beguyle,

For hameward I will fare.

Syne Robin on his ways he went,

65

As light as leif on tree ;

But Makyne murnt and made lament,

Scho trow'd him neir to see.

Robin he brayd attowre the bent :

Then Makyne cried on hie,

70

“ Now may thou sing, for I am shent !

“ Quhat can ail luvè at me ?”

Makyne went hame withouten fail,

And weirylic could weip ;

Then Robin in a full fair dale

75

Affemblit all his sheip :

Be that some part of Makyne's ail,

Out-throw his heart could creip,

Hir fast he followt to assail,

And till her tuke gude keip.

80

Abyd,

Abyd, abyd, thou fair Makyne,
 A word for ony thing ;
 For all my luv, it fall be thyne,
 Withouten departing.

All hale thy heart for till have myne,
 Is all my coveting ;

85

My sheip quhyle morn till the hours nyne,
 Will need of nae keeping.

“ Robin, thou hast heard sung and fay,
 “ In jests and storys auld,

90

“ The man that will not when he may,
 “ Sall have nocht when he wald.

“ I pray to heaven baith nicht and day,
 “ Be eiked their cares fae cauld,

“ That presses first with thee to play
 “ Be forrest, firth, or fauld.”

95

Makyne, the nicht is soft and dry,
 The wether warm and fair,

And the grene wod richt neir-hand by,
 To walk attowre all where :

100

There may nae janglers us espy,
 That is in luv contrair ;

Therin, Makyne, baith you and I
 Unseen may mak repair.

“ Robin,

- “ Robin, that warld is now away, 105
 “ And quyt brocht till an end.
 “ And nevir again thereto perfay,
 “ Sall it be as thou wend ;
 “ For of my pain thou made but play,
 “ I words in vain did spend ; 110
 “ As thou hast done fae fall I say,
 “ Murn on, I think to mend.”

Makyne, the hope of all my heil,
 My heart on thee is fet ;
 I'll evermair to thee be leil, 115
 Quhyle I may live but lett,
 Never to fail as uthers feil,
 Quhat grace so eir I get.
 “ Robin, with thee I will not deal ;
 “ Adieu, for this we met.” 120

Makyne went hameward blyth enough,
 Outowre the holtis hair ;
 Pure Robin murnd and Makyne leugh ;
 Scho fang, and heicht fair :
 Scho left him in baith wae and wreuch, 125
 In dolor and in care,
 Keipand his herd under a heuch,
 Amang the rusky gair.

XIV.

GENTLE HERDSMAN, TELL TO ME.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A PILGRIM AND HERDSMAN.

The scene of this beautiful old ballad is laid near Walsingham in Norfolk, where was anciently an image of the Virgin Mary, famous over all Europe for the numerous pilgrimages made to it, and the great riches it possessed. Erasmus has given a very exact and humorous description of the superstitions practised there in his time. See his account of the VIRGO PARATHALASSIA, in his colloquy, intitled, PEREGRINATIO RELIGIONIS ERGO. He tells us, the rich offerings in silver, gold, and precious stones, that were there shewn him, were incredible, there being scarce a person of any note in England, but what some time or other paid a visit, or sent a present to OUR LADY OF WALSINGHAM. At the dissolution of the monasteries in 1538, this splendid image, with another from Ipswich, was carried to Chelsea, and there burnt in the presence of commissioners; who, we trust, did not burn the jewels and the finery.*

This poem is printed from a copy in the Editor's folio MS. which had greatly suffered by the hand of time; but vestiges of several of the lines remaining, some conjectural supplements have been attempted, which, for greater exactness, are in this one ballad distinguished by Italicks.

Gentle herdsman, tell to me,
 Of curtesy I thee pray,
 Unto the towne of Walsingham
 Which is the right and ready way.

“ Unto

* See at the End of this Volume an account of the annual offerings of the Earls of Northumberland.

- “ Unto the towne of Walsingham 5
 “ The way is hard for to be gone ;
 “ And verry crooked are those pathes
 “ For you to find out all alone.”

Were the miles doubled thrise,
 And the way never foe ill, 10
 Itt were not enough for mine offence ;
 Itt is foe grievous and foe ill.

- “ Thy yeares are young, thy face is faire,
 “ Thy witts are weake, thy thoughts are greene ;
 “ Time hath not given thee leave, as yett, 15
 “ For to committ so great a finne.”

Yes, herdsman, yes, foe woldst thou say,
 If thou knewest foe much as I ;
 My witts, and thoughts, and all the rest,
 Have weil deserved for to dye. 20

I am not what I seeme to bee,
 My clothes, and sexe doe differ farr :
 I am a woman, woe is me !
Born to greeffe and irksome care.

For my beloved, and well-beloved, 25
My wayward cruelty could kill :
And though my teares will nought avail,
Most dearely I bewail him still.

*He was the flower of noble wights,
None ever more sincere colde bee ;* 30
*Of comely mien and shape he was,
And tenderlye hee loved mee.*

*When thus I saw he loved me well,
I grewe so proud his paine to see,
That I, who did not know my selfe,* 35
Thought scorne of such a youth as hee.

And grew foe coy and nice to please,
As womens lookes are often foe,
He might not kisse, nor hand forsooth,
Uulefs I willed him foe to doe. 40

Thus being wearyed with delayes
To see I pityed not his greeffe,
He gott him to a secrett place,
And there hee dyed without releeffe.

And for his sake these weedes I weare, 45
And sacrifice my tender age ;
And every day Ile begg my bread,
To undergoe this pilgrimage.

Thus every day I fast and praye,
And ever will doe till I dye ; 50
And gett me to some secrett place,
For foe did hee, and so will I.

Now,

Now, gentle herdsman, aske no more,
 But keepe my secretts I thee pray ;
 Unto the towne of Walsingham
 Show me the right and readye way.

55

“ Now goe thy wayes, and God before !
 “ For he must ever guide thee still :
 “ Turne downe that dale, the right hand path,
 “ And soe, faire pilgrim, fare thee well !” 60

XV.

K. EDWARD IV. AND TANNER OF TAMWORTH

Was a story of great fame among our ancestors. The author of the ART OF ENGLISH POESIE, 1589, 4to, seems to speak of it, as a real fact.—Describing that vicious mode of speech, which the Greeks called ACYRON, i. e. “ When we use a dark and obscure word, utterly repugnant to that we should express;” he adds, “ Such manner of uncouth speech did the Tanner of Tamworth use to king Edward the fourth; which Tanner, having a great while mistaken him, and used very broad talke with him, at length perceiving by his traine that it was the king, was afraide he should be punished for it, [and] said thus, with a certaine rude repentance,

“ I hope I shall be hanged to-morrow,
 “ for [I feare me] I shall be hanged; whereat the king
 “ laughed a good *, not only to see the Tanner’s vaine
 “ feare, but also to heare his illshapen terme; and gave

* Vid. Gloss.

“ him for recompence of his good sport, the inheritance of
 “ Plumpton-parke. I AM AFRAID,” concludes this sagaci-
 ous writer, “ THE POETS OF OUR TIME, THAT SPEAKE
 “ MORE FINELY AND CORRECTEDLY, WILL COME
 “ TOO SHORT OF SUCH A REWARD,” p. 214.—*The*
phrase, here referred to, is not found in this ballad at pre-
sent, but occurs with some variation in an older poem, in-
titled JOHN THE REEVE, described in the following vo-
lume, (see the Preface to THE KING AND THE MILLER),
viz.

“ Nay, sayd John, by Gods grace,
 “ And Edward wer in this place,
 “ Hee shold not touch this tonne :
 “ He wold be wroth with John I HOPE,
 “ Therefore I bestrew the soupe,
 “ That in his mouth shold come.” Pt. 2. f. 24.

*The following text is selected from two copies in black letter. The one in the Bodleyan library, intituled, “ A mer-
 “ rie, pleasant, and delectable historie betweene K. Edward
 “ the Fourth, and a Tanner of Tamworth, &c. printed
 “ at London, by John Danter, 1596.” This copy, ancient
 as it now is, appears to have been modernized and altered
 at the time it was published; but many vestiges of the more
 ancient readings were recovered from another copy, (though
 more recently printed,) in one sheet folio, without date, in
 the Pepys collection.*

IN summer time, when leaves grow greene,
 And blossoms bedecke the tree,
 King Edward wolde a hunting ryde,
 Some pastime for to see.

With

With hawke and hounde he made him bowne, 5
 With horne, and eke with bowe ;
 To Drayton Bassett he tooke his waye,
 With all his lordes a rowe.

And he had ridden ore dale and downe
 By eight of clocke in the day, 10
 When he was ware of a bold tannèr
 Come ryding along the waye.

A fayre ruffet coat the tanner had on
 Fast buttoned under his chin,
 And under him a good cow-hide, 15
 And a mare of four shilling*.

Nowe stand you still, my good lordes all,
 Under the grene wood spraye ;
 And I will wend to yonder fellowe,
 To weet what he will faye. 20

* *In the reign of Edward IV. Dame Cecill, lady of Torboke, in her will dated March 7. A. D. 1466; among many other bequests has this, "Also I will that my sonne Thomas of Torboke have 13s. 4d. to buy him an horse." Vid. Harleian Catalog. 2176. 27.—Now if 13s. 4d. would purchase a steed fit for a person of quality, a tanner's horse might reasonably be valued at four or five shillings.*

God speede, God speede thee, said our king.
Thou art welcome, fir, sayd hee.

“ The readiest waye to Drayton Basset
I praye thee to shewe to mee.”

“ To Drayton Basset woldst thou goe, 25
Fro the place where thou dost stand ?
The next payre of gallowes thou comest unto,
Turne in upon thy right hand.”

That is an unreadye waye, sayd our king,
Thou doest but jest I see : 30
Nowe shewe me out the nearest waye,
And I pray thee wend with mee.

Awaye with a vengeance! quoth the tanner :
I hold thee out of thy witt :
All daye have I rydden on Brocke my mare, 35
And I am fasting yett.

“ Go with me downe to Drayton Basset,
No daynties we will spare ;
All daye shalt thou eate and drinke of the best,
And I will paye thy fare.” 40

Gramercye for nothing, the tanner replyde,
Thou payest no fare of mine :
I trowe I've more nobles in my purse,
Than thou hast pence in thine.

God give thee joy of them, sayd the king, 45
 And send them well to priefe.

The tanner wolde faine have beene away,
 For he weende he had beene a thiefe.

What art thou, hee fayde, thou fine fellowe,
 Of thee I am in great feare, 50
 For the cloathes, thou wearest upon thy backe,
 Might befeeme a lord to weare.

I never stole them, quoth our king,
 I tell you, fir, by the roode.
 "Then thou playest, as many an unthrift doth, 55
 And standest in midds of thy goode."

What tydinges heare you, sayd the kynge,
 As you ryde farre and neare?
 "I heare no tydinges, fir, by the masse,
 But that cowe-hides are deare." 60

"Cowe-hides! cowe-hides! what things are those?
 I marvell what they bee?"
 What art thou a foole? the tanner reply'd;
 I carry one under mee."

What craftsman art thou, said the king, 65
 I praye thee tell me trowe.
 "I am a barker, fir, by my trade;
 Nowe tell me what art thou?"

I am a poore courtier, fir, quoth he,
 That am forth of service worne ; 70
 And faine I wolde thy prentise bee,
 Thy cunninge for to learne.

Marrye heaven forfend, the tanner replyde,
 That thou my prentise were :
 Thou woldst spend more good than I shold winne 75
 By fortye shilling a yere.

Yet one thinge wolde I, sayd our king,
 If thou wilt not seeme strange :
 Thoughe my horse be better than thy mare,
 Yet with thee I faine wold change. 80

“ Why if with me thou faine wilt change,
 As change full well maye wee,
 By the faith of my bodye, thou proude fellowe,
 I will have some boot of thee.”

That were against reason, sayd the king, 85
 I sweare, so mote I thee :
 My horse is better than thy mare,
 And that thou well mayst see.

“ Yea, fir, but Brocke is gentle and mild,
 And softly she will fare : 90
 Thy horse is unrulye and wild, I wifs ;
 Aye skipping here and there.”

What

What boote wilt thou have? our king reply'd;
Now tell me in this ffound.

“ Noe pence, nor half pence, by my faye, 95
But a noble in gold fo round.”

“ Here's twentye groates of white moneyè,
Sith thou will have it of mee.”

I would have fworne now, quoth the tanner,
Thou hadst not had one penniè. 100

But since we two have made a change,
A change we must abide,
Although thou hast gotten Brocke my mare,
Thou gettest not my cowe-hide.

I will not have it, fayd the kyng, 105
I sweare, so mote I thee;
Thy foule cowe-hide I wolde not beare,
If thou woldst give it to mee.

The tanner hee tooke his good cowe-hide,
That of the cow was hilt; 110
And threwe it upon the king's sadèlle,
That was soe fayrelye gilte.

“ Now help me up, thou fine fellòwe,
'Tis time that I were gone:
When I come home to Gyllian, my wife, 115
Sheel say I am a gentilmon.”

The king he tooke him up by the legge;
 The tanner a f * * lett fall.

Nowe marrye, good fellowe, sayd the kyng,
 Thy courtesye is but small. 120

When the tanner he was in the kinges sadelle,
 And his foote in the stirrup was;
 He marvelled greatlye in his minde,
 Whether it were golde or brasse.

But when his steede saw the cows taile wagge, 125
 And eke the blacke cove-horne;
 He stamped, and stared, and awaye he ranne,
 As the devill had him borne.

The tanner he pulld, the tanner he sweat,
 And held by the pummil fast: 130
 At length the tanner came tumbling downe;
 His necke he had well-nye brast.

Take thy horse again with avenge ance, he sayd,
 With mee he shall not byde.
 " My horse wolde have borne thee well enoughe, 135
 But he knewe not of thy cove-hide.

Yet if againe thou faine woldst change,
 As change full well may wee,
 By the faith of my bodye, thou jolly tanner,
 I will have some boote of thee." 140
 What

What boote wilt thou have, the tanner replyd,
 Nowe tell me in this ffounde ?
 ‘ Noe pence nor halfpence, fir, by my faye,
 But I will have twentye pound.”

“ Here’s twentye groates out of my purfe ; 145
 And twentye I have of thine :
 And I have one more, which we will spend
 Together at the wine.”

The king fet a bugle horne to his mouthe,
 And blewe both loude and shrille : 150
 And soone came lords, and soone came knights,
 Fast ryding over the hille.

Nowe, out alas ! the tanner he cryde,
 That ever I sawe this daye !
 Thou art a strong thiefe, yon come thy fellowes 155
 Will beare my cowe-hide away.

They are no thieves, the king replyde,
 I sweare, foe mote I thee :
 But they are the lords of the north countrèy,
 Here come to hunt with mee. 160

And soone before our king they came,
 And knelt downe on the grounde :
 Then might the tanner have beene awaye,
 He had lever than twentye pounde.

A collar, a collar*, here: sayd the king, 165
 A collar he loud did crye:
 Then woulde he lever then twentye pound,
 He had not beene so nighe.

A collar, a collar, the tanner he sayd,
 I trowe it will breed sorrowe: 170
 After a collar comes a halter,
 And I shall be hanged to-morrowe.

“ Away with thy feare, thou jolly tannèr,
 For the sport thou hast shewn to me,
 I wote noe halter thou shalt weare, 175
 But thou shalt have a knight’s fee.

For Plumpton-parke I will give thee,
 With tenements faire beside:
 ’Tis worth three hundred markes by the yeare,
 To maintaine thy good cowe-hide.” 180

Gramercye, my liege, the tanner replyde,
 For the favour thou hast me showne;
 If ever thou comest to merry Tamwòrth,
 Neates leather shall clout thy shoen.

* *

* *A collar was, I believe, anciently used in the ceremony of conferring knighthood. Or perhaps the King used the French word Acoller, signifying to give the Acolade, or blow that was to dub him a knight. This the Tanner ignorantly mistakes for A collar.*

XVI.

AS YE CAME FROM THE HOLY LAND.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN A PILGRIM AND TRAVELLER.

The scene of this song is the same, as in num. XIV. The pilgrimage to Walsingham suggested the plan of many popular pieces. In the Pepys collection, Vol. I. p. 226, is a kind of Interlude in the old ballad style, of which the first stanza alone is worth reprinting,

As I went to Walsingham,
 To the shrine with speede,
 Met I with a jolly palmer
 In a pilgrimes weede.
 Now God you save, you jolly palmer!
 "Welcome, lady gay,
 "Oft have I sued to thee for love."
 —Oft have I said you nay.

The pilgrimages undertaken on pretence of religion, were often productive of affairs of gallantry, and led the votaries to no other shrine than that of Venus.*

The following ballad was once very popular; it is quoted in Fletcher's "Knt. of the burning pestle," Act 2. sc. ult. and in another old play, called, "Hans Beer-pot, his invisible Comedy, &c." 4to, 1618; Act I.—The copy below was communicated to the Editor by the late Mr. Shenstone as corrected by him from an ancient MS, and supplied with a concluding stanza.

We

* Even in the time of Langland, pilgrimages to Walsingham were not unfavourable to the rites of Venus. Thus in his *Visions of Pierce Plowman*, fo. 1.

Hermets on a heape, with hoked staves,
 Wenten to Walsingham, and her † wenches after.

† i. e. their.

We have placed this, and GENTLE HERDSMAN, &c. thus early in the volume, upon a presumption that they may have been written, if not before the dissolution of the monasteries, yet while the remembrance of them was fresh in the minds of the people.

AS ye came from the holy land
Of 'blessed' Walsingham,
O met you not with my true love
As by the way ye came?

"How should I know your true love,
"That have met many a one,
"As I came from the holy land,
"That have both come, and gone?"

My love is neither white *, nor browne,
But as the heavens faire;
There is none hath her form divine,
Either in earth, or ayre.

"Such an one did I meet, good fir,
"With an angelicke face;
"Who like a nymphe, a queene appeared
"Both in her gait, her grace."

Yes: she hath cleane forsaken me,
And left me all alone;
Who some time loved me as her life,
And called me her owne.

* *sc. pale.*

“ What is the cause she leaves thee thus,
 “ And a new way doth take,
 “ That some time loved thee as her life,
 “ And thee her joy did make ?”

I that loved her all my youth, 25
 Growe old now as you see ;
 Love liketh not the falling fruite,
 Nor yet the withered tree.

For love is like a carelesse childe,
 Forgetting promise past : 30
 He is blind, or deaf, whenere he list ;
 His faith is never fast.

His ‘ fond’ desire is fickle found,
 And yieldes a trustlesse joye ;
 Wonne with a world of toil and care, 35
 And lost ev’n with a toye.

Such is the love of womankinde,
 Or Loves faire name abusde,
 Beneathe which many vaine desires,
 And follyes are excusde. 40

‘ But true love is a lasting fire,
 ‘ Which viewles vestals * tend,
 ‘ That burnes for ever in the soule,
 ‘ And knowes nor change, nor end.’

* *
 *

* *sc. Angels.*

XVII.

H A R D Y K N U T E .

A S C O T T I S H F R A G M E N T .

As this fine morsel of heroic poetry hath generally past for ancient, it is here thrown to the end of our earliest pieces; that such as doubt of its age, may the better compare it with other pieces of genuine antiquity. For after all, there is more than reason to suspect, that most of its beauties are of modern date; and that these at least (if not its whole existence) have flowed from the pen of a lady, within this present century. The following particulars may be depended on. One Mrs. Wardlaw, whose maiden name was Halket (aunt to the late Sir Peter Halket of Pitferran in Scotland, who was killed in America along with general Bradock in 1755) pretended she had found this poem, written on shreds of paper, employed for what is called the bottoms of clues. A suspicion arose that it was her own composition. Some able judges asserted it to be modern. The lady did in a manner acknowledge it to be so. Being desired to shew an additional stanza, as a proof of this, she produced the three last beginning with "Loud and shrill," &c. which were not in the copy that was first printed, The late Lord President Forbes, and Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto (late Lord Justice Clerk for Scotland) who had believed it ancient, contributed to the expence of publishing the first Edition, which came out in folio about the year 1720.—This account is transmitted from Scotland by a gentleman of distinguished rank, learning, and genius, who yet is of opinion, that part of the ballad may be ancient; but retouched and much enlarged by the lady abovementioned. Indeed he hath been informed, that the late William Thompson, the Scottish musician, who published

published the ORPHEUS CALEDONIUS, 1733, 2 vols. 8vo. declared he had heard fragments of it repeated during his infancy; before ever Mrs. Wardlaw's copy was heard of.

STately stept he east the wa,
 And stately stept he west,
 Full seventy zeirs he now had sene,
 With skerfs sevin zeirsof rest.
 He livit quhen Britons breach of faith 5
 Wroucht Scotland meikle wae:
 And ay his sword tauld to their cost,
 He was their deidly fae.

Hie on a hill his castle stude,
 With halls and touris a hicht, 10
 And guidly chambers fair to se,
 Quhair he lodgit mony a knight.
 His dame sae peirless anes and fair,
 For chaste and bewtie deimt,
 Nae marrow had in all the land, 15
 Saif Elenor the quene.

Full thirtein fons to him scho bare,
 All men of valour stout;
 In bluidy ficht with sword in hand
 Nyne lost their lives bot doubt: 20
 Four zit remain, lang may they live
 To stand by liege and land;
 Hie was their fame, hie was their micht,
 And hie was their command.

Great

Great luvè they bare to Fairly fair, 25
 Their sifter faft and deir,
 Her girdle shawd her midle gimp,
 And gowden glift her hair.

Quhat waefou wae her bewtie bred ?
 Waefou to zung and auld, 30
 Waufou I trow to kyth and kyn,
 As story ever tauld.

The king of Norfe in summer tyde,
 Puft up with powir and nicht,
 Landed in fair Scotland the yle, 35
 With mony a hardy knicht.

The tydings to our gude Scots king
 Came, as he fat at dyne,
 With noble chiefs in braif aray,
 Drinking the blude-reid wine. 40

“ To horfe, to horfe, my ryal liege,
 Zours faes stand on the strand,
 Full twenty thoufand glittering fpears
 The king of Norfe commands.”
 Bring me my steed Mage dapple gray, 45
 Our gude king raife and cryd,
 A truffier beast in all the land
 A Scots king nevir feyd.

Go little page, tell Hardyknute,
That lives on hill so hie, 50
To draw his sword, the dreid of faes,
And haste and follow me.

The little page flew swift as dart
Flung by his masters arm,
“Cum down, cum down, lord Hardyknute, 55
And rid zour king frae harm.”

Then reid reid grew his dark-brown cheiks,
Sae did his dark-brown brow;
His luiks grew kene, as they were wont
In dangers great to do; 60
He hes tane a horn as green as glafs,
And gien five sounds sae shrill,
That treis in grene wood schuke thereat,
Sae loud rang ilka hill.

His sons in manly sport and glie, 65
Had past that summers morn,
Quhen low down in á grassy dale,
They heard their fatheris horn.
That horn, quod they, neir sounds in peace,
We haif other sport to byde. 70
And sune they heyd themup the hill,
And sune were at his fyde.

" Late late the zeffrene I weind in peace
 To end my lengthned life,
 My age nicht weil excuse my arm 75
 Frae manly feats of ftryfe;
 But now that Norfe dois proudly boast
 Fair Scotland to intrall,
 Its neir be faid of Hardyknute,
 He feard to ficht or fall. 80

" Robin of Rothfay, bend thy bow,
 Thy arrows fchute fae leil,
 That mony a comely countenance
 They haif turnd to deidly pale.
 Brade Thomas tak ze but zour lance, 85
 Ze neid nae weapons mair,
 Gif ze ficht weit as ze did anes
 Gainft Westmorlands ferfs heir.

" And Malcom, licht of fute as ftag
 That runs in foreft wyld, 90
 Get me my thousands thrie of men
 Well bred to fword and fchild:
 Bring me my horfe and harnifae
 My blade of mettal cleir.
 If faes kend but the hand it bare, 95
 They fune had fled for feir.

" Fareweil

“ Fareweil my dame fae peirlefs gude,
 (And tuke her by the hand),
 Fairer to me in age zou feim,
 Than maids for bewtie famd: 100
 My zoungeft fon shall here remain
 To guard thefe ftately towirs,
 And fhut the filver bolt that keips
 Sae faft zour painted bowirs.”

And firft fcho wet her comely cheiks, 105
 And then her boddice grene,
 Hir filken cords of twirtle twift,
 Weil plett with filver fhene;
 And apron fett with mony a dice
 Of neidle-wark fae rare, 110
 Wove by nae hand, as ze may guefs,
 Saif that of Fairly fair.

And he has ridden owre muir and mofs,
 Owre hills and mony a glen,
 Quhen he came to a wounded knicht 115
 Making a heavy mane;
 “ Here maun I lye, here maun I dye,
 By treacheries falfe gyles;
 Witless I was that eir gaif faith
 To wicked womans fmyles.” 120

“ Sir knicht, gin ze were in my bowir,
 To lean on filken feat,
 My laydis kyndlie care zoud prove,
 Quha neir kend deidly hate :
 Hir felf wald watch ze all the day, 125
 Hir maids a deid of nicht ;
 And Fairly fair zour heart wald cheir,
 As scho stands in zour ficht.

“ Aryse young knicht, and mount zour steid,
 Full lowns the shynand day : 130
 Cheis frae my menzie quhom ze pleis
 To leid ze on the way.”
 With smylefs luke, and visage wan
 The wounded knicht replyd,
 “ Kynd chiftain, zour intent pursue, 135
 For heir I maun abyde.

To me nae after day nor nicht
 Can eir be sweit or fair,
 But sune beneath sum draping tree,
 Cauld death shall end my care.” 140
 With him nae pleiding micht prevail ;
 Brave Hardyknute in to gain,
 With fairest words and reason strong,
 Strave courteously in vain.

Syne he has gane far hynd attowre 145

Lord Chattans land fae wyde ;

That lord a worthy wicht was ay,

Quhen faes his courage feyd :

Of Pictish race by mothers syde,

Quhen Picts ruld Caledon,

150

Lord Chattan claimd the princely maid,

Quhen he saift Pictish crown.

Now with his ferfs and stalwart train,

He reicht a ryfing heicht,

Quhair braid encampit on the dale,

155

Norfs menzie lay in ficht.

“ Zonder my valiant fons and ferfs,

Our raging revers wait

On the unconquerit Scottish fwaird

To try with us their fate.

160

Make orifons to him that saift

Our fauls upon the rude ;

Syne braifly schaw zour veins ar filld

With Caledonian blude.”

Then furth he drew his trusty glaive,

165

Quhyle thousands all around

Drawn frae their sheaths glanst in the sun,

And loud the bougills found.



To join his king adoun the hill
 In haft his merch he made, 170
 Quhyle, playand pibrochs, minstralls meit
 Afore him statly strade.
 “ Thryse welcum valziant floup of weir,
 Thy nations scheild and pryde ;
 Thy king nae reason has to feir 175
 Quhen thou art be his fyde.”

Then bows were bent and darts were thrawn ;
 For thrang scarce could they flie ;
 The darts clove arrows as they met,
 The arrows dart the trie. 180
 Lang did they rage and ficht full ferfs,
 With little skaith to man,
 But bludy bludy was the field,
 Or that lang day was done.

The king of Scots, that findle bruikd 185
 The war that luikt lyke play,
 Drew his braid sword, and brake his bow,
 Sen bows feimt but delay.
 Quoth noble Rothfay, “ Myne i’ll keip,
 I wate its bleid a skore.” 190
 Haft up my merry men, cryd the king,
 As he rade on before.

The king of Norfe he focht to find,
 With him to menfe the faucht,
 But on his forehead there did licht 195
 A sharp unfonfie shaft ;
 As he his hand put up to find
 The wound, an arrow kene,
 O waefou chance ! there pinnd his hand
 In midft betweene his ene. 200

“ Revenge, revenge, cryd Rothfays heir,
 Your mail-coat fall nocht byde
 The ftrengh and sharpnefs of my dart :”
 Then fent it thruch his fyde.
 Another arrow weil he markd, 205
 It perfit his neck in twa,
 His hands then quat the filver reins,
 He law as eard did fa.

“ Sair bleids my liege, fair, fair he bleids !”
 Again with micht he drew 210
 And gesture dreid his fturdy bow,
 Faft the braid arrow flew :
 Wae to the knight he ettled at ;
 Lament now quene Elgreid ;
 Hie dames to wail zour darlings fall, 215
 His zouth and comely meid.

" Take aff, take aff his costly jupe
 (Of gold weil was it twynd,
 Knit lyke the fowlers net, throuch quhilk
 His steilly harnesf shynd) 220
 Take, Norse, that gift frae me, and bid
 Him venge the blude it beirs ;
 Say, if he face my bended bow,
 He fure nae weapon feirs."

Proud Norse with giant body tall, 225
 Braid shoulder and arms strong,
 Cry'd, " Quhair is Hardyknute sae famd,
 And feird at Britains throne :
 Thah Britons tremble at his name,
 I fune fall make him wail, 230
 That eir my sword was made sae sharp,
 Sae fast his coat of mail."

That brag his stout heart could na byde,
 It lent him zouthfou nicht :
 " I'm Hardyknute ; this day, he cry'd, 235
 To Scotland's king I hecht
 To lay thee law, as horses hufe ;
 My word I mean to keip."
 Syne with the first strakeeir he strake,
 He garrd his body bleid.

Norse

Norse ene lyke gray gosehawke staird wyld,

He sicht with shame and spyte ;

“ Disgrac’d is now my far-fam’d arm

That left thee power to stryke :”

Then gaif his head a blaw fae fell,

245

It made him doun to stoup,

As law as he to ladies usit

In courtly gyse to lout.

Full fune he raisd his bent body,

His bow he marvelld fair,

250

Sen blaws till then on him but darrd

As touch of Fairly fair :

Norse ferliet too as fair as he

To se his stately luke ;

Sae fune as eir he strake a fae,

255

Sae fune his lyfe he tuke.

Quhair lyke a fyre to hether fet,

Bauld Thomas did advance,

A sturdy fae with luke enrag’d

Up towards him did prance ;

260

He spurd his steid throw thickest ranks

The hardy zouth to quell,

Quha stude unmuftit at his approach

His furie to repell.

“ That

“ That schort brown shaft fae meanly trim'd, 265
 Lukis lyke poor Scotlands geir,
 But dreidfull seems the rusty point !”
 And loud he leuch in jeir.

“ Aft Britons blude has dimd its shyne ;
 This poynt cut short their vaunt :” 270
 Syne pierc'd the boisteris bairded cheik ;
 Nae tyme he tuke to taunt.

Schort quhyle he in his sadill swang,
 His stirrup was nae stay,
 Sae feible hang his unbent knee 275
 Sure taken he was fey :

Swith on the hardened clay he fell,
 Richt far was heard the thud :
 But Thomas luikt not as he lay
 All waltering in his blude. 280

With cairles gesture, mynd unmuvit,
 On raid he north the plain ;
 His feim in thrang of fiercest stryfe,
 Quhen winner ay the same :
 Nor zit his heart dames dimpelit cheik 285
 Could meise fast love to bruik,
 Till vengeful Ann returnd his scorn,
 Then languid grew his luke.

In thrawis of death, with wallowit cheik
 All panting on the plain, 290
 The fainting corps of warriours lay,
 Neir to aryfe again ;
 Neir to return to native land,
 Nae mair with blythfom founds
 To boift the glories of the day, 295
 And fchaw their fhining wounds.

On Norways coast the widowit dame
 May wash the rocks with teirs,
 May lang luke owre the fchipples feis
 Befoir hir mate appears. 300

Ceife, Emma, ceife to hope in vain ;
 Thy lord lyis in the clay ;
 The valziant Scots nae revers thole
 To carry lyfe away.

There on a lie, quhair ftands a crofs 305
 Set up for monument,
 Thoufands full fierce that fummers day
 Filled kene waris black intent.

Let Scots, quhyle Scots, praife Hardyknute,
 Let Norfe the name ay dreid, 310
 Ay how he faucht, aft how he fpaired,
 Sal lateft ages reid.

Loud

Loud and chill blew the westlin wind,
 Sair beat the heavy showir,
 Mirk grew the nicht eir Hardyknute 315
 Wan neir his stately towir.

His towir that usd with torches bleise
 To shyne fae far at nicht,
 Seimd now as black as mourning weid,
 Nae marvel fair he sichd. 320

“ Thairs nae licht in my ladys bowir,
 Thairs nae licht in my hall ;
 Nae blink shynes round my Fairly fair,
 Nor ward stands on my wall.
 “ Quhat bodes it ? Robert, Thomas, say ;” — 325
 Nae answer fits their dreid.

“ Stand back, my sons, I’ll be zour gyde :”
 But by they past with speid.

“ As fast I haif sped owre Scotlands faes,” —
 There ceist his brag of weir, 330
 Sair schamit to mynd ocht but his dame,
 And maiden Fairly fair.

Black feir he felt, but quhat to feir
 He wist not zit with dreid ;
 Sair schuke his body, fair his limbs, 335
 And all the warrior fled.

* * * * *

* * * *Since*

* * Since this poem of HARDYKNUTE was first printed off, still farther information has been received concerning the original manner of its publication, and the additions made to it afterwards.

“The late Dr. John Clerk, a celebrated physician in Edinburgh, one of Lord President Forbes’s intimate companions, has left in his own hand writing, an ample account of all the additions and variations made in this celebrated poem, as also two additional stanzas never yet printed.”

The title of the first edition was, “HARDYKNUTE, A FRAGMENT. EDINBURGH. 1719.” folio. 12 pages.

Stanzas not in the first edition, but added afterwards in the EVERGREEN, 1724, 120. are the two, beginning at ver. 129. “Aryse young knicht, &c. to ver. 144.—Instead of ver. 143, 144, as they stand at present, Dr. Clerk’s MS. has

With argument, but vainly strave
Lang courteously in vain.

Again, from ver. 153. Now with his ferfs, &c. to 176, are not in the first edit.—In Dr. Clerk’s MS. ver. 170, &c. runs thus,

In haste his strides he bent
While minstrells play and pibrocks fine
Afore him stately went.

Lastly, from ver. 257. Quhair lyke a fyre, &c. to the end of the poem, were not in the 1st copy. Variation of line the last (v. 336.) is

“He feared a’ could be feared.”

The two additional stanzas come in between ver. 388. and v. 389. and are these,

Now darts flew wavering through flaw speed,
Scarce could they reach their aim ;
Or reach’d, scarce blood the round point drew,
’Twas all but shot in vain :

Right

Right strengthy arms forfeebled grew,
 Sair wreck'd wi' that day's toils;
 E'en fierce-born minds now lang'd for peace,
 And curs'd war's cruel broils.

Yet still wars horns sounded to charge,
 Swords clash'd and harness rang;
 But fastly sae ilk blaster blew
 The hills and dales fraemang.
 Nae echo heard in double dints,
 Nor the lang-winding horn,
 Nae mair she blew out brade as she
 Did eir that summers morn.

This obliging information the Reader owes to David Clerk, M. D. at Edinburgh, son of Dr. John Clerk.

It is perhaps needless to observe, that these two stanzas, as well as most of the variations above, are of inferior merit to the rest of the poem, and are probably first sketches that were afterwards rejected.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.



A R C H I B U T

SONGS AND BALLADS,

&c.

SERIES THE SECOND.

BOOK II.

I.

A BALLAD OF LUTHER, THE POPE, A
CARDINAL, AND A HUSBANDMAN:

In the former Book we brought down this second Series of poems, as low as about the middle of the sixteenth century. We now find the Muses deeply engaged in religious controversy. The sudden revolution, wrought in the opinions of mankind by the Reformation, is one of the most striking events in the history of the human mind. It could not but engross the attention of every individual in that age, and therefore no other writings would have any chance to be read, but such as related to this grand topic. The alterations made in the established religion by Henry VIII, the sudden changes it underwent in the three succeeding reigns with-

in so short a space as eleven or twelve years, and the violent struggles between expiring Popery, and growing Protestantism, could not but interest all mankind. Accordingly every pen was engaged in the dispute. The followers of the Old and New Profession (as they were called) had their respective Ballad-makers; and every day produced some popular sonnet for, or against the Reformation. The following ballad, and that intitled *LITTLE JOHN NOBODY*, may serve for specimens of the writings of each party. Both were written in the reign of Edward VI; and are not the worst that were composed upon the occasion. Controversial divinity is no friend to poetic flights. Yet this ballad of "Luther and the Pope," is not altogether devoid of spirit; it is of the dramatic kind, and the characters are tolerably well sustained; especially that of Luther, which is made to speak in a manner not unbecoming the spirit and courage of that vigorous Reformer. It is printed from the original black-letter copy (in the Pepys collection, vol. I. folio,) to which is prefixed a large wooden cut, designed and executed by some eminent master. This is copied in miniature in the small Engraving inserted above.

We are not to wonder that the Ballad-writers of that age should be inspired with the zeal of controversy, when the very stage teemed with polemic divinity. I have now before me two very ancient quarto black-letter plays: the one published in the time of Henry VIII, intitled, *Every Man*; the other called *Lusty Adventus*, printed in the reign of Edward VI. In the former of these, occasion is taken to inculcate great reverence for old mother church and her superstitions*: in the other, the poet (one R. WEVER)

* Take a specimen from his high encomiums on the priesthood,
 "There is no emperour, kyng, duke, ne baron
 . That of God hath commissyon,
 "As hath the leest preest in the world beynge.

* * *

"God hath to them more power gyven,
 "Than to any aungell, that is in heven:

"With

WEVER) with great success attacks both. So that the Stage in those days literally was, what wise men have always wished it,—a supplement to the pulpit:—This was so much the case, that in the play of *Lusty Juventus*, chapter and verse are every where quoted as formally, as in a sermon; take an instance,

- “ The Lord by his prophet Ezechiel sayeth in this wise playnlye,
 “ As in the xxxiiij chapter it doth appere :
 “ Be converted, O ye children, &c.”

From this play we learn that most of the young people were New Gospellers, or friends to the Reformation; and that the old were tenacious of the doctrines imbibed in their youth: for thus the Devil is introduced lamenting the downfal of superstition,

- “ The olde people would believe stil in my lawes,
 “ But the yonger sort leade them a contrary way,
 “ They wyl not beleve, they playnly say,
 “ In olde traditions, and made by men, &c.”

VOL. II.

I

And

- “ With v. words he may consecrate
 “ Goddes body in fleshe and blode to take,
 “ And bandeletb his maker bytwene his bandes,
 “ The preest byndeth and unbindeth all bandes,
 “ Botbe in erthe and in heven.
 “ Thou ministers all the sacramentes seven.
 “ Though we kyst thy fete thou were worthy ;
 “ Thou art the surgyan that cureth synne dedly ;
 “ No remedy may we fynde under God,
 “ But alone on preesthode.
 “ Every-man, God gave preest that dignite,
 “ And letteth them in his stede amonge us be,
 “ Thus be they above aungels in degre.”

* * * * *

fig. C. j. b.

And in another place Hypocrisy urges,

- “ The worlde was never meri
 “ Since chyl dren were so boulde :
 “ Now every boy wil be a teacher,
 “ The futher a foole, the chyl d a preacher.”

Of the plays abovementioned, to the first is subjoined the following Printer's Colophon, ¶ Thus endeth this moral playe of Every Man. ¶ Imprinted at London in Powles chyrche garde by me John Skot. †. In Mr. Garrick's collection is an imperfect copy of the same play, printed by Richard Pynson.

The other is intituled, An enterlude called Lusty Iuventus: and is thus distinguished at the end: Finis. quod G. Weber. Imprinted at London in Paules churche pearde, by Abraham Dele at the signe of the Lambe. Of this too Mr. Garrick has an imperfect copy of a different edition.

Of these two Plays the Reader may find some farther particulars in the former Volume, Book II. see THE ESSAY ON THE ORIGIN OF THE ENGLISH STAGE.

THE HUSBANDMAN.

LET us lift up our hartes all,
 And prayse the lordes magnificence,
 Which hath given the wolues a fall,
 And is become our strong defence :
 For they thorowe a false pretens
 From Christes bloude dyd all us leade,

5

Gettynge

Gettynge from every man his pence,
As satisfactours for the deade.

For what we with our FLAYLES coude get
To kepe our house, and fervauntes; 10
That did the Freers from us fet,
And with our foules played the marchauntes:
And thus they with theyr false warrantes
Of our sweate have easelye lyved,
That for fatnesse theyr belyes pantes, 15
So greatlye have they us deceaued.

They spared not the fatherlesse,
The carefull, nor the pore wydowe;
They wolde have somewhat more or lesse,
If it above the ground did growe: 20
But now we husbandmen do knowe
Al their subtelye, and their false caste;
For the lorde hath them overthrowe
With his swete word now at the laste.

DOCTOR MARTIN LUTHER.

Thou antichrist, with thy thre crownes, 25
Hast usurped kynges powers,
As having power over realmes and townes,
Whom thou oughtest to serve all houres:
Thou thinkest by thy jugglyng colours
Thou maist lykewise Gods word oppresse; 30

As do the deceitful foulers,
When they theyr nettes craftely dresse.

Thou flatterest every prince, and lord,
Threthening poore men with swearde and fyre;
All those, that do followe Gods worde, 35
To make them cleve to thy desire,
Theyr bokes thou burnest in flaming fire;
Curfing with boke, bell, and candell,
Such as to reade them have defyre,
Or with them are wyllynge to meddell. 40

Thy false power wyl I bryng down,
Thou shalt not raygne many a yere,
I shall dryve the from citey and towne,
Even with this PEN that thou seyfte here:
Thou fyghtest with swerd, shylde, and speare, 45
But I wyl fyght with Gods worde;
Which is now so open and cleare,
That it shall brynge the under the borde.

THE POPE.

Though I brought never so many to hel,
And to utter dampnacion, 50
Throughe myne ensample, and confel,
Or thorow any abhominacion,
Yet doth our lawe excuse my fashion.
And thou, Luther, arte accursed;

For blamyng me, and my condicion,
The holy decres have the condempned. 55

Thou stryvest against my purgatory,
Because thou findest it not in scripture;
As though I by myne auctorite
Myght not make one for myne honoure. 60
Knowest thou not, that I have power
To make, and mar, in heaven and hell,
In erth, and every creature?
Whatsoever I do it must be well.

As for scripture, I am above it; 65
Am not I Gods hye vicare?
Shulde I be bounde to folowe it,
As the carpenter his ruler?
Nay, nay, heretickes ye are,
That will not obey my auctoritie. 70
With this SWORDE I wyll declare,
That ye shal al accursed be.

THE CARDINAL.

I am a cardinall of Rome,
Sent from Christes hye vicary,
To graunt pardon to more, and fume, 75
That wil Luther resist strongly:
He is a greate hereticke treuly,
And regardeth to much the scripture;

For he thinketh onely thereby
To subdue the popes high honoure. 80

Receive ye this PARDON devoutely,
And loke that ye agaynst him fight ;
Plucke up youre herts, and be manlye,
For the pope sayth ye do but ryght :
And this be sure, that at one flyghte, 85
Although ye be overcome by chaunce,
Ye shall to heaven go with greate myghte ;
God can make you no resistaunce.

But these heretikes for their medlynge
Shall go down to hel every one ; 90
For they have not the popes blessinge,
Nor regarde his holy pardòn :
They thinke from all destruction
By Christes bloud, to be saved,
Fearynge not our excommunicacion, 95
Therefore shall they al be dampned.

II.

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

While in England verse was made the vehicle of controversy, and Popery was attacked in it by logical argument, or stinging satire; we may be sure the zeal of the Scottish Reformers would not suffer their pens to be idle, but many a pasquil was discharged at the Romish priests, and their enormous encroachments on property. Of this kind perhaps is the following, (preserved in an ancient MS. Collection of Scottish poems in the Pepysian library:)

Tak a Wobster, that is leill,
 And a Miller, that will not steill,
 With ane Priest, that is not gredy,
 And lay ane deid corpse thame by,
 And, throw virtue of thame three,
 That deid corpse fall qwyknit be.

Thus far all was fair: but the furious hatred of popery led them to employ their rhymes in a still more licentious manner. It is a received tradition in Scotland, that at the time of the Reformation, ridiculous and bawdy songs were composed to be sung by the rabble to the tunes of the most favourite hymns in the Latin service. Greene sleeves and pudding pies (designed to ridicule the popish clergy) is

said to have been one of these metamorphosed hymns: Maggy Lauder was another: John Anderfon my jo was a third. The original music of all these burlesque sonnets was very fine. To give a specimen of their manner, we have inserted one of the least offensive. The Reader will pardon the meanness of the composition for the sake of the anecdote, which strongly marks the spirit of the times.

The adaptation of solemn church music to these ludicrous pieces, and the jumble of ideas, thereby occasioned, will account for the following fact.—From the Records of the General Assembly in Scotland, called, “The Book of the Universal Kirk,” p. 90. 7th July, 1568, it appears, that Thomas Bassendyne printer in Edinburgh, printed “a psalme buik, in the end whereof was found printit ane baudy sang, called, “Welcome Fortunes *.”

WOMAN.

JOHN Anderfon my jo, cum in as ze gae bye,
And ze fall get a sheips heid weel baken in a pye;
Weel baken in a pye, and the haggis in a pat:
John Anderfon my jo, cum in, and ze's get that.

MAN.

And how doe ze, Cummer? and how doe ze thrive?
And how mony bairns hae ze? WOM. Cummer, I hae five.
MAN. Are they to zour awin gude man? WOM. Na,
Cummer, na;
For four of tham were gotten, quhan Wallie was awa'.

* See also *Biograph. Britan.* vol. I. p. 177.

III.

LITTLE JOHN NOBODY.

We have here a witty libel on the Reformation under king Edward VI. written about the year 1550, and preserved in the Pepys collection, British Museum, and Strype's Mem. of Cranmer. The author artfully declines entering into the merits of the cause, and wholly reflects on the lives and actions of many of the Reformed. It is so easy to find flaws and imperfections in the conduct of men, even the best of them, and still easier to make general exclamations about the profligacy of the present times, that no great point is gained by arguments of that sort, unless the author could have proved that the principles of the Reformed Religion had a natural tendency to produce a corruption of manners: whereas he indirectly owns, that their REVEREND FATHER [archbishop Cranmer] had used the most proper means to stem the torrent, by giving the people access to the scriptures, by teaching them to pray with understanding, and by publishing homilies, and other religious tracts. It must however be acknowledged, that our libeller had at that time sufficient room for just satire. For under the banners of the Reformed had enlisted themselves, many concealed papists, who had private ends to gratify; many that were of no religion; many greedy courtiers, who thirsted after the possessions of the church; and many dissolute persons, who wanted to be exempt from all ecclesiastical censures: And as these men were loudest of all others in their cries for Reformation, so in effect none obstructed the regular progress of it so much, or by their vicious lives brought vexation and shame more on the truly venerable and pious Reformers.

The

The reader will remark the fondness of our Satirist for alliteration: in this he was guilty of no affectation or singularity; his versification is that of Pierce Plowman's Visions, in which a recurrence of similar letters is essential: to this he has only superadded rhyme, which in his time began to be the general practice. See farther remarks on this kind of metre in the preface to BOOK III. BALLAD I.

IN december, when the dayes draw to be short,
 After november, when the nights wax noysome and
 As I pass by a place privily at a port, [long;
 I saw one sit by himself making a song:
 His last * talk of trifles, who told with his tongue
 That few were fast i'th' faith. I 'freynded †' that freake,
 Whether he wanted wit, or some had done him wrong.
 He said, he was little John Nobody, that durst not speake.

John Nobody, quoth I, what news? thou soon note and
 What maner men thou meane, that are so mad. [tell
 He said, These gay gallants, that wil construe the gospel,
 As Solomon the sage, with semblance full sad;
 To discusse divinity they nought adread;
 More meet it were for them to milk kye at a fleyke.
 Thou lyeist, quoth I, thou losel, like a leud lad. [speake.
 He said, he was little John Nobody, that durst not

Its meet for every man on this matter to talk,
 And the glorious gospel ghostly to have in mind;
 It is sothe said, that sect but much unseemly skalk,
 As boyes babble in books, that in scripture are blind:
 Yet

* Perhaps He left talk.

† feyned. MSS. and P. C.

Yet to their fancy soon a cause wil find ;
 As to live in lust, in lechery to leyke :
 Such caitives count to be come of Cains kind ;
 But that I little John Nobody durst not speake.

For our reverend father hath set forth an order,
 Our service to be said in our seignours tongue ;
 As Solomon the sage set forth the scripture ;
 Our suffrages, and service, with many a sweet song,
 With homilies, and godly books us among,
 That no stiff, stubborn stomacks we should freyke :
 But wretches nere worse to do poor men wrong ;
 But that I little John Nobody dare not speake.

For bribery was never so great, since born was our Lord,
 And whoredom was never les hated, sith Christ har-
 rowed hel,

And poor men are so fore punished commonly through
 the world,

That it would grieve any one, that good is, to hear tel:
 For al the homilies and good books, yet their hearts be
 so quel,

That if a man do amisse, with mischiese they wil him
 wreake ;

The fashion of these new fellows it is so vile and fell :

But that I little John Nobody dare not speake.

Thus to live after their lust, that life would they have,
 And in lechery to leyke al their long life ;

For

*Ver. 3. Cain's kind.] So in Pierce the Plowman's creed, the proud
 friars are said to be*

—————“ Of Carnes kind.” *Vid. Sig. C. ij. b.*

For al the preaching of Paul, yet many a proud knave
 Wil move mischiefe in their mind both to maid and wife
 To bring them in advoutry, or else they wil strife,
 And in brawling about baudery, Gods commandments
 breake :

But of these frantic il fellowes, few of them do thrife ;
 Though I little John Nobody dare not speake.

If thou company with them, they wil currishly carp,
 and not care

According to their foolish fantasy ; but fast wil they
 naught :

Prayer with them is but prating ; therefore they it forbear :
 Both almes deeds, and holiness, they hate it in their
 thought :

Therefore pray we to that prince, that with his blood
 us bought,

That he wil mend that is amifs : for many a manful freyke
 Is sorry for these sects, though they say little or nought ;
 And that I little John Nobody dare not once speake.

Thus in NO place, this NOBODY, in NO time I met,
 Where NO man, ' ne* NOUGHT was, nor NOTHING did
 appear ;

Through the found of a synagogue for sorrow I swett,
 That ' Aeolus †' through the eccho did cause me to hear.
 Then I drew me down into a dale, whereas the dumb deer
 Did shiver for a shower ; but I shunted from a freyke :
 For I would no wight in this world wist who I were,
 But little John Nobody, that dare not once speake.

IV. Q.

* then. *MSS. and P. C.*

† Hercules, *MSS. and P. C.*

IV.

Q. ELIZABETH'S VERSES, WHILE PRISONER
AT WOODSTOCK,

WRIT WITH CHARCOAL ON A SHUTTER,

—are preserved by Hentzner, in that part of his *Travels*, which has lately been reprinted in so elegant a manner at STRAWBERRY-HILL. In Hentzner's book they were wretchedly corrupted, but are here given as amended by his ingenious Editor. The old orthography, and one or two ancient readings of Hentzner's copy are here restored.

OH, Fortune! how thy restlesse wavering state
Hath fraught with cares my troubled witt!
Witnes this present prisonn, whither fate
Could beare me, and the joys I quitt.
Thou causedest the guiltie to be losed
From bandes, wherein are innocents inclosed:
Causing the guiltles to be fraite reserved,
And freeing those that death had well deserved.
But by her envie can be nothing wroughte,
So God send to my foes all they have thoughte.

A. D. MDLV.

ELIZABETHE, PRISONNER.

V. THE

Ver. 4. Could beare, is an ancient idiom, equivalent to *Did bear* or *Hath borne*. See below the *Beggar of Bednal Green*, ver. 57. Could say.

V.

THE HEIR OF LINNE.

This old ballad is given from a copy in the editor's folio MS; some breaches and defects in which, rendered the insertion of a few supplemental stanzas necessary. These it is hoped the reader will pardon.

From the Scottish phrases here and there discernable in this poem, it should seem to have been originally composed beyond the Tweed.

The Heir of Linne seems not to have been a Lord of Parliament, but a LAIRD, whose title went along with his estate.

PART THE FIRST.

LITHE and listen, gentlemen,
 To sing a song I will beginne :
 It is of a lord of faire Scotlând,
 Which was the unthrifty heire of Linne.

His father was a right good lord,
 His mother a lady of high degree ;
 But they, alas ! were dead, him froe,
 And he lov'd keeping companie.

5

To

To spend the daye with merry cheare,
 To drinke and revell every night, 10
 To card and dice from eve to morne,
 It was, I ween, his hearts delighte.

To ride, to runne, to rant, to roare,
 To alwaye spend and never spare,
 I wott, an' it were the king himselfe, 15
 Of gold and fee he mote be bare.

Soe fares the unthrifty lord of Linne
 Till all his gold is gone and spent ;
 And he mun fell his landes so broad,
 His house, and landes, and all his rent. 20

His father had a keen stewarde,
 And John o' the Scales was called hee :
 But John is become a gentel-man,
 And John has gott both gold and fee.

Sayes, Welcome, welcome, lord of Linne, 25
 Let nought disturb thy merry cheere,
 Iff thou wilt fell thy landes soe broad,
 Good store of gold Ile give thee heere.

My gold is gone, my money is spent ;
 My lande nowe take it unto thee : 30
 Give me the golde, good John o' the Scales,
 And thine for aye my lande shall bee.

Then

Then John he did him to record draw,
 And John he gave him a gods-pennie * ;
 But for every pounce that John agreed, 35
 The lande, I wis, was well worth three.

He told him the gold upon the board,
 He was right glad his land to winne :
 The land is mine, the gold is thine,
 And now Ile be the lord of Linne. 40

Thus he hath sold his land soe broad,
 Both hill and holt, and moore and fenne,
 All but a poore and lonesome lodge,
 That stood far off in a lonely glenne.

For soe he to his father hight : 45
 My sonne, when I am gone, sayd hee,
 Then thou wilt spend thy lande so broad,
 And thou wilt spend thy gold so free:

But sweare me nowe upon the roode,
 That lonesome lodge thou'lt never spend ; 50
 For when all the world doth frown on thee,
 Thou there shalt find a faithful friend.

The heire of Linne is full of golde :
 And come with me, my friends, sayd hee,
 Let's drinke, and rant, and merry make, 55
 And he that spares, ne'er mote he thee.

They

* *i. e. carnest-money; from the French 'Denier à Dieu.'*

They ranted, drank, and merrý made,
 Till all his gold it waxed thinne ;
 And then his friendes they slunk away ;
 They left the unthrifty heire of Linne. 60

He had never a penny left in his purse,
 Never a penny left but three,
 The tone was brass, and the tone was lead,
 And tother it was white monèy.

Nowe well-away, sayd the heire of Linne, 65
 Nowe well-away, and woe is mee,
 For when I was the lord of Linne,
 I never wanted gold or fee.

But many a trustye friend have I,
 And why shold I feel dole or care ? 70
 Ile borrow of them all by turnes,
 Soe need I not be never bare.

But one, I wis, was not at home,
 Another had payd his gold away ;
 Another call'd him thriftless loone, 75
 And bade him sharpely wend his way.

Now well-away, sayd the heire of Linne,
 Now well-away, and woe is me !
 For when I had my landes so broad,
 On me they liv'd right merrilee. 80

To beg my bread from door to door
 I wis, it were a brenning flame :
 To rob and steal it were a finne :
 To worke my limbs I cannot frame.

Now Ile away to lonesome lodge,
 For there my father bade me wend ;
 When all the world should frown on mee,
 I there shold find a trusty friend.

85

P A R T T H E S E C O N D .

AWAY then hyed the heire of Linne
 O'er hill and holt, and moor and fenne,
 Untill he came to lonesome lodge,
 That stood so lowe in a lonely glenne.

He looked up, he looked downe,
 In hope some comfort for to winne,
 But bare and lothly were the walles :
 Here's sorry cheare, quo' the heire of Linne.

5

The little windowe dim and darke
 Was hung with ivy, brere, and yewe ;
 No shimmering sunn here ever shone ;
 No halefome breeze here ever blew.

10

No

No chair, ne table he mote spye,
 No chearful hearth, ne welcome bed,
 Nought fave a rope with renning noose, 15
 That dangling hung up o'er his head.

And over it in broad lettèrs,
 These words were written so plain to see :
 " Ah ! gracelesse wretch, hast spent thine all,
 " And brought thyselfe to penurie ? 20

" All this my boding mind misgave,
 " I therefore left this trusty friend :
 " Let it now sheeld thy foule disgrace,
 " And all thy shame and sorrows end."

Sorely shent wi' this rebuke, 25
 Sorely shent was the heire of Linne,
 His heart, I wis, was near to braft
 With guilt and forrowe, shame and sinne.

Never a word spake the heire of Linne,
 Never a word he spake but three : 30
 " This is a trusty friend indeed,
 " And is right welcome unto mee."

Then round his necke the corde he drew,
 And sprang aloft with his bodie :
 When lo ! the ceiling burst in twaine, 35
 And to the ground came tumbling hee.

Astonyed lay the heire of Linne,
 Ne knewe if he were live or dead,
 At length he looked, and sawe a bille,
 And in it a key of gold so redd.

40

He took the bill, and lookt it on,
 Strait good comfort found he there :
 It told him of a hole in the wall,
 In which there stood three chefts in fere.

Two were full of the beaten golde,
 The third was full of white monèy ;
 And over them in broad lettèrs
 These words were written so plaine to see :

45

“ Once more, my sonne, I fette thee clere ;
 “ Amend thy life and follies past ;
 “ For but thou amend thee of thy life,
 “ That rope must be thy end at last.”

50

And let it bee, sayd the heire of Linne ;
 And let it bee, but if I amend * :
 For here I will make mine avow,
 This reade † shall guide me to the end.

55

Away then went the heire of Linne ;
 Away he went with a merry cheare :

I wis,

* *i. e. unless I amend.*† *i. e. advice, counsel.*

I wis, he neither flint ne stayd,
Till John o' the Scales house he came neare. 60

And when he came to John o' the Scales,
Up at the speere* then looked hee;
There fate three lords at the bordes end,
Were drinking of the wine so free.

And then bespake the heire of Linne 65
To John o' the Scales then louted hee:
I pray thee now, good John o' the Scales,
One forty pence for to lend mee.

Away, away, thou thriftles loone;
Away, away, this may not bee: 70
For Christs curse on my head, he sayd,
If ever I trust thee one pennie.

Then bespake the heire of Linne,
To John o' the Scales wife then spake he:
Madame, some almes on me bestowe, 75
I pray for sweet faint Charitè.

Away, away, thou thriftles loone,
I swear thou gettest no almes of mee;
For if we shold hang any losel heere,
The first we wold begin with thee. 80

K 3

Then

* Perhaps the Hole in the door or window, by which it was speered, i. e. sparred, fastened. Query.

Then bespake a good fellòwe,
 Which sat at John o' the Scales his bord :
 Sayd, Turn againe, thou heire of Linne;
 Some time thou wast a well good lord :

Some time a good fellow thou hast been, 85
 And sparedst not thy gold and fee,
 Therefore Ile lend thee forty pence,
 And other forty if need bee.

And ever, I pray thee, John o' the Scales,
 To let him fit in thy companee : 90
 For well I wot thou hadst his land,
 And a good bargain it was to thee.

Up then spake him John o' the Scales,
 All wood he answer'd him againe :
 Now Christs curse on my head, he sayd, 95
 But I did lose by that bargaine.

And here I proffer thee, heire of Linne,
 Before these lords so faire and free,
 Thou shalt have it backe again better cheape,
 By a hundred markes, than I had it of thee. 100

I drawe you to record, lords, he said.
 With that he gave him a gods pennèe :
 Now by my fay, sayd the heire of Linne,
 And here, good John, is thy monèe.

And

And he pull'd forth three bagges of gold, 105
 And layd them down upon the bord :
 All woe begone was John o' the Scales,
 Soe fhent he cold fay never a word.

He told him forth the good red gold,
 He told it forth with mickle dinne. 110
 The gold is thine, the land is mine,
 And now Ime againe the lord of Linne.

Sayes, Have thou here, thou good fellòwe,
 Forty pence thou didst lend mee:
 Now I am againe the lord of Linne, 115
 And forty pounds I will give thee.

Now welladay! sayth Joan o' the Scales:
 Now welladay! and woe is my life!
 Yesterday I was lady of Linne,
 Now Ime but John o' the Scales his wife. 120

Now fare thee well, sayd the heire of Linne;
 Farewell, good John o' the Scales, said hee :
 When next I want to sell my land,
 Good John o' the Scales, Ile come to thee.

* * *

VI.

GASCOIGNE'S PRAISE OF THE FAIR BRIDGES,
AFTERWARDS LADY SANDES,

ON HER HAVING A SCAR IN HER FOREHEAD.

George Gascoigne was a celebrated poet in the early part of *Q. Elizabeth's* reign, and appears to great advantage among the miscellaneous writers of that age. He was author of three or four plays, and of many smaller poems; one of the most remarkable of which is a satire in blank verse, called the STEELE-GLASS, 1576. 4to.

Gascoigne was born in *Essex*, educated in both universities, whence he removed to *Gray's-inn*; but, disliking the study of the law, became first a dangler at court, and afterwards a soldier in the wars of the Low Countries. He had no great success in any of these pursuits, as appears from a poem of his, intitled, "*Gascoigne's Wodmanship*, written to lord *Gray of Wilton*." Many of his epistles dedicatory are dated in 1575, 1576, from "his poore house in *Walthamstoe*:" where he died a middle-aged man in 1578, according to *Auth. Wood*: or rather in 1577, if he is the person meant in an old tract, intitled, "*A remembrance of the well-employed Life and godly End of GEO. GASCOIGNE, Esq;* who deceased at *Stamford in Lincolnshire*, Oct. 7. 1577. by *Geo. Whetstone, Gent.* an eye-witness of his godly and charitable end in this world," 4to. no date.—[From a MS. of Oldys.]

A very ingenious critic thinks "*Gascoigne has much exceeded all the poets of his age, in smoothness and harmony of versification* *." But the truth is, scarce any of the earlier poets of *Q. Elizabeth's* time are found deficient in harmony and smoothness, tho' those qualities appear so rare in the writings of their successors. In the *PARADISE OF DAINTY DEVICES* †, (*the Dodsley's Miscellany of those times*) will

* *Observations on the Faerie Queen, Vol. II. p. 168.*

† Printed in 1578, 1596, and perhaps oftener, in 4to, black let.

will hardly be found one rough, or inharmonious line* : whereas the numbers of Jonson, Donne, and most of their contemporaries, frequently offend the ear, like the filing of a saw.—Perhaps this is in some measure to be accounted for from the growing pedantry of that age, and from the writers affecting to run their lines into one another, after the manner of the Latin and Greek poets.

The following poem (which the elegant writer above quoted hath recommended to notice, as possessed of a delicacy rarely to be seen in that early state of our poetry) properly consists of alexandrines of 12 and 14 syllables, and is printed from two quarto black-letter collections of Gascoigne's pieces; the first intitled, "A hundreth sundrie flowres, bounde up in one small posie, &c. London, imprinted for Richarde Smith:" without date, but from a letter of H. W. (p. 202.) compared with the Printer's epist. to the Reader, it appears to have been published in 1572, or 3. The other is intitled, "The Posies of George Gascoigne, Esq; corrected, perfected, and augmented by the authour; 1575.—Printed at Lond. for Richard Smith, &c." No year, but the epist. dedicat. is dated 1576.

In the title page of this last (by way of printer's †, or bookseller's device) is an ornamental wooden cut, tolerably well executed, wherein time is represented drawing the figure of Truth out of a pit or cavern, with this legend, OCCULTA VERITAS TEMPORE PATET [R. S.] This is mentioned because it is not improbable but the accidental sight of this or some other title-page containing the same device, suggested to Rubens that well-known design of a similar kind, which he has introduced into the Luxemburg gallery ‡, and which has been so justly censured for the unnatural manner of its execution.—The device abovementioned being not ill adapted to the subject of this volume, is with some small variations copied in a plate, which to gratify the curiosity of the Reader is prefixed to Book III.

IN

* The same is true of most of the poems in the *Mirroure of Magistrates*, 1563, 4to, and even of *Surrey's Poems*, 1557.

† Henrie Binneman. § LE TEMS DECOUVRE LA VERITE.

I N court whoſo demaundes
 What dame doth moſt excell ;
 For my conceit I muſt needes ſay,
 Faire Bridges beares the bel :

Upon whoſe lively cheeke,
 To prove my judgment true,
 The roſe and lillie ſeeme to ſtrive
 For equall change of hewe :

And therewithall ſo well
 Hir graces all agree,
 No frowning cheere dare once preſume
 In hir ſweet face to bee.

Although ſome laviſhe lippes,
 Which like ſome other beſt,
 Will ſay, the blemiſhe on hir browe
 Diſgraceth all the reſt.

Thereto I thus replie,
 God wotte, they little knowe
 The hidden cauſe of that miſhap,
 Nor how the harm did growe :

For when dame Nature firſt
 Had framde hir heavenly face,
 And thoroughly bedecked it
 With goodly gleames of grace ;

It lyked hir so well : 25

Lo here, quod she, a peece
For perfect shape, that passeth all
Appelles' worke in Greece.

This bayt may chaunce to catche
The greatest God of love, 30
Or mightie thundring Jove himself,
That rules the roaft above.

But out, alas! those wordes
Were vaunted all in vayne;
And some unseene wer present there, 35
Pore Bridges, to thy pain.

For Cupide, crafty boy,
Close in a corner stoode,
Not blyndfold then, to gaze on hir :
I gesse it did him good. 40

Yet when he felte the flame
Gan kindle in his brest,
And herd dame Nature boast by hir
To break him of his rest,

His hot newe-chosen love 45
He chaunged into hate,
And sodeynly with mightie mace
Gan rap hir on the pate.

It

It greeved Nature muche
 To see the cruell deede: 50
 Mee seemes I see hir, how she wept
 To see hir dearling bleede.

Wel yet, quod she, this hurt
 Shal have some helpe I trowe:
 And quick with skin she coverd it, 55
 That whiter is than snowe.

Wherwith Dan Cupide fled,
 For feare of further flame,
 When angel-like he saw hir shine,
 Whome he had smit with flame. 60

Lo, thus was Bridges hurt
 In cradel of hir kind:
 The coward Cupide brake his browe
 To wreke his wounded mynd.

The skar still there remains; 65
 No force, there let it bee:
 There is no cloude that can eclipse
 So bright a funne, as she.

VII. FAIR

Ver. 62. In cradel of her kind: i. e. in the cradle of her family. Query.—See Warton's observations, vol. 2, p. 137.

VII.

FAIR ROSAMOND.

Most of the circumstances in this popular story of king Henry II. and the beautiful Rosamond have been taken for fact by our English Historians; who, unable to account for the unnatural conduct of queen Eleanor in stimulating her sons to rebellion, have attributed it to jealousy, and supposed that Henry's amour with Rosamond was the object of that passion.

Our old English annalists seem, most of them, to have followed Higden the monk of Chester, whose account with some enlargements is thus given by Stow. “ Rosamond the fayre
 “ daughter of Walter lord Clifford, concubine to Henry II.
 “ (poisoned by queen Elianor, as some thought) dyed at
 “ Woodstocke [A. D. 1177.] where king Henry had made
 “ for her a house of wonderfull working; so that no man
 “ or woman might come to her, but he that was instructed
 “ by the king, or such as were right secret with him touch-
 “ ing the matter. This house after some was named Laby-
 “ rinthus, or Dedalus worke, which was wrought like un-
 “ to a knot in a garden, called a Maze*; but it was com-
 “ monly said, that lastly the queene came to her by a clue of
 “ thridde, or filke, and so dealt with her, that she lived
 “ not long after: but when she was dead, she was buried
 “ at Godstow in an house of nunnes, beside Oxford, with
 “ these verses upon her tombe,

“ Hic jacet in tumba, Rosa mundi, non Rosa munda:

“ Non redolet, sed olet, quæ redolere solet.

“ II

* Consisting of vaults under ground, arched and walled with brick and stone, according to Drayton. See note on his Epistle of Rosamond.

“ In English thus :

“ The rose of the world, but not the cleane flowre,
 “ Is now here graven ; to whom beauty was lent :
 “ In this grave full darke nowe is her bowre,
 “ That by her life was sweete and redolent :
 “ But now that she is from this life blent,
 “ Though she were sweete, now foully doth she sinke.
 “ A mirrour good for all men, that on her thinke.”

Stowe's Annals, Ed. 1631. p. 154.

How the queen gained admittance into Rosamond's bower is differently related. Hollingshed speaks of it, as “ the common report of the people, that the queene . . . founde hir out by a flken thread, which the king had drawne after him out of hir chamber with his foot, and dealt with hir in such sharpe and cruell wise, that she lived not long after.” Vol. III. p. 115. On the other hand, in-Speede's Hist. we are told that the jealous queen found her out “ by a clew of silke, fallen from Rosamund's lappe, as shee sate to take ayre, and suddenly fleeing from the sight of the searcher, the end of her silke fastened to her foot, an' the clew still unwinding, remained behinde : which the queene followed, till shee had found what she sought, and upon Rosamund so vented her spleene, as the lady lived not long after.” 3d Edit. p. 509. Our ballad-maker with more ingenuity, and probably as much truth, tells us the clue was gained, by surprise, from the knight, who was left to guard her bower.

It is observable, that none of the old writers attribute Rosamond's death to poison, (Stow, above, mentions it meerly as a slight conjecture) ; they only give us to understand, that the queen treated her harshly ; which furious menaces, we may suppose, and sharp expostulations, which had such effect on her spirits, that she did not long survive it. Indeed on
 her

her tombstone, as we learn from a person of credit*, among other fine sculptures, was engraven the figure of a CUP. This, which perhaps at first was an accidental ornament, might in after times suggest the notion that she was poisoned; at least this construction was put upon it, when the stone came to be demolished after the nunnery was dissolved. The account is, that "the tombstone of Rosamund Clifford was taken up at Godstow, and broken in pieces, and that upon it were interchangeable weavings drawn out and decked with roses red and green, and the picture of the CUP, out of which she drank the poison given her by the queen, carved in stone."

Rosamond's father having been a great benefactor to the nunnery of Godstow, where she had also resided herself in the innocent part of her life, her body was conveyed there, and buried in the middle of the choir; in which place it remained till the year 1191, when Hugh bishop of Lincoln caused it to be removed. The fact is recorded by Hoveden, a contemporary writer, whose words are thus translated by Stow. "Hugh bishop of Lincolne came to the abbey of nunnes, called Godstow, and when he had entred the church to pray, he saw a tombe in the middle of the quire, covered with a pall of silke, and set about with lights of waxe: and demanding whose tombe it was, he was answered, that it was the tombe of Rosamond, that was some time lemman to Henry II. . . . who for the love of her had done much good to that church. Then quoth the bishop, take out of this place the harlot, and bury her without the church, lest christian religion should grow in contempt, and to the end that, through example of her, other women being made afraid may beware, and keepe themselves from unlawfull and aduenterous company with men." *Annals*, p. 159.

History further informs us, that king John repaired Godstow nunnery, and endowed it with yearly revenues, "that these

* Tho. Allen of Gloc. Hall, Oxon. who died in 1632, aged 90. See Hearne's rambling discourse concerning Rosamond, at the end of Gul. Neubrig Hist. Vol. 3. p. 739.

“ these holy virgins might releevē with their prayers, the
 “ soules of his father king Henrie, and of lady Rosamund
 “ there interred.” * . . . In what situation her remains
 were found at the dissolution of the nunnery, we learn from
 Leland, “ Rosamundes tumber at Godstowe nunnery was
 “ taken up [of] late; it is a stone with this inscription,
 “ TUMBA ROSAMUNDÆ. Her bones were closid in
 “ lede, and withyn that bones were closyd yn lether. When
 “ it was opened a very swete smell came owt of it.” See
 Hearne’s discourse above quoted, written in 1718; at
 which time, he tells us, were still scen by the pool at Wood-
 stock the foundations of a very large building, which were
 believed to be the remains of Rosamond’s labyrinth.

To conclude this (perhaps too prolix) account, Henry had
 two sons by Rosamond, from a computation of whose ages, a
 modern historian has endeavoured to invalidate the received
 story. These were William Longue-espè (or Long-sword)
 earl of Salisbury, and Geoffrey bishop of Lincolne †. Geoffrey
 was the younger of Rosamond’s sons, and yet is said to have
 been twenty years old at the time of his election to that see in
 1173. Hence this writer concludes, that king Henry fell in
 love with Rosamond in 1149, when in king Stephen’s reign
 he came over to be knighted by the king of Scots; he also
 thinks it probable that Henry’s commerce with this lady
 “ broke off upon his marriage with Eleanor [in 1152.] and
 “ that the young lady, by a natural effect of grief and resent-
 “ ment at the defection of her lover, entered on that occasion
 “ into the nunnery of Godstowe, where she died probably be-
 “ fore the rebellion of Henry’s sons in 1173.” [Carte’s hist.
 Vol. I. p. 652.] But let it be observed, that Henry was but
 sixteen years old when he came over to be knighted; that he
 staid but eight months in this island, - and was almost all the
 time with the king of Scots; that he did not return back to
 England till 1153, the year after his marriage with Eleanor;
 and that no writer drops the least hint of Rosamond’s having
 ever been abroad with her lover, nor indeed is it probable
 that a boy of sixteen should venture to carry over a mistress to
 his

* Vid. Reign of Henry II. in Speed’s Hist. writ by Dr. Barham,
 Dean of Bocking. † Afterwards Archbishop of York, temp. Rich. I.

his mother's court. If all these circumstances are considered, Mr. Carte's account will be found more incoherent and improbable than that of the old ballad; which is also countenanced by most of our old historians.

Indeed the true date of Geoffrey's birth, and consequently of Henry's commerce with Rosamund, seems to be best ascertained from an ancient manuscript in the Cotton library: wherein it is thus registered of Geofferey Plantagenet, "Natus est 5°. Hen. II. [1159.] Factus est miles 25°. Hen. II. [1179.] Elect. in Episcop. Lincoln. 28°. Hen. II. [1182.]" Vid. Chron. de Kirkstall. (Domitian XII.) Drake's Hist. of York, p. 422.

The following ballad is printed from four ancient copies in black letter; two of them in the Pepys library.

WHEN as king Henry rulde this land,
 The second of that name,
 Besides the queene, he dearly lovde
 A faire and comely dame.

Most peerlesse was her beautye founde, 5
 Her favour, and her face;
 A sweeter creature in this worlde
 Could never prince embrace.

Her crisped lockes like threads of golde
 Appeard to each mans sight; 10
 Her sparkling eyes, like Orient pearles,
 Did cast a heavenly light.

The blood within her crystal cheekes
 Did such a colour drive,
 As though the lillye and the rose 15
 For mastership did strive.

Yea Rosamonde, fair Rosamonde,
 Her name was called so,
 To whom our queene, dame Ellinor,
 Was known a deadly foe.

20

The king therefore, for her defence,
 Against the furious queene,
 At Woodstocke builded such a bower,
 The like was never seene.

Most curiously that bower was built
 Of stone and timber strong,
 An hundred and fifty doors
 Did to this bower belong :

25

And they so cunninglye contriv'd
 With turnings round about,
 That none but with a clue of thread,
 Could enter in or out.

30

And for his love and ladyes sake,
 That was so faire and brighte,
 The keeping of this bower he gave
 Unto a valiant knighte.

35

But fortune, that doth often frowne
 Where she before did smile,
 The kinges delighte and ladyes joy
 Full soon shee did beguile :

40

For

For why, the kinges ungracious sonne,
 Whom he did high advance,
 Against his father raised warres
 Within the realme of France.

But yet before our comelye king 45
 The English land forsooke,
 Of Rosamond, his lady faire,
 His farewell thus he tooke :

“ My Rosamonde, my only Rose,
 That pleasest best mine eye: 50
 The fairest flower in all the worlde
 To feed my fantasie :

The flower of mine affected heart,
 Whose sweetnes doth excelle :
 My royal Rose, a thousand times 55
 I bid thee nowe farewell !

For I must leave my fairest flower,
 My sweetest Rose, a space,
 And cross the seas to famous France,
 Proud rebelles to abase. 60

But yet, my Rose, be sure thou shalt
 My coming shortlye see,
 And in my heart, when hence I am,
 He beare my Rose with mee.”

But since your grace on forrayne coastes
 Amonge your foes unkinde 90
 Must goe to hazard life and limbe,
 Why should I staye behinde ?

Nay rather, let me, like a page,
 Your sworde and target beare ;
 That on my breast the blowes may lighte, 95
 Which would offend you there.

Or lett mee, in your royal tent,
 Prepare your bed at nighte,
 And with sweete baths refresh your grace,
 At your returne from fighte. 100

So I your prefence may enjoye
 No toil I will refuse ;
 But wanting you, my life is death ;
 Nay, death Ild rather chuse !

“ Content thy self, my dearest love ; 105
 Thy rest at home shall bee
 In Englandes sweet and pleasant isle ;
 For travell fits not thee.

Faire ladies brooke not bloodye warres ;
 Soft peace their sexe delightes ; 110
 ‘ Not rugged campos, but courtlye bowers ;
 Gay feastes, not cruell fightes.’

My Rose shall safely here abide,
 With musicke passe the daye;
 Whilst I, amonge the piercing pikes, 115
 My foes seeke far awaye.

My Rose shall shine in pearle, and golde,
 Whilst I me in armour dighte;
 Gay galliards here my love shall dance,
 Whilst I my foes goe fighte. 120

And you, sir Thomas, whom I truste
 To bee my loves defence;
 Be carefull of my gallant Rose
 When I am parted hence."

And therewithall he fetcht a sigh, 125
 As though his heart would breake:
 And Rosamonde, for very grieffe,
 Not one plaine word could speake.

And at their parting well they mighte
 In heart be grieved sore: 130
 After that daye faire Rosamonde
 The king did see no more.

For when his grace had past the seas,
 And into France was gone;
 With envious heart, queene Ellinor, 135
 To Woodstocke came anone.

And

And forth she calles this trustye knighte,
 In an unhappy houre;
 Who with his clue of twined thread,
 Came from this famous bower. 140

And when that they had wounded him,
 The queene this thread did gette,
 And went where ladye Rosamonde
 Was like an angell sette.

But when the queene with stedfast eye 145
 Beheld her beauteous face,
 She was amazed in her minde
 At her exceeding grace.

Cast off from thee those robes, she said,
 That riche and costlye bee; 150
 And drinke thou up this deadlye draught,
 Which I have brought to thee.

Then presentlye upon her knees
 Sweet Rosamonde did falle;
 And pardon of the queene she crav'd 155
 For her offences all.

“ Take pittie on my youthfull yeares,
 Faire Rosamonde did crye;
 And lett mee not with poison stronge
 Enforced bee to dye. 160

I will renounce my finfull life,
 And in some cloyster bide ;
 Or else be banisht, if you please,
 To range the world foe wide.

And for the fault which I have done, 165
 Though I was forc'd theretoe,
 Preserve my life, and punish mee
 As you thinke meet to doe."

And with these words, her lillie handes
 She wrunge full often there ; 170
 And downe along her lovelye face
 Did trickle many a teare.

But nothing could this furious queene
 Therewith appeased bee ;
 The cup of deadlye poyson stronge, 175
 As she knelt on her knee,

Shee gave this comelye dame to drinke ;
 Who tooke it in her hand,
 And from her bended knee arose,
 And on her feet did stand : 180

And casting up her eyes to heaven,
 Shee did for mercye calle ;
 And drinking up the poison stronge,
 Her life she lost withalle.

And when that death through every limbe
 Had showde its greatest spite,
 Her chiefeft foes did plaine confesse
 Shee was a glorious wight.

185

Her body then they did entomb,
 When life was fled away,
 At Godstowe, neare to Oxford towne,
 As may be seene this day.

190

VIII.

QUEEN ELEANOR'S CONFESSION.

“ *Eleanor, the daughter and heiress of William duke of Guienne, and count of Poictou, had been married sixteen years to Louis VII. king of France, and had attended him in a croisade, which that monarch commanded against the infidels; but having lost the affections of her husband, and even fallen under some suspicions of gallantry with a handsome Saracen, Louis, more delicate than politic, procured a divorce from her, and restored her those rich provinces, which by her marriage she had annexed to the crown of France. The young count of Anjou, afterwards Henry II. king of England, tho' at that time but in his nineteenth year, neither discouraged by the disparity of age, nor by the reports of Eleanor's gallantry, made such successful courtship to that princess, that he married her six weeks after her divorce, and got possession of all her dominions as a dowery. A marriage thus founded upon interest was not likely to be very happy: it happened*

happened accordingly. Eleanor, who had disgusted her first husband by her gallantries, was no less offensive to her second by her jealousy: thus carrying to extremity, in the different parts of her life, every circumstance of female weakness. She had several sons by Henry, whom she spirited up to rebel against him; and endeavouring to escape to them disguised in man's apparel in 1173, she was discovered and thrown into a confinement, which seems to have continued till the death of her husband in 1189. She however survived him many years: dying in 1204, in the sixth year of the reign of her youngest son, John." See Hume's Hist. 4to. Vol. 1. p. 260. 307. Speed, Stow, &c.

It is needless to observe, that the following ballad (given from an old printed copy) is altogether fabulous; whatever gallantries Eleanor encouraged in the time of her first husband, none are imputed to her in that of her second.

QUEENE Elianor was a ficke womàn,
 And afraid that she should dye:
 Then she sent for two fryars of France
 To speke with her speedilye.

The king calld downe his nobles all, 5
 By one, by two, by three;
 " Earl marshall, Ile goe thrive the queene,
 And thou shalt wend with mee."

A boone, a boone; quoth earl marshall,
 And fell on his bended knee; 10
 That whatsoever queene Elianor saye,
 No harme therof may bee.

Ile

Ile pawne my landes, the king then cryd,
 My sceptre, crowne, and all,
 That whatsoere queen Elianor sayes 15
 No harme thereof shall fall.

Do thou put on a fryars coat,
 And Ile put on another;
 And we will to queen Elianor goe
 Like fryar and his brother. 20

Thus both attired then they goe:
 When they came to Whitehall,
 The bells did ring, and the quiristers sing,
 And the torches did lighte them all.

When that they came before the queene 25
 They fell on their bended knee;
 A boone, a boone, our gracious queene,
 That you sent so hastilee.

Are you two fryars of France, she sayd,
 As I suppose you bee? 30
 But if you are two Englishe fryars,
 You shall hang on the gallowes tree.

We are two fryars of France, they sayd,
 As you suppose we bee,
 We have not been at any masse 35
 Sith we came from the sea.

The

The first vile thing that ever I did
 I will to you unfolde ;
 Earl marshall had my maidenhed,
 Beneath this cloth of golde.

40

Thats a vile finne, then sayd the king ;
 May God forgive it thee !
 Amen, amen, quoth earl marshall ;
 With a heavye heart spake hee.

The next vile thing that ever I did,
 To you Ile not denye,
 I made a boxe of poyson strong,
 To poifon king Henrye.

45

Thats a vile finne, then sayd the king,
 May God forgive it thee !
 Amen, amen, quoth earl marshall ;
 And I wish it so may bee.

50

The next vile thing that ever I did,
 To you I will discover ;
 I poysoned fair Rosamonde,
 All in fair Woodstocke bower.

55

Thats a vile finne, then sayd the king ;
 May God forgive it thee !
 Amen, amen, quoth earl marshall ;
 And I wish it so may bee.

60

Do

Do you see yonders little boye,
 A tossing of the balle?
 That is earl marshalls eldest sonne,
 And I love him the best of all.

Do you see yonders little boye, 65
 A catching of the balle?
 That is king Henryes youngest sonne,
 And I love him the worst of all.

His head is fashyond like a bull;
 His nose is like a boare. 70
 No matter for that, king Henrye cryd,
 I love him the better therefore.

The king pulled off his fryars coate,
 And appeared all in redde:
 She shrieked, and cryd, and wrung her hands, 75
 And sayd she was betrayde.

The king lookt over his left shoulder,
 And a grimme look looked hee,
 Earl marshall, he sayd, but for my oathe,
 Or hanged thou shouldst bee. 80

V. 63, 67. She means that the eldest of these two was by the earl marshall, the youngest by the king.

IX.

THE STURDY ROCK.

This poem, subscribed M. T. [perhaps invertedly for T. Marshall] is preserved in The Paradise of daintie devises, quoted above in page 136—The two first stanzas may be found accompanied with musical notes in “An howres recreation in musicke, &c. by Richard Alison, Lond. 1606. 4to. :” usually bound up with 3 or 4 sets of “Madrigals set to music by Tho. Weelkes, Lond. 1597. 1600. 1608, 4to.” One of these madrigals is so compleat an example of the Bathos, that I cannot forbear presenting it to the reader.*

*Thule, the period of cosmographie,
Doth vaunt of Hecla, whose sulphurious fire
Doth melt the frozen clime, and thaw the skie,
Trinacrian Ætna’s flames ascend not hier :
These things seeme wondrous, yet more wondrous I,
Whose heart with feare doth freeze, with love doth fry.*

*The Andelufian merchant, that returnes
Laden with cutchinele and china dishes,
Reports in Spaine, how strangely Fogo burnes
Amidst an ocean full of flying fishes :
These things seeme wondrous, yet more wondrous I,
Whose heart with feare doth freeze, with love doth fry.*

Mr. Weelkes seems to have been of opinion with many of his brethren of later times, that nonsense was best adapted to display the powers of musical composition.

THE

* Vid. Athen. Oxon. p. 152. 316.

THE sturdy rock for all his strength
 By raging seas is rent in twaine :
 The marble stone is pearst at length,
 With little drops of drizzling rain :
 The oxen doth yeeld unto the yoke, 5
 The steele obeyeth the hammer stroke.

The stately stagge, that seemes so stout,
 By yalping hounds at bay is set :
 The swiftest bird, that flies about,
 Is caught at length in fowlers net : 10
 The greatest fish, in deepest brooke,
 Is soone deceived by subtill hooke.

Yea man himselfe, unto whose will
 All things are bounden to obey,
 For all his wit and worthie skill, 15
 Doth fade at length, and fall away.
 There is nothing but time doeth waste ;
 The heavens, the earth consume at last.

But vertue sits triumphing still
 Upon the throne of glorious fame : 20
 Though spiteful death mans body kill,
 Yet hurts he not his vertuous name :
 By life or death, what so betides,
 The state of vertue never slides.

X.

THE BEGGAR'S DAUGHTER OF BEDNALL-GREEN.

This popular old ballad was written in the reign of Elizabeth, as appears not only from ver. 23. where the arms of England are called the "Queenes armes;" but from its tune's being quoted in other old pieces, written in her time. See the ballad on MARY AMBREE in this volume.—An ingenious gentleman has assured the Editor, that he has formerly seen another old song on the same subject, composed in a different measure from this; which was truly beautiful, if we may judge from the only stanza he remembered: in this it was said of the old beggar, that "down his neck

— his reverend lockes

In comelye curls did wave;

And on his aged temples grew

The blossomes of the grave."

The following ballad is chiefly given from the Editor's folio MS. compared with two ancient printed copies: the concluding stanzas, which contain the old Beggar's discovery of himself, are not however given from any of these, being very different from those of the vulgar ballad. They were communicated to the Editor in manuscript; but he will not answer for their being genuine: he rather thinks them the modern production of some person, who was offended at the absurdities, and inconsistencies, which so remarkably prevailed in this part of the song, as it stood before: whereas by the alteration of a few lines, the story is rendered much more affecting, and is reconciled to probability and true history. For this informs us, that at the decisive battle of Evesham,

Evesham, (fought Aug. 4. 1265.) when Simon de Montfort, the great earl of Leicester, was slain at the head of the barons, his eldest son Henry fell by his side, and in consequence of that defeat, his whole family sunk for ever, the king bestowing their great honours and possessions on his second son Edmund earl of Lancaster.

P A R T T H E F I R S T.

ITT was a blind beggar, had long lost his sight,
 He had a faire daughter of bewty most bright;
 And many a gallant brave suiter had shee,
 For none was foe comelye as pretty Befsee.

And though shee was of favor most faire, 5
 Yett seeing shee was but a blinde beggars heyre,
 Of ancyent housekeepers despised was shee,
 Whose sonnes came as suitors to pretty Befsee.

Wherefore in great sorrow faire Betsy did say,
 Good father, and mother, let me goe away 10
 To seeke out my fortune, whatever itt bee.
 Her suite then they granted to pretty Befsee.

Then Betsy, that was of bewtye foe bright,
 All cladd in gray ruffett, and late in the night
 From father and mother alone parted shee; 15
 Who sighed and sobbed for pretty Befsee.

Shee went till shee came to Stratford-le-Bowe;
 Then knew shee not whither, nor which way to goe:
 With teares shee lamented her hard destinè,
 So sadd and so heavy was pretty Befsee. 20

She kept on her journey untill it was day,
 And went unto Rumford along the hye way;
 Where at the Queenes armes entertained was shee:
 So faire and wel favoured was prettye Befsee.

Shee had not beene there a month to an end, 25
 But master and mistres and all was her friend:
 And every brave gallant, that once did her see,
 Was strait-way enamourd of prettye Befsee.

Great gifts they did send her of silver and gold,
 And in their songs daylye her love was extold; 30
 Her beautye was blazed in every degree;
 Soe faire and soe comelye was prettye Befsee.

The yong men of Rumford in her had their joy;
 Shee shewd herself courteous, and modestlye coye;
 And at her commandment still wold they bee; 35
 Soe faire and soe comelye was pretty Befsee.

Foure suitors att once unto her did goe;
 They craved her favor, but still shee sayd noe;
 I wold not wish gentles to marry with mee.
 Yett ever they honoured prettye Befsee. 40

The first of them was a gallant yong knight,
 And he came unto her disguisde in the night:
 The second a gentleman of good degree,
 Who wooed and sued for prettye Befsee.

A merchant of London, whose wealth was not small, 45
 He was the third suiter, and proper withall:
 Her masters own sonne the fourth man must bee,
 Who swore he wold dye for prettye Befsee.

And, if thou wilt marry with mee, quoth the knight,
 Ile make thee a ladye with joy and delight; 50
 My hart's so intralled by thy bewtie,
 That soone I shall dye for prettye Befsee.

The gentleman sayd, Come, marry with mee,
 As fine as a ladye my Betsy shal bee:
 My life is distressed: O heare me, quoth hee; 55
 And grant me thy love, my prettye Befsee.

Let me bee thy husband, the merchant could say,
 Thou shalt live in London both gallant and gay
 My shippes shall bring home rych jewels for thee,
 And I will for ever love prettye Befsee. 60

Then Bessy shee sighed, and thus shee did say,
 My father and mother I meane to obey;
 First gett their good will, and be faithful to mee,
 And you shall enjoye your prettye Befsee.

To every one this answer shee made, 65
 Wherefore unto her they joyfullye sayd,
 This thing to fulfill wee all doe agree;
 But where dwells thy father, my prettye Befsee?

My father, she sayd, is soone to be seene :
 The feely blind beggar of Bednall-greene, 70
 That daylye sits begging for charitie,
 He is the good father of prettye Befsee.

His markes and his tokens are knowen very well ;
 He always is led with a dogg and a bell :
 A feely olde man God knoweth is hee, 75
 Yett hee is the father of prettye Befsee.

Nay then, quoth the merchant, thou art not for mee :
 Nor, quoth the innholder, my wiffe shalt thou bee :
 I lothe, sayd the gentle, a beggars degree,
 And therefore, adewe, my prettye Befsee! 80

Why then, quoth the knight, hap better or worfe,
 I weighe not true love by the weight of the purse,
 And bewtye is bewtye in every degree ;
 Then welcome unto mee, my prettye Befsee.

With thee to thy father forthwith I will goe. 85
 Nay soft, quoth his kinsmen, it must not be foe ;
 A poor beggars daughter noe ladye shal bee,
 Then take thy adew of prettye Befsee.

But soone after this, by breake of the day
 The knight had from Rumford stole Bessy away. 90
 The yonge men of Rumford, as thicke as might bee,
 Rode after to feitch againe prettye Befsee.

As

As swifte as the winde to ryde they were feene,
 Untill they came neare unto Bednall-greene ;
 And as the knight lighted most curteouslie, 95
 They all fought against him for prettye Befsee.

But rescu came speedilye over the plaine,
 Or else the young knight for his love had beene flaine.
 This fray being ended, then fraitway he see
 His kinsmen come rayling at prettye Befsee. 100

Then spake the blind beggar, Although I be poore,
 Yett rayle not against my child at my owne door :
 Though shee be not decked in velvett and pearle,
 Yett I will dropp angells with you for my girle.

And then, if my gold may better her birthe, 105
 And equall the gold that you lay on the earth,
 Then neyther rayle nor grudge you to see
 The blind beggars daughter a lady to bee.

But first you shall promise, and have itt well knowne,
 The gold that you drop shall all be your owne. 110
 With that they replied, Contented bee wee.
 Then here's, quoth the beggar, for prettye Befsee.

With that an angell he cast on the ground,
 And dropped in angels full three thousand pound ;
 And oftentimes it was proved most plaine, 115
 For the gentlemens one the beggar dropt twayne :

Soe that the place, wherein they did sitt,
 With gold it was covered every whitt,
 The gentlemen then having dropt all their store,
 Sayd, Now, beggar, hold, for we have no more. 120

Thou hast fulfilled thy promise aright.
 Then marry my girle, quoth he to the knight;
 And heere, added hee, I will now throwe you downe
 A hundred pounds more to buy her a gowne.

'The gentlemen all, that this treasure had seene, 125
 Admired the beggar of Bednall-greene :
 And all those, that were her suitors before,
 Their fleshe for very anger they tore.

Thus was faire Bessy a match for the knight,
 And then made a ladye in others despite : 130
 A fairer ladye there never was seene,
 Than the blind beggars daughter of Bednall-greene.

But of their sumptuous marriage and feast,
 What brave lords and knights thither were prest,
 The SECOND FIT* shall set forth to your sight 135
 With marveilous pleasure, and wished delight.

* The word FIT, for PART, often occurs in our ancient ballads and metrical romances; which being divided into several parts for the convenience of singing them at public entertainments, were in the intervals of the feast sung by
 FITS,

FITS, or intermissions. So Puttenham in his *Art of English poeſie*, 1589, ſays “the Epithalamie was divided by breaches into three partes to ſerve for three ſeveral FITS, or times to be ſung.” p. 41.—

From the ſame writer we learn ſome curious particulars relative to the ſtate of ballad-ſinging in that age, that will throw light on the preſent ſubject: ſpeaking of the quick returns of one manner of tune in the ſhort meaſures uſed by common rhymers; theſe, he ſays, “glut the eare, unleſs it be in ſmall and popular muſickes, ſung by theſe Cantabanqui, upon benches and barrels heads, where they have none other audience then boys or countrey fellowes, that paſſe by them in the ſtreete; or elſe by BLIND HARPERS, or ſuch like taverne Minſtrels, that give a FIT of mirth for a GROAT, . . . their matter being for the moſt part ſtoried of old time, as the tale of Sir Topas, the reportes of Bevis of Southampton, Guy of Warwicke, Adam Bell and Clymme of the Clough, and ſuch other old romances or historical rimes, made purpoſely for recreation of the common people at Chriſtmaffe dinners and brideales, and in taverneſ and alehouſes, and ſuch other places of baſe reſorte.” p. 69.

This ſpecies of entertainment, which ſeems to have been handed down from the ancient bards, was in the time of Puttenham falling apace into neglect; but that it was not, even then, wholly excluded more genteel aſſemblies, he gives us room to infer from another paſſage. “We ourſelves, ſays this courtly * writer, have written for pleaſure a little brief romance, or historical ditty in the Engliſh tong of the Iſle of Great Britaine in ſhort and long meetres, and by breaches or diviſions [i. e. FITS,] to be more comediouſly ſung to the harpe in places of aſſembly, where the company ſhal be deſirous to heare of old adventures, and valiaunces of noble knights in times paſt, as are

M 4

“ thoſe

* He was one of Q. Elizabeth's gent. penſioners, at a time when the whole band conſiſted of men of diſtinguiſhed birth and fortune. Vid. A. b. Ox.

“ those of king Arthur and his knights of the Round table,
 “ Sir Beuys of Southampton, Guy of Warwicke, and others
 “ like.” p. 33.

In more ancient times no grand scene of festivity was compleat without one of these reciters to entertain the company with feats of arms, and tales of knighthood, or, as one of these old minstrels says, in the beginning of an ancient romance in the Editor's folio MS.

“ When meate and drinke is great plentyè,
 “ And lords and ladyes still wil bee,
 “ And sitt and solace * lythe; * Perhaps
 “ Then itt is time for mee to speake “ blythe.”
 “ Of keene knightes, and kempès great,
 “ Such carping for to kythe.”

If we consider that a GROAT in the age of Elizabeth was more than equivalent to a shilling now, we shall find that the old harpers were even then, when their art was on the decline, upon a far more reputable footing than the ballad-fingers of our time. The reciting of one such ballad as this of the Beggar of Bednal-green, in II parts, was rewarded with half a crown of our money. And that they made a very respectable appearance, we may learn from the dress of the old beggar, in the following stanzas, ver. 34, where he comes into company in the habit and character of one of these minstrels, being not known to be the bride's father, till after her speech, ver. 63. The exordium of his song, and his claiming a GROAT for his reward, v. 76, are peculiarly characteristic of that profession.—Most of the old ballads begin in a pompous manner, in order to captivate the attention of the audience, and induce them to purchase a recital of the song: and they seldom conclude the FIRST part without large promises of still greater entertainment in the SECOND. This was a necessary piece of art to incline the hearers to be at the expence of a second groat's-worth—Many of the old romances extend to eight or nine FITS, which would afford a considerable profit to the reciter.

To return to the word FIT; it seems at first to have peculiarly signified the pause, or breathing-time between the several parts, (answering to PASSUS in the visions of Pierce Plowman): thus in the old poem of JOHN THE REEVE, the first part ends with this line,

“ The first FITT here find wee :”

i. e. here we come to the first pause or intermission*.—By degrees it came to signify the whole part or division preceding the pause; and this sense it had obtained so early as the time of Chaucer: who thus concludes the first part of his rhyme of Sir Thopas (writ in ridicule of the old ballad romances)

“ Lo! lordis mine, here is a FITT;

“ If ye woll any more of it,

“ To tell it woll I fonde.”

* See also above, Vol. I. p. 9.—The reader will find further remarks on the word FIT at the end of this Volume, and in the Glossary to Vol. I. &c.

PART THE SECOND.

WITHIN a gorgeous palace most brave,
Adorned with all the cost they colde have,
This wedding was kept most sumptuouslie,
And all for the credit of prettye Bessie.

All kind of dainties, and delicates sweete
Were bought for their banquet, as it was meete;
Partridge, and plover, and venison most free,
Against the brave wedding of pretty Bessie.

5

This

This wedding through England was spread by report,
 So that a great number therto did resort 10
 Of nobles and gentles in every degree ;
 And all for the fame of prettye Bessie.

To church then went this gallant young knight ;
 His bride followed after, an angell most bright,
 With troopes of ladyes, the like nere was seene 15
 That went with sweete Bessy of Bednall-greene.

This marryage being solemnized then,
 With musicke performed by the skilfullest men,
 The nobles and gentles fate downe at that tyde,
 Each one admiring the beautifull bryde. 20

Now, after the sumptuous dinner was done,
 To talke, and to reason a number begunn :
 They talkt of the blind beggars daughter most bright,
 And what with his daughter he gave to the knight.

Then spake the nobles, “ Much marveil have wee, 25
 ‘This jolly blind beggar we cannot here see.’”
 My lords, quoth the bride, my father’s so base,
 He is loth with his presence these states to disgrace.

“ The prayse of a woman in questyon to bringe
 Before her own face, were a flattering thinge ; 30
 But wee thinke thy father’s baseness, quoth they,
 Might by thy bewtye be cleane put awaye.”

They

They had no sooner these pleasant words spoke,
 But in comes the beggar clad in a filke cloke;
 A faire velvet capp, and a fether had hee, 35
 And now a musicyan forsooth he wold bee.

He had a daintye lute under his arme,
 He touched the strings, which made such a charme,
 Saies, Please you to heare any musicke of mee,
 Ile sing you a song of prettye Bessie. 40

With that his lute he twanged straightway,
 And thereon begann most sweetlye to play;
 And after that lessons were playd two or three,
 He strayn'd out this song most delicatelie.

“ A poore beggars daughter did dwell on a greene, 45
 “ Who for her fairenesse might well be a queene:
 “ A blithe bonny lasse, and a dainty was shee,
 “ And many one called her prettye Bessie.

“ Her father he had noe goods, nor noe land,
 “ But beggd for a penny all day with his hand; 50
 “ And yett to her marriage he gave thousands three,
 “ And still he hath somewhat for prettye Bessie.

“ And if any one here her birth doe disdaine,
 “ Her father is ready, with might and with maine,
 “ To prove shee is come of noble degree: 55
 “ Therfore never flout at prettye Bessie.”

With that the lords and the company round
 With hearty laughter were readye to ffound ;
 At last sayd the lords, Full well wee may see,
 The bride and the beggar's beholden to thee. 60

On this the bride all blushing did rise,
 The pearlie dropps standing within her faire eyes,
 O pardon my father, grave nobles, quoth shee,
 That throughe blind affection thus doteth on mee.

If this be thy father, the nobles did say, 65
 Well may he be proud of this happy day ;
 Yett by his countenance well may we see,
 His birth and his fortune did never agree :

And therefore, blind man, we pray thee bewray,
 (And looke that the truth thou to us doe fay) 70
 Thy birth and thy parentage, what it may bee ;
 For the love that thou bearest to prettye Bessie.

“ Then give me leave, nobles and gentles, each one,
 “ One song more to sing, and then I have done ;
 “ And if that itt may not winn good report, 75
 “ Then do not give me a GREAT for my sport.

“ [Sir Simon de Montfort my subject shal bee ;
 “ Once chiefe of all the great barons was hee,
 “ Yet fortune so cruelle this lorde did abase,
 “ Now losse and forgotten are hee and his race. 80

“ When

“ When the barons in armes did king Henrye oppofe,
 “ Sir Simon de Montfort their leader they chofe;
 “ A leader of courage undaunted was hee,
 “ And oft-times hee made their enemyes flee.

“ At length in the battle on Eveshame plaine 85
 “ The barons were routed, and Montfort was flaine;
 “ Mofte fatall that battel did prove unto thee,
 “ Thoughe thou waft not borne then, my prettye Befsee!

“ Along with the nobles, that fell at that tyde,
 “ His eldeft fon Henrye, who fought by his fide, 90
 “ Was felde by a blowe, he receivde in the fight!
 “ A blowe that deprivde him for ever of fight.

“ Among the dead bodyes all lifeleffe he laye,
 “ Till evening drewe on of the following daye,
 “ When by a yong ladye difcoverd was hee; 95
 “ And this was thy mother, my prettye Befsee!

“ A barons faire daughter ftept forth in the nighte.
 “ To fearch for her father, who fell in the fight,
 “ And feeing yong Montfort, where gasping he laye,
 “ Was moved with pitye, and brought him awaye. 100

“ In fecrette fhe nurft him, and fwaged his paine,
 “ While he throughe the realme was beleevd to be flaine:
 “ At lengthe his faire bride fhe consented to bee,
 “ And made him glad father of prettye Befsee.

“ And

“ And nowe left oure foes oure lives sholde betraye, 105
 “ We clothed ourselues in beggars arraye ;
 “ Her jewelles shee folde, and hither came wee :
 “ All our comfort and care was our prettye Bessie.]

“ And here have we lived in fortunes despite, 109
 “ Thoughe meane, yet contented with humble delighte:
 “ Thus many longe winters nowe have I beene
 “ The fillye blinde beggar of Bednall-greene.

“ And here, noble lordes, is ended the songe
 “ Of one, that once to your own ranke did belong :
 “ And thus have you learned a secrette from mee, 115
 “ That ne'er had beene knowne, but for prettye Bessie.”

Now when the faire companye everye one,
 Had heard the strange tale in the song he had showne,
 They all were amazed, as well they might bee,
 Both at the blinde beggar, and prettye Bessie. 120

With that the sweete maiden they all did embrace,
 Saying, Sure thou art come of an honourable race,
 Thy father likewise is of noble degree,
 And thou art right worthy a ladye to bee.

Thus was the feast ended with joye, and delighte, 125
 A bridegroome most happye then was the yong knighte,
 In joye and felicitie long lived hee,
 All with his faire ladye, the prettye Bessie.

* * *

XI.

FANCY AND DESIRE.

BY THE EARL OF OXFORD.

Edward Vere Earl of Oxford was in high fame for his poetical talents in the reign of Elizabeth: perhaps it is no injury to his reputation that few of his compositions are preserved for the inspection of impartial posterity. To gratify curiosity, we have inserted a sonnet of his, which is quoted with great encomiums for its "excellencie and wit," in Puttenham's Arte of Eng. Poesie, and found intire in the Garland of Good-will: A few more of his sonnets (distinguished by the initial letters E. O.) may be seen in the Paradise of Daintie Dewises. One of these is intituled, "The Complaint of a Lover, wearing blacke and tawnie." The only lines in it worth notice are these,*

A crowne of baies shall that man 'beare'
 Who triumphs over me;
 For black and tawnie will I weare,
 Which mourning colours be.

We find in Hall's Chronicle, that when Q. Catharine of Arragon dyed Jan. 8. 1536; "Queen Anne [Bullen] ware "YELLOW" for the mourning." And when this unfortunate princess lost her head May 19. the same year, "on the ascension day following, the kyng for mourning ware "WHYTE." Fol. 227, 228.

Edward,

* Lond. 1589. p. 172.

Edward, who was the XVIIth earl of Oxford of the family of Vere, succeeded his father in his title and honours in 1562, and died an aged man in 1604. See Mr. Walpole's Noble Authors. Ath. Ox.

COME hither shepherd's swayne :

“ Sir, what do you require ?”

I praye thee, shewe to me thy name.

“ My name is FOND DESIRE.”

When wert thou borne, Desire ?

5

“ In pompe and pryme of may.”

By whom, sweet boy, wert thou begot ?

“ By fond Conceit men say.”

Tell me, who was thy nurse ?

“ Fresh Youth in sugred joy.”

10

What was thy meate and dayly foode ?

“ Sad sighes with great annoy.”

What hadst thou then to drinke ?

“ Unfavoury lovers teares.”

What cradle wert thou rocked in ?

15

“ In hope devoyde of feares.”

What lulld thee then asleepe ?

“ Sweete speech, which likes me best.”

Tell me, where is thy dwelling place ?

“ In gentle hartes I rest.”

20

What

What thing doth please thee most ?

“ To gaze on beautye stille.”

Whom dost thou thinke to be thy foe ?

“ Disdayn of my good wille.”

Doth companye displease ?

25

“ Yea, surelye, many one.”

Where doth Desire delighte to live ?

“ He loves to live alone.”

Doth either tyme or age

Bringe him unto decaye ?

30

“ No, no, Desire both lives and dyes

“ Ten thousand times a daye.”

Then, fond Desire, farewellle,

Thou art no mate for mee ;

I sholde be lothe, methinkes, to dwelle

35

With such a one as thee.

XII.

S I R A N D R E W B A R T O N.

I cannot give a better relation of the fact, which is the subject of the following ballad, than in an extract from a very elegant work lately offered to the public. See Mr. Guthrie's New Peerage, 4to. Vol. 1. p. 22.

VOL. II.

N

“ The

“ *The transaction which did the greatest honour to the earl of Surrey* and his family at this time [A. D. 1511.] was their behaviour in the case of Barton, a Scotch sea-officer. This gentleman’s father having suffered by sea from the Portuguese, he had obtained letters of marque for his two sons to make reprisals upon the subjects of Portugal. It is extremely probable, that the court of Scotland granted these letters with no very honest intention. The council board of England, at which the earl of Surrey held the chief place, was daily pestered with complaints from the sailors and merchants, that Barton, who was called Sir Andrew Barton, under pretence of searching for Portuguese goods, interrupted the English navigation. Henry’s situation at that time rendered him backward from breaking with Scotland, so that their complaints were but coldly received. The earl of Surrey, however, could not smother his indignation, but gallantly declared at the council board, that while he had an estate that could furnish out a ship, or a son that was capable of commanding one, the narrow seas should not be infested.*

“ *Sir Andrew Barton, who commanded the two Scotch ships, had the reputation of being one of the ablest sea-officers of his time. By his depredations, he had amassed great wealth, and his ships were very richly laden. Henry, notwithstanding his situation, could not refuse the generous offer made by the earl of Surrey. Two ships were immediately fitted out, and put to sea with letters of marque, under his two sons, Sir Thomas † and Sir Edward Howard. After encountering a great deal of foul weather, Sir Thomas came up with the Lion, which was commanded by Sir Andrew Barton in person; and Sir Edward came up with the Union, Barton’s other ship, [called by Hall, the bark of Scotland.] The engagement which ensued was extremely obstinate on both sides; but at last the fortune of the Howards prevailed. Sir Andrew was killed fighting bravely, and encouraging his*
men.

* Afterwards created Duke of Norfolk.

† Called by old historians lord Howard, afterwards created earl of Surrey in his father’s life-time.

men with his whistle, to hold out to the last; and the two Scotch ships with their crews, were carried into the river Thames, [Aug. 2. 1511.]

“ This exploit had the more merit, as the two English commanders were in a manner volunteers in the service, by their father’s order. But it seems to have laid the foundation of Sir Edward’s fortune; for on the 7th of April 1512, the king constituted him (according to Dugdale) admiral of England, Wales, &c,

“ King James ‘ insisted’ upon satisfaction for the death of Barton, and capture of his ship: ‘ tho’ Henry had generously dismissed the crews, and even agreed that the parties accused might appear in his courts of admiralty by their attorneys, to vindicate themselves.” This affair was in a great measure the cause of the battle of Flodden, in which James IV. lost his life.

IN the following ballad will be found perhaps some few deviations from the truth of history: to atone for which it has probably recorded many lesser facts, which history hath not condescended to relate. I take many of the little circumstances of the story to be real, because I find one of the most unlikely to be not very remote from the truth. In Pt. 2. v. 156. it is said, that England had before “ but two ships of war.” Now the GREAT HARRY had been built for seven years before, viz. in 1504: which “ was properly speaking the first ship in the English navy. Before this period, “ when the prince wanted a fleet, he had no other expedient “ but hiring ships from the merchants.” Hume.

The following copy (which is given from the Editor’s folio MS. and seems to have been written early in the reign of Elizabeth, if not before,) will be found greatly superior to the vulgar ballad, which is evidently modernized and abridged from it. Some few deficiencies are however supplied from a black-letter copy of the latter in the Pepys collection.

T H E F I R S T P A R T .

‘ W H E N Flora with her fragrant flowers
 ‘ Bedekt the earth so trim and gaye,
 ‘ And Neptune with his daintye showers
 ‘ Came to present the monthe of Maye ;*’

King Henrye rode to take the ayre, 5
 Over the river of Thames past hee ;
 When eighty merchants of London came,
 And downe they knelt upon their knee.

“ O yee are welcome, rich merchànts ;
 Good faylors, welcome unto mee.” 10

They swore by the rood, they were faylors good,
 But rich merchànts they colde not bee :

“ To France nor Flanders dare we pass :
 Nor Bourdeaux voyage dare we fare ;
 And all for a rover that lyes on the seas, 15
 Who robbs us of our merchant ware.”

King Henrye frownd, and turned him rounde,
 And swore by the Lord, that was mickle of might,

“ I thought he had not been in the world,
 Durst have wrought England such unright.” 20

The merchants fighed, and said, alas !

And thus they did their answer frame,
 Hee is a proud Scott, that robbs on the seas,
 And Sir Andrewe Barton is his name.

The

* From the *1st* copy.

The king lookt over his left shouldèr, 25

And an angrye look then looked hee :

“ Have I never a lorde in all my realme,

Will fetch yon traytor unto mee ?”

Yea, that dare I ; lord Howard sayes ;

Yea, that dare I with heart and hand ; 30

If it please your grace to give me leave,

Myselfe wil be the only man.

Thou art but yong ; the king replied :

Yond Scott hath numbred manye a yeare.

“ Trust me, my liege, Ile make him quail, 35

Or before my prince I will never appeare.”

Then bowemen and gunners thou shalt have,

And chuse them over my realme so free ;

Besides good mariners, and shipp-boyes,

To guide the great shipp on the sea. 40

The first man, that lord Howard chose,

Was the ablest gunner in all the rea'm,

Thoughe he was threescore yeeres and ten :

Good Peter Simon was his name.

Peter, sayd he, I must to the sea, 45

To bring home a traytor live or dead :

Before all others I have chosen thee ;

Of a hundred gunners to be head.

If you, my lord, have chosen me
 Of a hundred gunners to be head, 50
 Then hang me up on your maine-mast tree,
 If I misse my marke one shilling bread †.
 My lord then chose a boweman rare,
 ‘ Whose active hands had gained fame,’ *
 In Yorkshire he was a gentleman borne, 55
 And William Horfeley was his name.

Horfeley, sayd he, I must with speede
 Go seeke a traytor on the sea,
 And now of a hundred bowemen brave
 To be the head I have chosen thee. 60
 If you, quoth hee, have chosen mee
 Of a hundred bowemen to be head ;
 On your maine-mast Ile hanged bee,
 If I misse twelvescore one penny bread †.

With pikes and gunnes, and bowemen bold, 65
 The noble Howard is gone to the sea ;
 With a valyant heart and a pleasant chære,
 Out at Thames mouth sayled he.
 And days he scant had sayled three,
 Upon the ‘ voyage’, he tooke in hand, 70
 But there he met with a noble shipp,
 And stoutly made it stay and stand.

Then

† *An old Eng. word for Breadth.*

* *Pr. copy.*

Thou must tell me, lord Howard sayes,
 Now who thou art, and what's thy name;
 And shewe me where thy dwelling is: 75
 And whither bound, and whence thou came.
 My name is Henry Hunt, quoth hee
 With a heavye heart, and a carefull mind;
 I and my shipp doe both belong
 To the Newcastle, that stands upon Tyne. 80

Hast thou not heard, nowe, Henrye Hunt,
 As thou hast sayled by daye and by night,
 Of a Scottish rover on the seas;
 Men call him sir Andrew Barton, knighte?
 Than ever he fighed, and sayd alas! 85
 With a grieved mind, and well away!
 But over-well I knowe that wight,
 I was his prisoner yesterday.

As I was sayling upon the sea,
 A Burdeaux voyage for to fare; 90
 To his arch-borde* he clasped me,
 And robd me of all my merchant ware:
 And mickle debts, God wot, I owe,
 And every man will have his owne;
 And I am nowe to London bounde, 95
 Of our gracious king to beg a boone.

* Perhaps Hatch-borde.

You shall not need, lord Howard sayes ;
 Lett me but once that robber see,
 For every penny tane thee free
 It shall be doubled shillings three. 100

Nowe God foresend, the merchant sayes,
 That you shold seek soe far amisse !
 God keepe you out o' that traitors handes !
 Full litle ye wott what a man he is.

He is brasse within, and steele without. 105

With beames on his topcastle stronge ;
 And thirtye pieces of ordinance
 He carries on each side along :
 And he hath a pinnace deerlye dight,
 St. Andrewes croffe itt is his guide ; 110
 His pinnace beareth ninescore men,
 And fifteen canons on each side.

Were ye twentye shippes, and he but one ;
 I sweare by kirke, and bower, and hall ;
 He wold orecome them every one, 115
 If once his beames they doe downe fall.

This is cold comfort, sayes my lord,
 To welcome a stranger on the sea :
 Yet Ile bring him and his shipp to shore,
 Or to Scotland he shall carrye mee, 120

Then a noble gunner you must have,

And he must aim well with his ee,

And sinke his pinnace in the sea,

Or else he ne'er orecome will be:

And if you chance his shipp to borde,

125

This counsel I must give withall,

Let no man to his topcastle goe

To strive to let his beams downe fall.

And seven pieces of ordinance,

I pray your honour lend to mee,

130

On each side of my shipp along,

And I will lead you on the sea.

A glasse Ile sett, that may be seene,

Whether you sayle by day or night;

And to-morrowe, I sweare, by nine of the clocke

135

You shall see Sir Andrewe Barton knight.

T H E S E C O N D P A R T .

TH E merchant sett my lorde a glasse
Soe well apparent in his sight,

And

And on the morrowe, by nine of the clocke,
 He shewed him Sir Andrewe Barton knight.
 His hatchborde it was 'gilt' with gold, 5
 Soe deerlye dight it dazzled the ee :
 Nowe by my faith, lord Howarde says,
 This is a gallant fight to see.

Take in your ancyents, standards eke,
 So close that no man may them see ; 10
 And put me forth a white willowe wand,
 As merchants use that fayle the sea.
 But they stirred neither top, nor mast ;
 Stoutly they past Sir Andrew by.
 What English churles are yonder, he sayd, 15
 That can foe little curtesye ?

Now by the roode, three yeares and more
 I have beene admirall over the sea ;
 And never an English nor Portingall
 Without my leave can passe this way. 20
 Then called he forth his stout pinnace ;
 " Fetch backe yond pedlars nowe to mee :
 I sweare by the masse, yon English churles
 Shall all hang at my maine-mast tree.

With

With that the pinnace itt shott off, 25
 Full well lord Howard might it ken ;
 For it strake downe his fore-mast tree,
 And killed fourteen of his men.
 Come hither, Simon, faves my lord,
 Looke that thy word doe stand in stead ; 30
 For at my maine-mast thou shalt hang,
 If thou misse thy marke one shilling bread.

Simon was old, but his heart was bolde.
 His ordinance he laid right lowe ;
 He put in chaine full nine yardes long, 35
 With other great shott lesse, and moe ;
 And he lette goe his great gunnes shott ;
 Soe well he settled itt with his ee,
 The first fight that Sir Andrewe sawe,
 He sawe his pinnace funke i' the sea. 40

And when he saw his pinnace funke,
 Lord, how his heart with rage did swell !
 Nowe cutt my ropes, itt is time to be gon ;
 Ile fetch yond pedlars backe mysel."
 When my Lord sawe Sir Andrewe loose, 45
 Within his heart hee was full faine :
 " Nowe spread your ancyents, strike up drummes,
 Sound all your trumpetts out amaine."

Fight on, my men, Sir Andrewe sayes,
 Weale howsoever this geere will fway; 50
 Itt is my lord admirall of Englànd,
 Is come to seeke mee on the sea.
 Simon had a sonne, who shott right well,
 That did Sir Andrewe mickle scare;
 In att his decke he gave a shott, 55
 Killed threescore of his men of warre.

Then Henrye Hunt with rigour hott
 Came bravely on the other side,
 Soone he drove downe his fore-mast tree,
 And killed fourscore men beside. 60
 Nowe, out alas! Sir Andrewe cryed,
 What may a man now thinke, or say?
 Yonder merchant theefe, that pierceth mee,
 He was my prifoner yesterday.

Come hither to me, thou Gordon good, 65
 That aye wast readye at my call;
 I will give thee three hundred markes,
 If thou wilt let my beames downe fall.
 Lord Howard hee then calld in haste,
 " Horfeley see thou be true in stead; 70
 For thou shalt at the maine-mast hang,
 If thou misse twelvescore one penny bread.

Then

Then Gordon swarvd the maine-mast tree,
 He swarved it with might and maine ;
 But Horfeley with a bearing arrowe, 75
 Stroke the Gordon through the braine ;
 And he fell downe to the hatches again,
 And fore his deadlye wounde did bleed :
 Then word went through Sir Andrews men,
 How that the Gordon he was dead. 80

Come hither to mee, James Hambilton,
 Thou art my only sisters sonne,
 If thou wilt let my beames downe fall,
 Six hundred nobles thou hast wonne.
 With that he swarvd the maine-mast tree, 85
 He swarved it with nimble art ;
 But Horfeley with a broad arròwe
 Pierced the Hambilton thorough the heart :

And downe he fell upon the deck,
 That with his blood did streame amaine : 90
 Then every Scott cryed, Well-away !
 Alas a comelye youth is slaine !
 All woe begone was Sir Andrew then,
 With griefe and rage his heart did swell :
 “ Go fetch me forth my armour of prooffe, 95
 For I will to the topcastle mysel.”

“ Goe

" Goe fetch me forth my armour of prooffe,
 That gilded is with gold foe cleare :
 God be with my brother John of Barton !
 Against the Portingals hee it ware ; 100
 And when he had on this armour of prooffe,
 He was a gallant fight to see :
 Ah ! nere didst thou meet with living wight,
 My deere brothèr, could cope with thee."

Come hither Horfeley, fays my lord, 105
 And looke to your shaft that it goe right,
 Shoot a good shoot in time of need,
 And for it thou shalt be made a knight.
 Ile shoot my best, quoth Horfeley then,
 Your honour shall see, with might and maine ; 110
 But if I were hanged at your maine-mast tree,
 I have now left but arrowes twaine.

Sir Andrew he did swarve the tree,
 With right good will he swarved then :
 Upon his breast did Horfeley hitt, 115
 But the arrow bounded back agen.
 Then Horfeley spyed a privye place
 With a perfect eye in a secrette part ;
 Under the spole of his right arme
 He smote Sir Andrew to the heart. 120

" Fight

“ Fight on, my men, Sir Andrew sayes,
 A little I me hurt, but yett not flaine ;
 He but lye downe and bleede a while,
 And then He rise and fight againe.

“ Fight on; my men, Sir Andrew sayes, 125
 And never flinche before the foe ;
 And stand fast by St. Andrewes crosse
 Untill you heare my whistle blowe.”

They never heard his whistle blow, —
 Which made their hearts waxe fore adread: 130
 Then Horfeley sayd, Aboard, my lord,
 For well I wott Sir Andrew's dead.
 They boarded then his noble shipp,
 They boarded it with might and maine;
 Eighteen score Scotts alive they found, 135
 'The rest were either maimd or flaine.

Lord Howard tooke a sword in hand,
 And off he smote Sir Andrewes head ;
 “ I must ha' left England many a daye,
 If thou wert alive as thou art dead.” 140
 He caused his body to be cast
 Over the hatchborde into the sea,
 And about his middle three hundred crownes :
 “ Wherever thou land this will burye thee.”

Thus

Thus from the warres lord Howard came, 145
 And backe he fayled ore the maine,
 With mickle joy and triumphing
 Into Thames mouth he came againe.

Lord Howard then a letter wrote,
 And fealed it with feale and ring; 150
 "Such a noble prize have I brought to your grace,
 As never did subject to a king.

"Sir Andrewes shipp I bring with mee;
 A braver shipp was never none:
 Nowe hath your grace two shippes of warre, 155
 Before in England was but one."

King Henryes grace with royall cheere
 Welcomed the noble Howard home,
 And where, said he, is this rover stout,
 That I myselfe may give the doome? 160

"The rover, he is safe, my leige,
 Full many a fadom in the sea;
 If he were alive as he is dead,
 I must ha' left England many a day:
 And your grace may thank four men i the ship :6;
 For the victory wee have wonne,
 These are William Horfeley, Henry Hunt,
 And Peter Simon, and his sonne."

To Henry Hunt, the king then sayd,
 In lieu of what was from thee tane, 170
 A noble a day now thou shalt have,
 Sir Andrewes jewels and his chayne."
 And Horfeley thou shalt be a knight,
 And lands and livings shalt have store ;
 Howard shall be earle Surrye hight, 175
 As Howards erst have bcene before.

Nowe, Peter Simon, thou art old,
 I will maintaine thee and thy sonne :
 And the men shall have five hundred markes
 For the good service they have done. 180
 Then in came the queene with ladyes fair
 To see Sir Andrewe Barton knight :
 They weend that hee were brought on shore,
 And thought to have seen a gallant fight.

But when they see his deadlye face, 185
 And eyes foe hallowe in his head,
 I wold give, quoth the king, a thousand markes,
 This man were alive as he is dead :
 Yet for the manfull part he playd,
 Which fought foe well with heart and hand, 190
 His men shall have twelvecence a day,
 Till they come to my brother kings high land.

* *
*

XIII.

LADY ANNE BOTHWELL'S LAMENT.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

The subject of this pathetic ballad the Editor once thought might possibly relate to the Earl of Bothwell, and his desertion of his wife Lady Jean Gordon, to make room for his marriage with the Queen of Scots: But this opinion he now believes to be groundless; indeed earl Bothwell's age, who was upwards of 60 at the time of that marriage, renders it unlikely that he should be the object of so warm a passion as this elegy supposes. He has been since informed, that it entirely refers to a private story: A lady of quality of the name of BOTHWELL, or rather BOSWELL, having been, together with her child, deserted by her husband or lover, composed these affecting lines herself; which here are given from a copy in the Editor's folio MS. compared with another in Allan Ramsay's Miscellany.

BALOW, my babe, ly still and sleipe!

It grieves me fair to see thee weipe:

If thoust be silent, Ise be glad,

Thy maining maks my heart ful sad.

Balow, my boy, thy mithers joy,

5

Thy father breides me great annoy.

Balow, my babe, ly still and sleipe,

It grieves me fair to see thee weepe.

Whan

Whan he began to court my luv,
 And with his sugred wordes * to muve, 10
 His faynings fals, and flattering cheire
 To me that time did not appeire:
 But now I see, most cruell hee
 Cares neither for my babe nor mee.

Balow, &c. 15

Ly stil, my darling, sleipe a while,
 And whan thou wakest, sweetly smile:
 But smile not, as thy father did,
 To cozen maids: nay God forbid!
 Bot yett I feire, thou wilt gae neire 20
 Thy fatheris hart, and face to beire.

Balow, &c.

I cannae chuse, but ever will
 Be luving to thy father stil:
 Whair-eir he gae, whair-eir he ryde, 25
 My luv with him maun stil abyde:
 In weil or wae, whair-eir he gae,
 Mine hart can neire depart him frae.

Balow, &c.

O 2

Bot

* *When sugar was first imported into Europe, it was a very great dainty; and therefore the epithet sugred is used by all our old writers metaphorically to express extreme and delicate sweetness. (See above, p. 176.) Sugar at present is cheap and common; and therefore suggests now a coarse and vulgar idea.*

Bot doe not, doe not, prettie mine, 30
 To faynings fals thine hart incline ;
 Be loyal to thy luver trew,
 And nevir change hir for a new :
 If gude or faire, of hir have care,
 For womens banning's wonderous fair. 35
 Balow, &c.

Bairne, fin thy cruel father is gane,
 Thy winsome smiles maun eife my paine ;
 My babe and I'll together live,
 He'll comfort me whan cares doe grieve : 40
 My babe and I right fast will ly,
 And quite forget man's cruelty.
 Balow, &c.

Fareweil, fareweil, thou falsest youth,
 That evir kist a womans mouth ! 45
 I wish all maides be warnd by mee
 Nevir to trust mans curtesy ;
 For if we doe bot chance to bow,
 They'le use us than they care not how.
 Balow, my babe, ly fil, and fleipe, 50
 It grieves me fair to see thee weipe.

XIV.

THE MURDER OF THE KING OF SCOTS.

The catastrophe of Henry Stewart, lord Darnley, the unfortunate husband of Mary Q. of Scots, is the subject of this ballad. It is here related in that partial imperfect manner, in which such an event would naturally strike the subjects of another kingdom; of which he was a native. Henry appears to have been a vain capricious worthless young man, of weak understanding, and dissolute morals. But the beauty of his person, and the inexperience of his youth, would dispose mankind to treat him with an indulgence, which the cruelty of his murder would afterwards convert into the most tender pity and regret: and then imagination would not fail to adorn his memory with all those virtues, he ought to have possessed. This will account for the extravagant eulogium bestowed upon him in the first stanza, &c.

Henry lord Darnley was eldest son of the earl of Lennox, by the lady Margaret Douglas, niece of Henry VIII. and daughter of Margaret queen of Scotland by the earl of Angus, whom that princess married after the death of James IV.—Darnley, who had been born and educated in England, was but in his 21st year, when he was murdered, Feb. 9. 1567-8. This crime was perpetrated by the E. of Bothwell, not out of respect to the memory of David Riccio, but in order to pave the way for his own marriage with the queen.

This ballad (printed from the Editor's folio MS.) seems to have been written soon after Mary's escape into England in 1568, see v. 65.—It will be remembered at v. 5. that this princess was Q. dowager of France, having been first married to Francis II. who died Dec. 4. 1560.

W O E worth, woe worth thee, false Scotlãnde!
 For thou hast ever wrought by sleighte ;
 The worthyest prince that ever was borne,
 You hanged under a cloud by night.

The queene of France a letter wrote, 5
 And sealed it with harte and ringe ;
 And bade him come Scotland within,
 And shee wold marry and crowne him kinge.

To be a king is a pleasant thing,
 To be a prince unto a peere : 10
 But you have heard, and soe have I,
 A man may well buy gold too deare.

There was an Italyan in that place,
 Was as well beloved as ever was hee,
 And David Riccio was his name, 15
 Chamberlaine to the queene was hee.

If the king had risen forth of his place,
 Hee wold have fate him downe i' th' chaire,
 Although it bescemed him not so well,
 And though the kinge were present there. 20

Some lords in Scotlãnde waxed wroth,
 And quarrelled with him for the nonce ;
 And I shall tell how it befell,
 Twelve daggers were in him att once.

When

When the queene shee saw her chamberlaine flaine, 25
 For him her faire cheeks she did weete,
 And made a vowe for a yeare and a day
 The king and shee wold not come in one sheete.

Then some of the lords they waxed wroth,
 And made their vow all vehementlye ; 30
 That for the death of the chamberlaine,
 How hee, the king himselfe, sholde dye.

With gun-powder they strewed his roome,
 And layd greene rushes in his waye ;
 For the traitors thought that very night 35
 This worthy king for to betraye.

To bedd the king he made him bowne ;
 To take his rest was his desire ;
 He was noe sooner cast on sleepe,
 But his chamber was on a blasing fire. 40

Up he lope, and the window brake,
 And hee had thirtye foote to fall ;
 Lord Bodwell kept a privy watch,
 All underneath the castle wall.

Who have we here ? lord Bodwell sayd : 45
 Now answer me, that I may know.
 " King Henry the eighth my uncle was ;
 For his sweete sake some pittie shew."

Who have we here? lord Bodwell fayd,
 Now answer me when I doe speake. 50
 " Ah, lord Bodwell, I know thee well ;
 Some pittie on me I pray thee take."

He pittie thee as much, he fayd,
 And as much favour shew to thee,
 As thou didst to the queenes chamberlaine, 55
 That day thou deemedst him to die*.

Through halls and towers the king they ledd,
 Through towers and castles that were nye,
 Through an arbor into an orchard,
 There on a peare-tree hanged him hye. 60

When the governor of Scotland heard,
 How that the worthy king was slaine ;
 He persued the queen so bitterlye,
 That in Scotland shee dare not remaine.

But she is fledd into merry England, 65
 And here her residence hath tane ;
 And through the queene of Englands grace,
 In England now shee doth remaine.

XV. A

* Pronounced after the northern manner dee.

XV.

A SONNET BY Q. ELIZABETH.

The following lines, if they display no rich vein of poetry, are yet so strongly characteristic of their great and spirited authoress, that the insertion of them will be pardoned. They are preserved in Puttenham's *Arte of Eng. Poesie*; a book in which are many sly addresses to the queen's foible of shining as a poetess. The extraordinary manner in which these verses are introduced, shews what kind of homage was exacted from the courtly writers of those times, viz.

“ I find, says this antiquated critic, none example in Eng-
 “ lish metre, so well maintaining this figure [Exargasia, or
 “ the Gorgeous, Lat. Expolitio] as that dittie of her majes-
 “ ties owne making, passing sweete and harmonicall; which
 “ figure beyng as his very originall name purporteth the most
 “ bewtifull and gorgious of all others, it asketh in reason to
 “ be reserved for a last complement, and desciphred by a la-
 “ dies penne, herselfe beyng the most bewtifull, or rather bew-
 “ tie of queenes †. And this was the occasion: our soveraigne
 “ lady perceiving how the Scottissh queenes residence within
 “ this realme at so great libertie and ease (as were skarce
 “ meete for so great and dangerous a prysoner) bred secret
 “ factions among her people, and made many of the nobilitie
 “ incline to favour her partie: some of them desirous of in-
 “ novation in the state: others aspiring to greater fortunes
 “ by her libertie and life. The queene our soveraigne ladie
 “ to declare that she was nothing ignorant of those secret
 “ practizes, though she had long with great wisdom and
 “ pacience

† She was at this time near three-score.

“ *pacience dissembled it, writeth this dittie most sweete and
 “ sententious, not hiding from all such aspiring minds the
 “ danger of their ambition and disloyaltie: which after-
 “ wards fell out most truly by th’ exemplary chastisement of
 “ sundry persons, who in favour of the said Scot. Qu. de-
 “ clining from her majestie, sought to interrupt the quiet of the
 “ realme by many evill and undutifull practizes.”*

This sonnet seems to have been composed in 1569, not long before the D. of Norfolk, the earls of Pembroke and Arundel, the lord Lumley, Sir Nich. Throcmorton, and others, were taken into custody. See Hume, Rapin, &c.—It was originally written in long lines or alexandrines, each of which is here divided into two.

THE doubt of future foes
 Exiles my present joy ;
 And wit me warnes to shun such snares,
 As threaten mine annoy.

For falshood now doth flow,
 And subject faith doth ebbe;
 Which would not be if reason rul’d,
 Or wisdome wev’d the webbe.

5

But cloudes of toyes untried
 Do cloake aspiring mindes ;
 Which turn to raine of late repent,
 By course of changed windes.

10

The

The toppe of hope supposed
 The roote of ruthe wil be ;
 And frutelesse all their graffed guiles, 15
 As shortly ye shall see.

Then dazeld eyes with pride,
 Which great ambition blindes,
 Shal be unfeeld by worthy wights,
 Whose foresight falshood finds. 20

The daughter of debate *,
 That eke discord doth sowe,
 Shal reape no gaine where former rule
 Hath taught stil peace to growe.

No forreine bannisht wight 25
 Shall ancre in this port ;
 Our realme it brookes no strangers force,
 Let them elfewhere resort.

Our rusty sworde with rest
 Shall first his edge employ, 30
 Shall ' quickly' poll their toppes, that seeke
 Such change, and gape for joy.

†††

* She evidently means here the Queen of Scots.

††† I cannot help subjoining to the above sonnet another distich of Elizabeth's preserved by Puttenham (p. 197.)
 "which (says he) our soveraigne lady wrote in defiance
 "of fortune."

Never thinke you, Fortune can beare the sway,
 Where Vertue's force can cause her to obey.

The slightest effusion of such a mind deserves attention.

XVI.

KING OF SCOTS AND ANDREW BROWNE.

This ballad is a proof of the little intercourse that subsisted between the Scots and English, before the accession of James I. to the crown of England. The tale which is here so circumstantially related does not appear to have had the least foundation in history, but was probably built upon some confused hearsay report of the tumults in Scotland during the minority of that prince, and of the conspiracies formed by different factions to get possession of his person. It should seem from ver. 102. to have been written during the regency, or at least before the death, of the earl of Morton, who was condemned and executed June 2. 1581; when James was in his 15th year.

The original copy (preserved in the archives of the Antiquarian Society London) is intitled, "A new Ballad, declaring the great treason conspired against the young king of Scots, and how one Andrew Browne an English-man, which was the king's chamberlaine, prevented the same. To the tune of Milfield, or els to Green-sleeves." At the end is subjoined the name of the author W. ELDERTON.

“Imprinted at London for Yarathe James, dwelling in New-gate Market, over against Ch. Church,” in black letter, folio.

This ELDERTON, who had been originally an attorney in the sheriffs courts of London, and afterwards (if we may believe Oldys) a comedian, was a facetious fuddling companion, whose tippling and his rhymes rendered him famous among his contemporaries. He was author of many popular songs and ballads; and probably other pieces in these volumes, besides the following, are of his composing. He is believed to have fallen a martyr to his bottle before the year 1592. His epitaph has been recorded by Camden, and translated by Oldys.

Hic situs est fitiens, atque ebrius Eldertonus,
Quid dico hic situs est? hic potius fitis est.

*Dead drunk here Elderton doth lie;
Dead as he is, he still is dry:
So of him it may well be said,
Here he, but not his thirst, is laid.*

See Stow's Lond. [Guild-hall.]—Biogr. Brit. [DRAYTON, by Oldys, Note B.] Ath. Ox.—Camden's Remains.—The Exaltation of Ale, among Beaumont's Poems, 8vo. 1653.

‘O UT alas!’ what a griefe is this
That princes subjects cannot be true,
But still the devill hath some of his,
Will play their parts whatsoever ensue;
Forgetting what a grievous thing 5
It is to offend the anointed king?
Alas for woe, why should it be so,
This makes a sorrowful heigh ho.

In

In Scotland is a bonnie kinge,
 As proper a youth as neede to be, 10
 Well given to every happy thing,
 That can be in a kinge to see:
 Yet that unluckie country still,
 Hath people given to craftie will.
 Alas for woe, &c. 15

On Whitfun eve it so befell,
 A possiet was made to give the king,
 Whereof his ladie nurse hard tell,
 And that it was a poysoned thing:
 She cryed, and called piteouflic; 20
 Now help, or els the king shall die!
 Alas for woe, &c.

One Browne, that was an English man,
 And hard the ladies piteous crye,
 Out with his sword, and bestir'd him than, 25
 Out of the doores in haste to flie;
 But all the doores were made so fast,
 Out of a window he got at last.
 Alas for woe, &c.

He met the bishop coming fast, 30
 Having the possiet in his hande:
 The fight of Browne made him aghast,
 Who had him stoutly staie and stand.

With

With him were two that ranne away,
 For feare that Browne would make a fray. 35
 Alas for woe, &c.

Bishop, quoth Browne, what hast thou there ?
 Nothing at all, my friend, sayde he ;
 But a possiet to make the king good cheere.
 Is it so ? sayd Browne, that will I see, 40
 First I will have thyself begin,
 Before thou go any further in ;
 Be it weale or woe, it shall be so,
 This makes a sorrowful heigh ho.

The bishop sayde, Browne I doo know, 45
 Thou art a young man poore and bare ;
 Livings on thee I will bestowe :
 Let me go on, take thou no care.
 No, no, quoth Browne, I will not be
 A traitour for all Christiantie : 50
 Happe well or woe, it shall be so,
 Drink now with a sorrowfull, &c.

The bishop dranke, and by and by
 His belly burst and he fell downe :
 A just rewarde for his traitery. 55
 This was a possiet indeed, quoth Brown !
 He serched the bishop, and found the keyes,
 To come to the kinge when he did please.
 Alas for woe, &c.

When all this treason done and past,
Tooke not effect of traytery ;

Another treason at the last,

They fought against his majestie : 85

How they might make their kinge away,

By a privie banket on a daye.

Alas for woe, &c.

' Another time' to fell the king

Beyonde the seas they had decreede : 90

Three noble Earles heard of this thing,

And did prevent the same with speede.

For a letter came, with such a charme,

That they should doo their king no harme :

For further woe, if they did foe, 95

Would make a forrowful heigh hoe.

The Earle Mourton told the Douglas then,

Take heede you do not offend the king ;

But shew yourselves like honest men

Obediently in every thing : 100

For his godmother * will not see

Her noble childe misus'd to be

With any woe ; for if it be so,

She will make, &c.

God graunt all subjects may be true, 105

In England, Scotland, every where :

VOL. II.

P

That

* *Q. Elizabeth.*

That no such daunger may ensue,

To put the prince or state in feare :

That God the highest king may see

Obedience as it ought to be,

110

In wealth or woe, God graunt it be so

To avoide the sorrowful heigh ho.

XVII.

THE BONNY EARL OF MURRAY.

A SCOTTISH SONG.

In December 1591, Francis Stewart Earl of Bothwell had made an attempt to seize on the person of his sovereign James VI. but being disappointed, had retired towards the north. The king unadvisedly gave a commission to George Gordon Earl of Huntley, to pursue Bothwell and his followers with fire and sword. Huntley, under cover of executing that commission, took occasion to revenge a private quarrel he had against James Stewart Earl of Murray, a relation of Bothwell's. In the night of Feb. 7. 1592, he beset Murray's house, burnt it to the ground, and slew Murray himself; a young nobleman of the most promising virtues, and the very darling of the people. See Robertson's Hist.

The present Lord Murray hath now in his possession a picture of his ancestor naked and covered with wounds, which had been carried about, according to the custom of that age, in order to inflame the populace to revenge his death. If this picture did not flatter, he well deserved the name of the BONNY EARL, for he is there represented as a tall and comely personage. It is a tradition in the family, that Gordon of Bucky gave him a wound in the face: Murray half expiring,

expiring, said, " You hae spilt a better face than your awin." Upon this, Bucky pointing his dagger at Huntley's breast, swore, " You shall be as deep as I;" and forced him to pierce the poor defenceless body.

K. James, who took no care to punish the murtherers, is said by some to have privately countenanced and abetted them, being stimulated by jealousy for some indiscreet praises which his Queen had too lavishly bestowed on this unfortunate youth. See the preface to the next ballad. See also Mr. Walpole's Catalogue of Royal Auth. vol. 1. p. 42.

YE highlands, and ye lawlands,

Oh! whair hae ye been?

They hae slaine the Earl of Murray,

And hae laid him on the green.

Now wae be to thee, Huntley!

5

And whairfore did you fae!

I bade you bring him wi' you,

But forbade you him to slay.

He was a braw gallant,

And he rid at the ring;

10

And the bonny Earl of Murray,

Oh! he might hae been a king.

He was a braw gallant,

And he playd at the ba';

And the bonny Earl of Murray

15

Was the flower among them a'.

He was a braw gallant,
 And he playd at the gluve ;
 And the bonny Earl of Murray,
 Oh ! he was the Queenes luvē.

20

Oh ! lang will his lady
 Luke owre the castle downe *,
 Ere she see the Earl of Murray
 Cum founding throw the towne.

* Castle downe here has been thought to mean the CASTLE OF
 DOWNE, a seat belonging to the family of Murray.

XVIII.

Y O U N G W A T E R S .

A SOTTISH BALLAD.

It has been suggested to the Editor, that this ballad covertly alludes to the indiscreet partiality, which Q. Anne of Denmark is said to have shewn for the BONNY EARL OF MURRAY ; and which is supposed to have influenced the fate of that unhappy nobleman. Let the Reader judge for himself.

The following account of the murder is given by a contemporary writer, and a person of credit, Sir James Balfour, Knight, Lyon King of Arms, whose MS. of the Annals of Scotland is in the Advocates library at Edinburgh.

“ The seventh of Febry, this zeire, 1592, the Earle of
 “ Murray was cruelly murthered by the Earle of Huntley at
 “ his house in Dunibrissel in Fyffe-shyre, and with him
 “ Dunbar,

“ Dunbar, sheriffe of Murray. It was given out and
 “ publickly talkt, that the Earle of Huntley was only the
 “ instrument of perpetrating this facte, to satisfie the King’s
 “ jealousie of Murray, quhum the Queene more rashely than
 “ wisely, some few days before had commendit in the
 “ King’s hearing, with too many epithets of a proper
 “ and gallant man. The reasons of these surmises pro-
 “ ceedit from a proclamatiōe of the Kings, the 13 of
 “ Marche following; inhibiteine the zoung Earle of Mur-
 “ ray to persue the Earle of Huntley, for his father’s
 “ slaughter, in respect he being wardeit [imprisoned] in
 “ the castell of Blacknesse for the same murther, was wil-
 “ ling to abide a tryall, averring that he had done nothing
 “ but by the King’s majesties commissiōe; and was neither
 “ airt nor part in the murther †.”

The following ballad is here given from a copy printed
 not long since at Glasgow, in one sheet 8vo. The world
 was indebted for its publication to the lady Jean Hume,
 sister to the Earle of Hume, who died lately at Gibraltar.

ABOUT Zule, quhen the wind blew cule,
 And the round tables began,
 A’! there is cum to our kings court
 Mony a well-favourd man.

The queen luikt owre the castle wa, 5
 Beheld baith dale and down,
 And then she saw zoung Waters
 Cum riding to the town.

His footmen they did rin before,
 His horsemen rade behind, 10
 And mantel of the burning gowd
 Did keip him frae the wind.

P 3

Gowden

* This extract is copied from the Critical Review.

Gowden graith'd his horse before
 And filler shod behind,
 The horse zoung Waters rade upon 15
 Was fleeter than the wind.

But than spake a wylie lord,
 Unto the queen said he,
 O tell me qhua's the fairest face
 Rides in the company. 20

I've fene lord, and I've fene laird,
 And knights of high degree ;
 Bot a fairer face than zoung Watèrs
 Mine eyne did never see.

Out then spack the jealous king, 25
 (And an angry man was he)
 O, if he had been twice as fair,
 Zou nicht have excepted me.

Zou're neither laird nor lord, she says,
 Bot the king that wears the crown ; 30
 Theris not a knight in fair Scotland
 Bot to thee maun bow down.

For a' that she could do or say,
 Appeasd he wad nae bee ;
 Bot for the words which she had said 35
 Zoung Waters he maun dee.

They

They hae taen zoung Waters, and
 Put fetters to his feet ;
 They hae taen zoung Waters, and
 Thrown him in dungeon deep. 40

Aft I have ridden thro' Stirling town
 In the wind bot and the weit ;
 Bot I neir rade thro' Stirling town
 Wi fetters at my feet.

Aft have I ridden thro' Stirling town 45
 In the wind bot and the rain ;
 Bot I neir rade thro' Stirling town
 Neir to return again.

They hae taen to the heiding-hill *
 His zoung fon to his craddle, 50
 And they hae taen to the heiding-hill,
 His horse bot and his saddle.

They hae taen to the heiding-hill
 His lady fair to see.
 And for the words the Queen had spoke, 55
 Zoung Waters he did dee.

P 4

XIX. MA-

* Heiding-hill ; i. e. 'heading [beheading] bill. The place of execution was anciently an artificial billbeck.

XIX.

MARY AMBREE.

In the year 1584, the Spaniards, under the command of Alexander Farnese prince of Parma, began to gain great advantages in Flanders and Brabant, by recovering many strong-holds and cities from the Hollanders, as Ghent, (called then by the English GAUNT,) Antwerp, Mechlin, &c. See Stow's Annals, p. 711. Some attempt made with the assistance of English volunteers to retrieve the former of those places probably gave occasion to this ballad. I can find no mention of our heroine in history, but the following rhymes rendered her famous among our poets. Ben Johnson often mentions her, and calls any remarkable virago by her name. See his Epicæne, first acted in 1609. Act 4. sc. 2. His Tale of a Tub, Act 1. sc. 4. And his masque intituled the Fortunate Isles, 1626, where he quotes the very words of the ballad,

— MARY AMBREE,
*(Who marched so free
 To the siege of Gaunt,
 And death could not daunt,
 As the ballad doth vaunt)
 Were a braver wight, &c.*

She is also mentioned in Fletcher's Scornful Lady, Act 5. sub finem.

— “ My large gentlewoman, my MARY AMBREE,
 “ had I but seen into you, you should have had another bed-
 “ fellow.” —

This

This ballad is printed from a black-letter copy in the Pepys Collection, improved from the Editor's folio MS. The full title is, "The valorous acts performed at Gaunt by the brave bonnie las Mary Ambree, who in revenge of her lovers death did play her part most gallantly. The tune is, The blind beggar, &c."

W H E N captaines couragious, whom death colde
not daunte,

Did march to the siege of the cittye of Gaunte,
They mustred their fouldiers by two and by three,
And formost in battle was Mary Ambree.

When brave Sir John Major* was flaine in her fight, 5
Who was her true lover, her joy, and delight,
Because he was flaine most treacheroussie,
Then vowd to revenge him Mary Ambree.

She clothed herselfe from the top to the toe
In buffe of the bravest, most seemely to showe; 10
A faire shirt of male † then slipped on shee;
Was not this a brave bonny las, Mary Ambree?

A helmett of prooffe she strait did provide,
A strong arminge sword shee girt by her side,
On her hand a goodly faire gauntlett had shee; 15
Was not this a brave bonny las, Mary Ambree?

Then

* So MS. Serjeant Major in PC.

† A common phrase in that age for a Coat of Mail. So Spencer speaks of the Irish Gallowglass or Foot-soldier as "armed in a long Skirt of Mayl." (*View of the State of Ireland.*)

Then tooke ſhee her ſworde and her targett in hand,
 Bidding all ſuch as wolde, bee of her band,
 To wayt on her perſon came thouſand and three :
 Was not this a brave bonny laſs, Mary Ambree ? 20

My ſouldiers ſo valiant and faithfull, ſhee ſayd,
 Nowe followe your captaine, no longer a mayd ;
 Still formoſt in battel myſelfe will I bee :
 Was not this a brave bonny laſſe, Mary Ambree ?

Then cryed out her ſouldiers, and thus they did ſay, 25
 Soe well thou becom'eſt this gallant array,
 Thy harte and thy weapons ſoe well do agree,
 Noe mayden was ever like Mary Ambree.

Shee cheared her ſouldiers, that foughten for life,
 With ancyent and ſtandard, with drum and with fiſe, 30
 With brave clanging trumpetts, that ſounded ſo free ;
 Was not this a brave bonny laſſe, Mary Ambree ?

Before I will ſee the worſt of you all
 To come into danger of death, or of thrall,
 This hand and this life I will venture ſo free : 35
 Was not this a brave bonny laſſe, Mary Ambree ?

Shee led upp her ſouldiers in battel arraye,
 Gainſt three times theyr number by breake of the daye ;
 Seven howers in ſkirmiſh continued ſhee :
 Was not this a brave bonny laſſe, Mary Ambree ? 40
 She

She filled the skyes with the smoke of her shott,
 And her enemyes bodyes with bullets foe hott;
 For one of her owne men a score killed shee:
 Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

And when her false gunner, to spoyle her intent, 45
 Away all her pellets and powder had spent,
 Straight with her keen weapon shee flasht him in three:
 Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

Being falsely betrayed for lucre of hyre,
 At length she was forced to make a retyre; 50
 Then her souldiers into a strong castle drew shee:
 Was not this a brave bonny lasse, Mary Ambree?

Her foes they besett her on every side,
 As thinking close siege shee cold never abide;
 To beate down her walles they all did decree; 55
 But stoutly deffyd them brave Mary Ambree.

Then tooke shee her sword and her targett in hand,
 And mounting the walls all undaunted did stand,
 There daring the captaines to match any three:
 O what a brave captaine was Mary Ambree! 60

Now saye, English captaine, what woldest thou give
 To ransome thy selfe, which else must not live?
 Come yield thyselfe quicklye, or slaine thou must bee.
 Then smiled sweetlye faire Mary Ambree.

Ye captaines couragious, of valour so bold, 65
 Whom thinke you before you now you doe behold?
 A knight, sir, of England, and captaine foe free,
 Who shortelye with us a prisoner must bee.

No captaine of England; behold in your fight
 Two breasts in my bosome, and therefore noe knight: 70
 Noe knight, sirs, of England, nor captaine you see,
 But a poor simple mayden, calld Mary Ambree.

But art thou a woman, as thou dost declare,
 Whose valor hath provd so undaunted in warre?
 If England doth yield such brave maydens as thee, 75
 Full well may they conquer, faire Mary Ambree.

The prince of Great Parma heard of her renowne,
 Who long had advanced for Englands faire crowne;
 Hee wooed her and sued her his mistress to bee,
 And offerd rich presents to Mary Ambree. 80

But this virtuous mayden despised them all,
 He nere sell my honour for purple nor pall:
 A mayden of England, sir, never will bee
 The whore of a monarcke, quoth Mary Ambree.

Then to her owne country shee backe did returne, 85
 Still holding the foes of faire England in scorne:
 Therefore English captaines of every degree
 Sing forth the brave valours of Mary Ambree.

XX.

BRAVE LORD WILLOUGHBY.

Peregrine Bertie lord Willoughby of Eresby had, in the year 1586, distinguished himself at the siege of Zutphen in the Low Countries. He was the year after made general of the English forces in the United Provinces, in room of the earl of Leicester, who was recalled. This gave him an opportunity of signalizing his courage and military skill in several actions against the Spaniards. One of these, greatly exaggerated by popular report, is probably the subject of this old ballad, which, on account of its flattering encomiums on English valour, hath always been a favourite with the people.

“ My lord Willoughbie (says a contemporary writer) was one of the queenes best swordsmen : . . . he was a great master of the art military. . . . I have heard it spoken, that had he not slighted the court, but applied himself to the queene, he might have enjoyed a plentiful portion of her grace; and it was his saying, and it did him no good, that he was none of the REPTILIA; intimating, that he could not creepe on the ground, and that the court was not his element; for indeed, as he was a great souldier; so he was of suitable magnanimitie, and coul^d not brooke the obsequiousnesse and assiduitie of the court.” (Naunton.)

Lord Willoughbie died in 1601.—Both Norris and Turner were famous among the military men of that age.

The subject of this ballad (which is printed from an old black-letter copy) may possibly receive illustration from what CHAPMAN says in the Dedicat. to his version of Homer's Frogs and Mice, concerning the brave and memorable Retreat of Sir John Norris, with only 1000 men, thro' the whole Spanish army, under the duke of Parma, for three miles together.

THE

THE fifteenth day of July,
 With glistering spear and shield,
 A famous fight in Flanders
 Was foughten in the field :
 The most courageous officers
 Were English captains three;
 But the bravest man in battel
 Was brave lord Willoughbèy.

5

The next was captain Norris,
 A valiant man was hee ;
 The other captain Turner,
 From field would never flee.
 With fifteen hundred fighting men,
 Alas ! there were no more,
 They fought with fourteen thousand then
 Upon the bloody shore.

10

15

Stand to it noble pikemen,
 And look you round about :
 And shoot you right you bow-men,
 And we will keep them out :
 You musquet and calliver men,
 Do you prove true to me,
 I'll be the formost man in fight.
 Says brave lord Willoughbèy.

20

And

And then the bloody enemy 25

They fiercely did assail,

And fought it out most furiously,

Not doubting to prevail ;

The wounded men on both sides fell

Most pitious for to see, 30

Yet nothing could the courage quell

Of brave lord Willoughbèy

For seven hours to all mens view

This fight endured fore,

Until our men so feeble grew 35

That they could fight no more ;

And then upon dead horses

Full favourly they eat,

And drank the puddle water,

They could no better get. 40

When they had fed so freely,

They kneeled on the ground,

And praised God devoutly

For the favour they had found ;

And beating up their colours, 45

The fight they did renew,

And turning tow'rds the Spaniard,

A thousand more they slew.

The

The sharp steel-pointed arrows,
And bullets thick did fly ; 50
Then did our valiant soldiers
Charge on most furiously ;
Which made the Spaniards waver,
They thought it best to flee,
They fear'd the stout behaviour 55
Of brave lord Willoughbèy.

Then quoth the Spanish general,
Come let us march away,
I fear we shall be spoiled all
If here we longer stay ; 60
For yonder comes lord Willoughbey
With courage fierce and fell,
He will not give one inch of way
For all the devils in hell.

And then the fearful enemy 65
Was quickly put to flight,
Our men persued couragiously,
And caught their forces quite ;
But at last they gave a shout,
Which ecchoed through the sky, 70
God, and St. George for England !
The conquerers did cry.

This

This news was brought to England
 With all the speed might be,
 And soon our gracious queen was told 75
 Of this same victory :

O this is brave lord Willoughbey,
 My love that ever won,
 Of all the lords of honour
 'Tis he great deeds hath done. 80

To th' fouldiers that were maimed,
 And wounded in the fray,
 The queen allow'd a pension
 Of fifteen pence a day,
 And from all costs and charges 85
 She quit and set them free,
 And this she did all for the sake
 Of brave lord Willoughbèy.

Then courage, noble Englishmen, 90
 And never be dismaid ;
 If that we but one to ten,
 We will not be afraid
 To fight with foraign enemies,
 And set our nation free :
 And thus I end the bloody bout 95
 Of brave lord Willoughbèy.

XXI.

THE WINNING OF CALES.

The subject of this ballad is the taking of the city of Cadiz, (called by our sailors corruptly Cales) on June 21. 1596, in a descent made on the coast of Spain, under the command of the Lord Howard admiral, and the Earl of Essex general.

The valour of Essex was not more distinguished on this occasion than his generosity: the town was carried sword in hand, but he stopt the slaughter as soon as possible, and treated his prisoners with the greatest humanity, and even affability and kindness. The English made a rich plunder in the city, but miss'd of a much richer, by the resolution which the Duke of Medina the Spanish admiral took, of setting fire to the ships, in order to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy. It was computed, that the loss which the Spaniards sustained from this enterprize, amounted to twenty millions of ducats. See Hume's Hist.

The Earl of Essex knighted on this occasion not fewer than sixty persons, which gave rise to the following sarcasm,

*A gentleman of Wales, a knight of Cales,
And a laird of the North country;
But a yeoman of Kent with his yearly rent
Will buy them out all three.*

The ballad is printed from the Editor's folio MS. and seems to have been composed by some person, who was con-

cerned in the expedition. Most of the circumstances related in it will be found supported by history.

LONG the proud Spaniards had vaunted their conquests,

Threatning our country with fire and sword ;
Often preparing their navy most sumptuous
With as great plenty as Spain could afford.
Dub a dub, dub a dub, thus strike their drums ; 5
Tantara, tantara, the Englishman comes.

To the seas hastily went our lord admiral,
With knights couragious and captains full good ;
The brave Earl of Essex, a prosperous general,
With him prepared to pass the salt flood. 10
Dub a dub, &c.

At Plymouth speedilye, took they ship valiantlye,
Braver ships never were seen under sayle,
With their fair colours spread, and streamers o'er their
head,
Now bragging Spaniard, take heed of your taylor. 15
Dub a dub, &c.

Unto Cales cunninglye, came we most speedilye,
Where the kinges navy securelye did ride ;
Being upon their backs, piercing their butts of sacks,
Ere any Spaniards our coming descry'd. 20
Dub a dub, &c.

Great

Great was the crying, the running and ryding,
 Which at that season was made in that place ;
 The beacons were fyred, as need then required ;
 To hyde their great treasure they had little space. 25
 Dub a dub, &c.

There you might see their ships, how they were fyred fast,
 And how their men drowned themselves in the sea ;
 There might you hear them cry wayle and weep piteously,
 When they saw no shift to scape thence away. 30
 Dub a dub, &c.

The great St. Phillip, the pryde of the Spaniards,
 Was burnt to the bottom, and sunk in the sea ;
 But the St. Andrew, and eke the St. Matthew,
 Wee took in fight manfullye and brought away. 35
 Dub a dub, &c.

The Earl of Essex most valiant and hardye,
 With horsemen and footmen march'd up to the town ;
 The Spanyards, which saw them, were greatly alarmed,
 Did fly for their safety, and durst not come down. 40
 Dub a dub, &c.

Now, quoth the noble Earl, courage my soldiers all,
 Fight and be valiant, the spoil you shall have ;
 And be well rewarded all from the great to the small ;
 But see the women and children you save. 45
 Dub a dub, &c.

The Spaniards at that fight, thinking it vain to fight,
 Hung out flags of truce and yielded the towne;
 We marched in presentlye, decking the walls on high,
 With English colours which purchas'd renowne. 50
 Dub a dub, &c.

Entering the houses then, of the most richest men,
 For gold and treasure we searched each day;
 In some places we did find, pyès baking left behind,
 Meate at fire roasting, and folk run away. 55
 Dub a dub, &c.

Full of rych merchandize, every shop catch'd our eyes,
 Damasks and fatters and velvets full fayre; [swords;
 Which soldiers meàsur'd out by the length of their
 Of all commodities each had his share. 60
 Dub a dub, &c.

Thus Cales was taken, and our brave general
 March'd to the market place, where he did stand;
 There many prifoneres fell to our severall shares,
 Many crav'd mercye, and mercye they fonde. 65
 Dub a dub, &c.

When our brave general saw they delayed all,
 And would not ransome their towne as they said,
 With their fair wanscots, their presses and bedsteds,
 Their joint-stools and tables a fire we made; 70
 And when the town burned all in a flame,
 With tara, tantara, away we all came.

XXII.

THE SPANISH LADY'S LOVE.

This beautiful old ballad most probably took its rise from one of those descents made on the Spanish coasts in the time of queen Elizabeth; and in all likelihood from that which is celebrated in the foregoing ballad.

It is printed from an ancient black-letter copy, corrected in part by the Editor's folio MS.

WILL you hear a Spanish lady,
 How she wooed an English man?
 Garments gay as rich as may be
 Decked with jewels she had on.
 Of a comely countenance and grace was she, 5
 And by birth and parentage of high degree.

As his prisoner there he kept her,
 In his hands her life did lye;
 Cupid's bands did tye them faster
 By the liking of an eye. 10

In his courteous company was all her joy,
 To favour him in any thing she was not coy.

But at last there came commandment

For to set the ladies free,

With their jewels still adorned,

None to do them injury.

15

Then said this lady mild, Full woe is me,

O let me still sustain this kind captivity!

Gallant captain, shew some pity

To a ladye in distresse;

Leave me not within this city,

For to dye in heavineffe:

20

Thou hast set this present day my body free,

But my heart in prison still remains with thee.

“ How should’st thou, fair lady, love me,

Whom thou knowst thy countrys foe?

Thy fair wordes make me suspect thee:

Serpents lie where flowers grow.”

25

All the harm I wishe to thee, most courteous knight,

God grant the same upon my head may fully light. 30

Blessed be the time and season,

That you came on Spanish ground;

If you may our foes be termed,

Gentle foes we have you found:

With our city, you have won our hearts each one,

Then to your country bear away, that is your own. 35

“ Rest

“ Rest you still, most gallant lady ;
 Rest you still, and weep no more ;
 Of fair lovers there are plenty,
 Spain doth yield you wonderous store.” 40

Spaniards fraught with jealousy we oft do find,
 But Englishmen throughout the world are counted kind.

Leave me not unto a Spaniard,
 Thou alone enjoyst my heart ;
 I am lovely, young, and tender, 45
 Love is likewise my desert :

Still to serve thee day and night my mind is prest ;
 The wife of every Englishman is counted blest.

“ It would be a shame, fair lady,
 For to bear a woman hence ; 50
 English soldiers never carry
 Any such without offence.”

I'll quickly change myself, if it be so,
 And like a page will follow thee, where'er thou go,

“ I have neither gold nor silver 55
 To maintain thee in this case,
 And to travel is great charges,
 As you know in every place.”

My chains and jewels every one shall be thy own, 59
 And eke *tèn thousand pounds in gold that lies unknown.

“ On

* 500. MS.

“ On the seas are many dangers,
 Many storms do there arise,
 Which will be to ladies dreadful,
 And force tears from watery eyes.”

Well in troth I shall endure extremity, 65
 For I could find in heart to lose my life for thee.

“ Courteous ladye, leave this fancy,
 Here comes all that breeds the strife;
 I in England have already

A sweet woman to my wife; 70
 I will not falsify my vow for gold nor gain,
 Nor yet for all the fairest dames that live in Spain.”

O how happy is that woman
 That enjoys so true a friend!

Many happy days God send her; 75
 Of my suit I make an end:

On my knees I pardon crave for my offence,
 Which did from love and true affection first commence,

Commend me to thy lovely lady,

Bear to her this chain of gold; 80

And these bracelets for a token;

Grieving that I was so bold:

All my jewels in like sort bear thou with thee,
 For they are fitting for thy wife, but not for me.

I will spend my days in prayer,
 Love and all his laws defye ;
 In a nunnery will I shroud mee
 Far from any companie :

85

But ere my prayers have an end, be sure of this,
 To pray for thee and for thy love I will not miss. 90

Thus farewell, most gallant captain !

Farewell too my heart's content !

Count not Spanish ladies wanton,

Though to thee my love was bent :

Joy and true prosperity goe still with thee ! 95

The like fall ever to thy share, most fair ladie,

XXIII.

A R G E N T I L E A N D C U R A N,

— *Is extracted from an ancient historical poem in XIII Books, intituled ALBION'S ENGLAND by WILLIAM WARNER: "An author (says a former editor) only unhappy in the choice of his subject, and measure of his verse. His poem is an epitome of the British history, and written with great learning, sense, and spirit. In some places fine to an extraordinary degree, as I think will eminently appear in the ensuing episode [of Argentile and Curan]. A tale full of beautiful incidents, in the romantic taste, extremely affecting, rich in ornament, wonderfully various in style; and*
 " in

“ in short, one of the most beautiful pastorals I ever met with.”
 [Musæus library 8vo. 1738.] To this eulogium nothing can be
 objected, unless perhaps an affected quaintness in some of his
 expressions, and an indelicacy in some of his pastoral images.

WARNER is said to have been a Warwickshire man, and
 to have been educated in Oxford at Magdalene Hall* : in
 the latter part of his life he was retained in the service of
 Henry Cary lord Hunsdon, to whom he dedicates his poem.
 More of his history is not known. Tho’ now his name is so
 seldom mentioned, his contemporaries ranked him on a level
 with Spenser, and called them the Homer and Virgil of their
 age †. But Warner rather resembled OVID, whose *Meta-*
morphosis he seems to have taken for his model, having deduced
 a perpetual poem from the deluge down to the æra of Eliza-
 beth, full of lively digressions and entertaining episodes. And
 tho’ he is sometimes harsh, affected, and obscure, he often dis-
 plays a most charming and pathetic simplicity : as where he
 describes Eleanor’s harsh treatment of Rosamond :

With that she dasht her on the lippes
 So dyed double red :
 Hard was the heart that gave the blow,
 Soft were those lippes that bled.

The edition of ALBION’S ENGLAND here followed was
 printed in 4to, 1602 ; said in the title-page to have been
 “ first penned and published by William Warner, and now
 “ revised and newly enlarged by the same author.” The story
 of ARGENTILE AND CURAN is I believe the poet’s own in-
 vention ; it is not mentioned in any of our chronicles. It was
 however so much admired, that not many years after he pub-
 lished it, came out a larger poem on the same subject in stanzas
 of six lines, intitled, “ The most pleasant and delightful his-
 “ torie of Curan a prince of Danske, and the fayre princeesse
 “ Argentile,

* Athen. Oxon.

† Ibid.

“*Argentile, daughter and heyre to Adelbright, sometime king of Northumberland, &c.* by WILLIAM WEBSTER. London 1617.” in 8 sheets 4to. An indifferent paraphrase of the following poem.

Tho’ here subdivided into stanzas, Warner’s metre is the old-fashioned alexandrine of 14 syllables. The reader therefore must not expect to find the close of the stanzas consulted in the pauses.

THE Brutons ‘being’ departed hence
 Seaven kingdoms here begonne,
 Where diversly in divers broyles
 The Saxons lost and wonne.

King Edel and king Adelbright 5
 In Diria jointly raigue ;
 In loyal concorde during life
 These kingly friends remaine.

When Adelbright should leave his life,
 To Edel thus he sayes ; 10
 By those same bondes of happie love,
 That held us friends alwaies ;

By our by-parted crowne, of which
 The moyetie is mine ;
 By God, to whom my soule must passe, 15
 And so in time may thine ;

I pray thee, nay I cònjure thee,
 To nourish, as thine owne,
 Thy neece, my daughter Argentile,
 Till she to age be growne ; 20
 And then, as thou receivest it,
 Resigne to her my throne.

A promise had for his bequest,
 The testatòr he dies ;
 But all that Edel undertooke, 25
 He afterwards denies.

Yet well he ' fosters for ' a time
 The damfell that was growne
 The fairest lady under heaven ;
 Whose beautie being knowne, 30

A many princes seeke her love ;
 But none might her obtaine ;
 For grippell Edel to himselfe
 Her kingdome sought to gaine ;
 And for that cause from sight of such 35
 He did his ward restraine.

By chance one Curan, sonne unto
 A prince in Danske, did see
 The maid, with whom he fell in love,
 As much as man might bee. 40

Unhappie

Unhappie youth, what should he doe?

His faint was kept in mewes;
Nor he, nor any noble-man
Admitted to her vewe.

One while in melancholy fits

45

He pines himselfe awaye;
Anon he thought by force of arms
To win her if he maye:

And still against the kings restraint

Did secretly invay.

50

At length the high controller Love,
Whom none may disobay,

Imbased him from lordlines

Into a kitchen drudge;

That so at least of life or death

55

She might become his judge.

Accesse so had to see and speake,

He did his love bewray,

And tells his birth: her answer was,

She husbandles would stay.

60

Meane while the king did beate his braines,

His booty to atchieve,

Nor caring what became of her,

So

So he by her might thrive ;
 At last his resolution was 65
 Some peffant should her wive.

And (which was working to his wish)
 He did observe with joye
 How Curan, whom he thought a drudge,
 Scapt many an amorous toye. 70

The king, perceiving such his veine,
 Promotes his vassal still,
 Lest that the baseness of the man
 Should lett, perhaps, his will.

Affured therefore of his love, 75
 But not suspecting who
 The lover was, the king himselfe
 In his behalf did woe.

The lady resolute from love,
 Unkindly takes that he 80
 Should barre the noble, and unto
 So base a match agree :

And therefore shifting out of doores,
 Departed thence by stealth ;
 Preferring povertie before 85
 A dangerous life in wealth.

When

When Curan heard of her escape,
 The anguifh in his hart
 Was more than much; and after her
 From court he did depart; 90

Forgetfull of himfelfe, his birth;
 His country, friends, and all,
 And only minding (whom he miff)
 The foundrefle of his thrall.

Nor meanes he after to frequent 95
 Or court, or ftately townes,
 But folitarily to live
 Amongft the country grownes.

A brace of years he lived thus,
 Well pleased fo to live, 100
 And fhepherd-like to feed a flocke
 Himfelfe did wholly give.

So wafting love, by worke, and want,
 Grew almoft to the waine:
 But then began a fecond love, 105
 The worfer of the twaine.

A country wench, a neatherds maid,
 Where Curan kept his fheepe,
 Did feed her drove: and now on her
 Was all the fhepherds keepe. 110

He borrowed on the working daies
 His holy ruffets oft,
 And of the bacon's fat, to make
 His startops blacke and soft.

And least his tarbox should offend, 115
 He left it at the folde :
 Sweete growte, or whig, his bottle had,
 As much as it might holde.

A sheeve of bread as browne as nut,
 And cheefe as white as snow, 120
 And wildings, or the seasons fruit
 He did in scrip bestow.

And whilst his py-bald curre did sleepe,
 And sheep-hooke lay him by,
 On hollow quilles of oten straw 125
 He piped melody.

But when he spyed her his faint,
 He wip'd his greasie shooes,
 And clear'd the drivell from his beard,
 And thus the shepheard woos. 130

“ I have, sweet wench, a peece of cheefe,
 “ As good as tooth may chawe,
 “ And bread and wildings fouling well,
 (And therewithall did drawe

His

His lardrie) and in 'yeaning' see 135

“ Yon crumpling ewe, quoth he,

“ Did twinne this fall, and twin shouldst thou,

“ If I might tup with thee.

“ Thou art too elvish, faith thou art,

“ Too elvish and too coy : 140

“ Am I, I pray thee, beggarly,

“ That such a focke enjoy ?

“ I wis I am not: yet that thou

“ Doest hold me in disdaine

“ Is brimme abroad, and made a gybe 145

“ To all that keepe this plaine.

“ There be as quaint (at least that thinke

“ Themselves as quaint) that crave

“ The match, that thou, I wot not why,

“ Maist, but mislik'ft to have. 150

“ How wouldst thou match? (for well I wot,

“ Thou art a female) I,

“ I know not her that willingly

“ With maiden-head would die.

“ The plowmans labour hath no end, 155

“ And he a churle will prove :

“ The craftsman hath more worke in hand

“ Then fitteth unto love :

R 2

“ The

“ The merchant, traffiquing abroad,
 “ Suspects his wife at home : 160

“ A youth will play the wanton ; and
 “ An old man prove a mome.

“ Then chuse a shepheard : with the fun
 “ He doth his flocke unfold,
 “ And all the day on hill or plaine 165
 “ He merrie chat can hold ;

“ And with the sun doth folde againe ;
 “ Then jogging home betime,
 “ He turnes a crab, or tunes a round,
 “ Or sings some merry ryme. 170

“ Nor lacks he gleefull tales, whilst round
 “ The nut-brown bowl doth trot ;
 “ And fitteth singing care-away,
 “ Till he to bed be got :

“ Theare sleepest he foundly all the night, 175
 “ Forgetting morrow-cares ;
 “ Nor feares he blasting of his corne,
 “ Nor uttering of his wares ;

“ Or stormes by seas, or stirres on land,
 “ Or cracke of credit lost :

“ Not

“ Not spending franklier than his flocke
 “ Shall still defray the cost.

“ Well wot I, footh they fay, that fay
 “ More quiet nights and daies
 “ The shepheard sleeps and wakes, than he 185
 “ Whose cattel he doth graize.

“ Beleeve me, lasse, a king is but
 “ A man, and so am I :
 “ Content is worth a monarchie,
 “ And mischiefs hit the hie ; 190

“ As late it did a king and his
 “ Not dwelling far from hence,
 “ Who left a daughter, save thyselfe,
 “ For fair a matchless wench.”——

Here did he pause, as if his tongue 195
 Had done his heart offence.

The neatresse, longing for the rest,
 Did egge him on to tell
 How faire she was, and who she was.
 “ She bore, quoth he, the bell 200

“ For beautie : though I clownish am,
 “ I know what beautie is ;
 “ Or did I not, at seeing thee,
 “ I fenceles were to mis,

* * *

- " Her stature comely, tall ; her gate 205
 " Well graced ; and her wit
 " To marvell at, not meddle with,
 " As matchless I omit.
- " A globe-like head, a gold-like haire,
 " A forehead smooth, and hie, 210
 " An even nose ; on either side
 " Did shine a grayish eie :
- " Two rosie cheekes, round ruddy lips,
 " White just-set teeth within ;
 " A mouth in meane ; and underneathe 215
 " A round and dimpled chin.
- " Her snowie necke, with blewish veines,
 " Stood bolt upright upon
 " Her portly shoulders : beating balles
 " Her veined breasts, anon 220
- " Adde more to beautie. Wand-like was
 " Her middle falling still,
 " And rising whereas women rise : * * *
 " — Imagine nothing ill.
- " And more, her long, and limber armes 225
 " Had white and azure wrists ;
 " And slender fingers aunswere to
 " Her smooth and lillie fists.

- “ A legge in print, a pretie foot ;
 “ Conjecture of the rest : 230
 “ For amorous eies, observing forme,
 “ Think parts obscured best.
- “ With these, O raretie ! with these
 “ Her tong of speech was spare ;
 “ But speaking, Venus seem'd to speake, 235
 “ The balle from Ide to bear.
- “ With Phœbe, Juno, and with both
 “ Herselfe contends in face ;
 “ Wheare equall mixture did not want
 “ Of milde and stately grace. 240
- “ Her smiles were sober, and her lookes
 “ Were chearefull unto all :
 “ Even such as neither wanton seeme,
 “ Nor waiward ; mell, nor gall.
- “ A quiet minde, a patient moode, 245
 “ And not disdaining any ;
 “ Not gybing, gadding, gawdy, and
 “ Sweete faculties had many.
- “ A nimph, no tong, no heart, no eie,
 “ Might praise, might wish, might see ; 250
 “ For life, for love, for forme ; more good,
 “ More worth, more faire than shee.

" Yea such an one, as such was none,
 " Save only she was such :
 " Of Argentile to say the most, 255
 " Were to be silent much,"

I knew the lady very well,
 But worthles of such praise,
 The neatresse said : and muse I do,
 A shepheard thus should blaze 260
 The 'coate' of beautie *. Credit me,
 Thy latter speech bewraies

Thy clownish shape a coined shew.
 But wherefore dost thou weepe ? 265
 The shepheard wept, and she was woe,
 And both doe silence keepe.

" In troth, quoth he, I am not such,
 " As seeming I professe :
 " But then for her, and now for thee,
 " I from myfelfe digresse. 270

" Her loved I (wretch that I am
 " A recreant to be)
 " I loved her, that hated love,
 " But now I die for thee.

" At Kirkland is my fathers court, 275
 " And Curan is my name,

" In

* i. e. emblazon beauty's coat. Ed. 1597. 1602. 1612. Coote.

“ In Edels court sometimes in pompe,
 “ Till love contrould the same :

“ But now—what now ?—deare heart, how now ?
 “ What ailest thou to weepe ?” 280
 The damfell wept, and he was woe,
 And both did silence keepe.

I graunt, quoth she, it was too much
 That you did love so much :
 But whom your former could not move, 285
 Your second love doth touch.

Thy twice-beloved Argentile
 Submitteth her to thee,
 And for thy double love presents
 Herself a single fee, 290
 In passion not in person chaung'd,
 And I, my lord, am she.

They sweetly surfeiting in joy,
 And silent for a space,
 When as the extasie had end, 295
 Did tenderly imbrace ;
 And for their wedding, and their wish
 Got fitting time and place.

Not England (for of Hengist then
 Was named so this land) 300
 Then Curan had an hardier knight ;

His

His force could none withstand :
 Whose sheep-hooke laid apart, he then
 Had higher things in hand.

First, making knowne his lawfull claime 305
 In Argentile her right,
 He warr'd in Diria *, and he wonne
 Bernicia * too in fight :

And so from trecherous Edel tooke 310
 At once his life and crowne,
 And of Northumberland was king,
 Long raigning in renowne.

*** During the Saxon heptarchy, the kingdom of Northumberland (consisting of 6 northern counties, besides part of Scotland) was for a long time divided into two lesser sovereignties, viz. Deira (called here Diria) which contained the southern parts, and Bernicia, comprehending those which lay north.*

XXIV.

CORIN'S FATE.

Only the three first stanzas of this song are ancient; these are extracted from the quarto MS. mentioned in vol. 1. p. 66. As they seemed to want application, this has been attempted by a modern hand.

CORIN,

CORIN, most unhappie swaine,
 Whither wilt thou drive thy flocke?
 Little foode is on the plaine;
 Full of danger is the rocke:

Wolfes and beares doe kepe the woodes; 5
 Forests tangled are with brakes:
 Meadowes subject are to floodes;
 Moores are full of miry lakes.

Yet to shun all plaine, and hill,
 Forest, moore, and meadow-ground, 10
 Hunger will as surely kill:
 How may then reliefe be found?

Such is haples Corins fate:
 Since my waywarde love begunne,
 Equall doubts begett debate 15
 What to seeke, and what to shunne.

Spare to speke, and spare to speed;
 Yet to speke will move disdaine:
 If I see her not I bleed,
 Yet her sight augments my paine. 20

What may then poor Corin doe?
 Tell me, shepherdes, quicklye tell;
 For to linger thus in woe
 Is the lover's sharpest hell. * *

XXV.

JANE SHORE.

Tho' so many vulgar errors have prevailed concerning this celebrated courtesan, no character in history has been more perfectly handed down to us. We have her portrait drawn by two masterly pens; the one has delineated the features of her person, the other those of her character and story. Sir Thomas More drew from the life, and Drayton has copied an original picture of her. The reader will pardon the length of the quotations, as they serve to correct many popular mistakes relating to her catastrophe. The first is from Sir Thomas MORE'S history of Rich. III. written in 1513, about thirty years after the death of Edw. IV.

“ Now then by and by, as it wer for anger, not for cove-
 “ tise, the protector sent into the house of Shores wife (for
 “ her husband dwelled not with her) and spoiled her of al that
 “ ever she had, (above the value of 2 or 3 thousand marks)
 “ and sent her body to prison. And when he had a while laide
 “ unto her, for the maner sake, that she went about to bewitch
 “ him, and that she was of counsel with the lord chamberlein
 “ to destroy him: in conclusion when that no colour could fast-
 “ ten upon these matters, then he layd heinously to her charge
 “ the thing that herselfe could not deny, that al the world wist
 “ was true, and that natheles every man laughed at to here
 “ it then so sodainly so highly taken,—that she was naught
 “ of her body. And for thys cause (as a goodly continent
 “ prince, clene and faules of himself, sent oute of heaven into
 “ this vicious world for the amendment of mens maners) he
 “ caused the bishop of London to put her to open penance, go-
 “ ing before the crosse in proceffion upon a sonday with a taper
 “ in

" in her hand. In which she went in countenance and pace
 " demure so womanly; and albeit she was out of al array
 " save her kyrtle only, yet went she so fair and lovely, name-
 " lye, while the wondering of the people caste a comly rud in
 " her chekes (of which she before had most misse) that her
 " great shame wan her much praise among those that were
 " more amorous of her body, then curious of her soule. And
 " many good folke also, that hated her living, and glad wer
 " to se sin corrected, yet pittied thei more her penance then re-
 " joiced therin, when thei considred that the protector pro-
 " cured it more of a corrupt intent, then any virtuous affection.
 " This woman was born in London, worshipfully frended,
 " honestly brought up, and very wel maryed, saving some-
 " what to soone; her husbände an honest citizen, yonge, and
 " goodly, and of good substance. But forasmuche as they
 " were coupled ere she wer wel ripe, she not very fervently
 " loved, for whom she never longed. Which was happely
 " the thinge, that the more easily made her encline unto the
 " king's appetite, when he required her. Howbeit the respect
 " of his royaltie, the hope of gay apparel, ease, plesure, and
 " other wanton welth, was able soone to perse a soft tender
 " hearte. But when the king had abused her, anon her
 " husband (as he was an honest man, and one that could his
 " good, not presuming to touch a kinges concubine) left her
 " up to him al together. When the king died, the lord
 " chamberlen [Hastings] toke her*: which in the kinges
 " daies, albeit he was sore enamoured upon her, yet he forbare
 " her,

* After the death of Hastings, she was kept by the marquis of Dorset, son to Edward IV's queen. In Rymer's *Fœdera* is a proclamation of Richard's, dated at Lvicester, Oct. 23. 1483. wherein a reward of 1000 marks in money, or 100 a year in land is offered for taking "Thomas late marquis of Dorset," who "not having the fear of God, nor the salvation of his own soul, before his eyes, has damnably debauched and defiled many maids, widows, and wives, and LIVED IN ACTUAL ADULTERY WITH THE WIFE OF SHORE." Buckingham was at that time in rebellion, but as Dorset was not with him, Richard could not accuse him of treason, and therefore made a handle of these pretended debaucheries to get him apprehended. *Vid. Rym. Fœd. tom. xij. pag. 204.*

“ her, either for reverence, or for a certain frendly faithfulness.

“ Proper she was, and faire: nothing in her body that you
 “ wold have changed, but if you wold have wished her
 “ somewhat higher. Thus say thei that knew her in her
 “ youthe. Albeit some that NOW SEE HER (FOR YET SHE
 “ LIVETH) deme her never to have bene wel visaged.
 “ Whose judgement seemeth me somewhat like, as though men
 “ should gesse the bewty of one longe before departed, by her
 “ scalpe taken out of the charnel-house; for now is she old,
 “ lene, withered, and dried up, nothing left but rywilde
 “ skin, and hard bone. And yet being even such, who so
 “ wel advise her visage, might gesse and devise which partes
 “ how filled, wold make it a faire face.

“ Yet delited not men so much in her bewty, as in her pleasant
 “ behavioir. For a proper wit had she, and could both
 “ rede wel and write; mery in company, redy and quick of
 “ aunswer, neither mute nor ful of bable; sometime taunting
 “ without displeasure, and not without disport. The king
 “ wold say, That he had three concubines, which in three
 “ divers properties diversly excelled. One the meriest, another
 “ the wilicest, the thirde the holiest harlot in his realme,
 “ as one whom no man could get out of the church lightly to
 “ any place, but it wer to his bed. The other two wer
 “ somewhat greater personages, and natheles of their humilite
 “ content to be nameles, and to forbere the praise of those properties;
 “ but the meriest was the Shoris wife, in whom the
 “ king therfore toke special pleasure. For many he had,
 “ but her he loved, whose favour, to sai the trouth (for
 “ sinne it wer to belie the devil) she never abused to any
 “ mans hurt, but to many a mans comfort and relief. Where
 “ the king toke displeasure, she wold mitigate and appease
 “ his mind: where men were out of favour, she wold bring
 “ them in his grace: for many, that had highly offended,
 “ shee obtained pardon: of great forfeitures she gate men
 “ remission: and finally in many weighty sutes she stode many
 “ men in gret stede, either for none or very smal rewardes,
 “ and

“ and those rather gay than rich : either for that she was
 “ content with the dede selfe well done, or for that she de-
 “ lited to be sued unto, and to show what she was able to
 “ do wyth the king, or for that wanton women and welthy
 “ be not alway covetous.

“ I doubt not some shal think this woman too sleight a
 “ thing to be written of, and set amonge the remembraunces
 “ of great matters : which thei shal specially think, that
 “ happely shal esteeme her only by that thei NOW SEE HER.
 “ But me semeth the chaunce so much the more worthy to be
 “ remembred, in how much she is NOW in the more beg-
 “ gerly condicion, unfrended and worne out of acquaintance,
 “ after good substance, after as grete favour with the
 “ prince, after as grete sute and seeking to with al these,
 “ that in those days had busynes to speede, as many other
 “ men were in their times, which be now famouse only by
 “ the infamy of their il dedes. Her doinges were not much
 “ lesse, albeit thei be muche lesse remembred because thei
 “ were not so evil. For men use, if they have an evil
 “ turne, to write it in marble ; and who so doth us a good
 “ tourne, we write it in duste * . Which is not worst
 “ proved by her ; for AT THIS DAYE shee beggeth of ma-
 “ ny at this daye living, that at this day had begged, if
 “ shee had not bene.” See More’s workes, folio, bl. let.
 1557. pag. 56. 57.

DRAYTON has written a poetical epistle from this lady
 to her royal lover, in his notes on which he thus draws her
 portrait. “ Her stature was meane, her haire of a dark
 “ yellow, her face round and full, her eye gray, delicate
 “ harmony being betwixt each part’s proportion, and each
 “ proportion’s

* These words of Sir Thomas More probably suggested to Shakespcare
 that proverbial reflection, in Hen. viij. Act. 4. sc. 11.

“ Men’s evil manners live in brass : their virtues

“ We write in water.”

Shakesp. in his play of Rich. III. follows More’s Hist. of that reign, and
 therefore could not but see this passage.

“ proportion’s colour, her body fat, white and smooth, her
 “ countenance cheerfull and like to her condition. The pic-
 “ ture which I have seen of hers was such as she rose out
 “ of her bed in the morning, having nothing on but a rich
 “ mantle cast under one arme over her shoulder, and sitting
 “ on a chaire, on which her naked arm did lie. What her
 “ father’s name was, or where she was borne, is not cer-
 “ tainly knowne: but Shore a young man of right goodly
 “ person, wealth and behaviour, abandoned her bed after
 “ the king had made her his concubine. Richard III.
 “ causing her to do open penance in Paul’s church-yard,
 “ COMMANDED THAT NO MAN SHOULD RELIEVE
 “ HER, which the tyrant did not so much for his hatred to
 “ sinne, but that by making his brother’s life odious, he might
 “ cover his horrible treasons the more cunningly.” See
 England’s Heroical epistles, by Mich. Drayton, Esq; Lond.
 1637. 12mo.

The following ballad is printed from an old black letter
 copy in the Pepys collection. Its full title is, “ The woefull
 “ lamentation of Jane Shore, a goldsmith’s wife in Lon-
 “ don, sometime king Edward IV. his concubine. To the
 “ tune of LIVE WITH ME, &c [See the first volume.]
 To every stanza is annexed the following burthen:

Then maids and wives in time amend,
 For love and beauty will have end.

IF Rosamonde that was so faire,
 Had cause her sorrowes to declare,
 Then let Jane Shore with sorrowe sing,
 That was beloved of a king.

Yet Mistress Blague, a neighbour neare,
 Whose friendship I esteemed deare, 30
 Did saye, It was a gallant thing
 To be beloved of a king.

By her persuasions I was led,
 For to defile my marriage-bed,
 And wronge my wedded husband Shore, 35
 Whom I had married yeares before.

In heart and mind I did rejoyce,
 That I had made so sweet a choice ;
 And therefore did my state resigne,
 To be king Edward's concubine. 40

From city then to court I went,
 To reape the pleasures of content ;
 There had the joyes that love could bring,
 And knew the secrets of a king.

When I was thus avanc'd on highe 45
 Commanding Edward with mine eye,
 For Mrs. Blague I in short space
 Obtainde a livinge from his grace.

No friende I had but in short time
 I made unto promotion climbe ; 50
 But yet for all this costlye pride,
 My husbände could not mee abide.

His bed, though wronged by a king,
 His heart with deadlye griefe did sting ;
 From England then he goes away 55
 To end his life beyond the sea.

He could not live to see his name
 Impaired by my wanton shame ;
 Although a prince of peerlesse might
 Did reape the pleasure of his right. 60

Long time I lived in the courte,
 With lords and ladies of great forte ;
 And when I smil'd all men were glad,
 But when I frown'd my prince grewe sad.

But yet a gentle minde I bore 65
 To helpelesse people, that were poore ;
 I still redrest the orphans crye,
 And fav'd their lives condemnd to dye.

I still had ruth on widowes tears,
 I succour'd babes of tender yeares ; 70
 And never look'd for other gaine
 But love and thankes for all my paine.

At last my royall king did dye,
 And then my dayes of woe grew nighe ;
 When crook-back Richard got the crowne, 75
 King Edwards friends were soon put downe.

I then was punisht for my sin,
 That I so long had lived in ;
 Yea, every one that was his friend,
 This tyrant brought to shamefull end.

80

Then for my lewd and wanton life,
 That made a strumpet of a wife,
 I penance did in Lombard-street,
 In shamefull manner in a sheet.

Where many thousands did me viewe,
 Who late in court my credit knewe ;
 Which made the teares run down my face,
 To thinke upon my foul disgrace.

85

Not thus content, they took from mee
 My goodes, my livings, and my fee,
 And charg'd that none should me relieve,
 Nor any succour to me give.

90

Then unto Mrs. Blague I went,
 To whom my jewels I had sent,
 In hope therebye to ease my want,
 When riches fail'd, and love grew scant :

95

But she denyed to me the same
 When in my need for them I came ;
 To recompence my former love,
 Out of her doores shee did me shove.

100

So

So love did vanish with my state,
 Which now my soul repents too late;
 Therefore example take by mee,
 For friendship parts in povertie.

But yet one friend among the rest, 105
 Whom I before had seen distressed,
 And sav'd his life, condemn'd to die,
 Did give me food to succour me :

For which, by lawe, it was decreed 110
 That he was hanged for that deed;
 His death did grieve me so much more,
 Than had I dyed myself therefore.

Then those to whom I had done good,
 Durst not afford mee any food;
 Whereby I begged all the day, 115
 And still in streets by night I lay.

My gowns beset with pearl and gold,
 Were turn'd to simple garments old;
 My chains and gems and golden rings,
 To filthy rags and loathsome things. 120

Thus was I scorn'd of maid and wife,
 For leading such a wicked life;
 Both sucking babes and children small,
 Did make their pastime at my fall.

I could not get one bit of bread, 125
 Whereby my hunger might be fed:
 Nor drink, but such as channels yield,
 Or stinking ditches in the field.

Thus, weary of my life, at length
 I yielded up my vital strength 130
 Within a ditch of loathsome scent,
 Where carrion dogs did much frequent:

The which now since my dying daye,
 Is Shoreditch call'd, as writers saye *,
 Which is a witness of my sinne, 135
 For being concubine to a king.

You wanton wives, that fall to lust,
 Be you assur'd that God is just;
 Whoredome shall not escape his hand,
 Nor pride unpunish'd in this land. 140

If God to me such shame did bring,
 That yielded only to a king,
 How shall they scape that daily run
 To practise sin with every one?

You

* But it had this name long before; being so called from its being a common SEWER (vulgarly SHORE) or drain. See Stew.

You husbands, match not but for love, 145
 Lest some disliking after prove;
 Women, be warn'd when you are wives,
 What plagues are due to sinful lives :
 Then, maids and wives, in time amend,
 For love and beauty will have end.

XXVI.

CORYDON'S DOLEFUL KNELL.

This little simple elegy is given, with some corrections, from two copies, one of which is in "The golden garland of princely delights."

The burthen of the song, DING DONG, &c. is at present appropriated to burlesque subjects, and therefore may excite only ludicrous ideas in a modern reader; but in the time of our poet it usually accompanied the most solemn and mournful strains. Of this kind is that fine aerial Dirge in Shakespear's Tempest,

- " Full fadom five thy father lies,
 " Of his bones are corroll made;
 " Those are pearles that were his eyes;
 " Nothing of him, that doth fade,
 " But doth suffer a sea-change
 " Into something rich and strange :

“ *Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell,
 “ Harke now I heare them, Ding dong bell.”*

[“ *Burthen, Ding dong.”*]

I make no doubt but the poet intended to conclude this air in a manner the most solemn and expresseive of melancholy.

MY Phillida, adieu love!
 For evermore farewell!
 Ay me! I've lost my true love,
 And thus I ring her knell,
 Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, 5
 My Phillida is dead!
 I'll stick a branch of willow
 At my fair Phillis' head.

For my fair Phillida
 Our bridal bed was made: 10
 But 'stead of filkes so gay,
 She in her shroud is laid.
 Ding, &c.

Her corpse shall be attended
 By maides in fair array,
 Till th' obsequies are ended, 15
 And she is wrapt in clay.
 Ding, &c.

Her

Her herse it shall be carried
 By youths, that do excell:
 And when that she is buried,
 I thus will ring her knell,
 Ding, &c.

20

A garland shall be framed
 By art and natures skill,
 Of fundry-colour'd flowers,
 In token of good-will †:
 Ding, &c.

And fundry-colour'd ribbands
 On it I will bestow;
 But chiefly black and yellowe*
 With her to grave shall go.
 Ding, &c.

25

I'll decke her tomb with flowers,
 The rarest ever seen
 And with my tears, as showers,
 I'll keepe them fresh and green.
 Ding, &c.

30

Instead

† It is a custome in many parts of England, to carry a fine garland before the corpse of a woman who dies unmarried.

* See above, page 175.

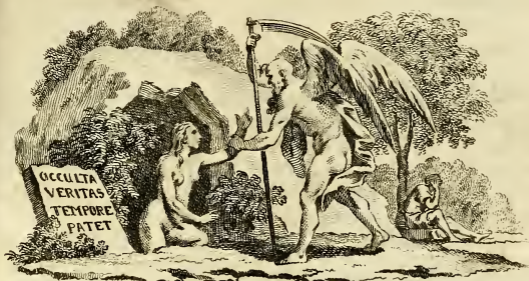
Instead of fairest colours,
 Set forth with curious art *,
 Her image shall be painted 35
 On my distressed heart.
 Ding, &c.

‘ And thereon shall be graven
 Her epitaph so faire,
 “ Here lies the loveliest maiden,
 “ That e’er gave shepheard care. 40
 Ding, &c.

In fable will I mourne ;
 Blacke shall be all my weede,
 Ay me ! I am forlorne,
 Now Phillida is dead.
 Ding dong, ding dong, ding dong, 45
 My Phillida is dead !
 I’ll sticke a branch of willow
 At my fair Phillis’ head.

* This alludes to the painted effiges of Alabaster, anciently erected upon tombs and monuments.

THE END OF THE SECOND BOOK.



A R C H I V E
SONGS AND BALLADS,
&c.

SERIES THE SECOND.
BOOK III.

I.

THE COMPLAINT OF CONSCIENCE.

I shall begin this THIRD BOOK with an old allegoric Satire: A manner of moralizing, which, if it was not first introduced by the author of PIERCE PLOWMAN'S VISIONS, was at least chiefly brought into repute by that ancient satirist. It is not so generally known that the kind of verse used in this ballad hath any affinity with the peculiar metre of that writer, for which reason I shall throw together some cursory remarks on that very singular species of versification, the nature of which has been so little understood.

ON THE METRE

OF

PIERCE PLOWMAN'S VISIONS.

We learn from Wormius (*a*), that the ancient Islandic poets used a great variety of measures: he mentions 136 different kinds, without including RHYME, or a correspondence of final syllables: yet this was occasionally used, as appears from the Ode of Egil, which Wormius hath inserted in his book.

He hath analysed the structure of one of these kinds of verse, the harmony of which neither depended on the quantity of the syllables, like that of the ancient Greeks and Romans; nor on the rhymes at the end, as in modern poetry; but consisted altogether in alliteration, or a certain artful repetition of the sounds in the middle of the verses. This was adjusted according to certain rules of their prosody, one of which was, that every distich should contain at least three words beginning with the same letter or sound. Two of these correspondent sounds might be placed either in the first or second line of the distich, and one in the other: but all three were not regularly to be crowded into one line. This will be best understood by the following examples (*b*).

“ Meire og Minne
Mogu heimdaller.”

“ Gab Ginunga
Ean Gras huerge.”

There were many other little niceties observed by the Islandic poets, who as they retained their original language and peculiarities longer than the other nations of Gothic

(*a*) *Literatura Runica*. Hafniæ 1636. 4to.—1651. fol. The ISLANDIC language is of the same origin as our ANGLO-SAXON, being both dialects of the ancient GOTHIC or TEUTONIC. Vid. Hicckesii Præfat. in *Grammat. Anglo-Saxon. & Mossl-Goth.* 4to. 1689.

(*b*) Vid Hicckes *Antiq. Literatur. Septentrional.* Tom. 1. p. 217.

Gothic race, had time to cultivate their native poetry more, and to carry it to a higher pitch of refinement, than any of the rest.

Their brethren the Anglo-saxon poets occasionally used the same kind of alliteration, and it is common to meet in their writings with similar examples of the foregoing rules. Take an instance or two in modern characters : (c)

“ Skeop tha and Skyrede
Skyppend ure.”

“ Ham and Heahsetl
Heofena rikes.”

I know not however that there is any where extant an entire Saxon poem all in this measure. But distichs of this sort perpetually occur in all their poems of any length.

Now, if we examine the versification of PIERCE PLOW-MAN'S VISIONS, we shall find it constructed exactly by these rules ; and therefore each line, as printed, is in reality a distich of two verses, and will, I believe, be found distinguished as such, by some mark or other in all the ancient MSS. viz.

“ In a Somer Season, | when ‘hot (d) was the Sunne,
“ I Schope me into Shroubs, | as I a Shepe were ;
“ In Habite as an Harmet | unHoly of werkes,
“ Went Wyde in thys world | Wonders to heare, &c.

So that the author of this poem will not be found to have invented any new mode of versification, as some have supposed, but only to have retained that of the old Saxon and Gothic poets ; which was probably never wholly laid aside, but occasionally used at different intervals ;
tho³

(c) Ibid.

(d) So I would read with Mr. Warton, rather than either ‘soft,’ as in MS. or ‘fet,’ as in PCC.

tho' the ravages of time will not suffer us now to produce a regular series of poems entirely written in it.

There are some readers, whom it may gratify to mention, that these VISIONS OF PIERCE [i. e. Peter] the PLOWMAN, are attributed to Robert Langland, a secular priest, born at Mortimer's Cleobury in Shropshire, and fellow of Oriel college in Oxford, who flourished in the reigns of Edward III. and Richard II. and published his poem a few years after 1350. It consists of xx PASSUS or Breaks (e), exhibiting a series of visions, which he pretends happened to him on Malvern hills in Worcestershire. The author excells in strong allegoric painting, and has with great humour spirit and fancy, censured most of the vices incident to the several professions of life; but he particularly inveighs against the corruptions of the clergy, and the absurdities of superstition. Of this work I have now before me four different editions in black letter quarto. Three of them are printed in 1550 by Robert Crowley dwelling in Cope rentes in Wolburne. It is remarkable that two of these are mentioned in the title-page as both of the seconde impression, tho' they contain evident variations in every page (f). The other is said to be newlye imprynted after the authers olde copp by Owen Rogers, Feb. 21. 1561.

As Langland was not the first, so neither was he the last that used this alliterative species of versification. To Rogers's edition of the Visions is subjoined a poem, which

(e) The poem properly contains xxi parts: the word PASSUS, adopted by the author, seems only to denote the break or division between two parts, tho' by the ignorance of the printer applied to the parts themselves. See vol. 3. preface to ballad III. where *Passus* seems to signify *Pause*.

(f) That which seems the first of the two, is thus distinguished in the title-page, *nowe the seconde tyme imprynted by Robert Crowley*; the other thus, *nowe the seconde time imprynted by Robert Crowley*. In the former the folios are thus erroneously numbered 39, 39. 41. 63. 43. 42. 45. &c. The booksellers of those days were not ostentatious of multiplying editions.

which was probably writ in imitation of them, intitled
PIERCE THE PLOUGHMAN'S CREDE. It begins thus,

“ Cros, and Curteis Christ, this beginning spede
 “ For the Faders Frenshipe, that Fourmed heaven,
 “ And through the Special Spirit, that Sprong of hem tweyne,
 “ And al in one godhed endles dwelleth.”

The author feigns himself ignorant of his Creed, to be instructed in which he applies to the four religious orders, viz. the gray friers of St. Francis, the black friers of St. Dominic, the Carmelites or white friers, and the Augustines. This affords him occasion to describe in very lively colours the sloth, ignorance, and immorality of those reverend drones. At length he meets with Pierce a poor Ploughman, who resolves his doubts, and instructs him in the principles of true religion. The author was evidently a follower of Wiccliff, whom he mentions (with honour) as no longer living (*g*). Now that reformer died in 1384. How long after his death this poem was written, does not appear.

In the Cotton library is a volume of ancient English poems (*b*), two of which are written in this alliterative metre, and have the division of the lines into distichs distinctly marked by a point, as is usual in old poetical MSS. That which stands first of the two (tho' perhaps the latest written) is intitled THE SEGE OF IERLAM, [i. e. Jerusalem], being an old fabulous legend composed by some monk, and stuffed with marvellous figments concerning the destruction of the holy city and temple. It begins thus,

“ In Tyberius Tyme . the Trewe emperour
 “ Syr Sefar hymself . beSted in Rome

“ Whyll

(*g*) Signature . Cii.

(*b*) Caligula A. ig. fol. 109. 123.

" Whyll Pylat was Provoſte . under that Prynce ryche
 " And Jewes Juſtice alſo . of Judeas londe
 " Herode under empere . as Herytage wolde
 " Kyng, &c.

The other is intituled CHEVELERE ASSIGNE [or De Cigne], that is "The Knight of the Swan," being an ancient Romance, beginning thus,

" All-Weldyng God . Whence it is his Wylle
 " Wele he Wereth his Werke . With his owene honde
 " For ofte Harmes were Hente . that Helpe wene myzte
 " Nere the Hyznes of Hym . that lengeth in Hevene
 " For this, &c.

Among Mr. Garrick's collection of old plays (*i*) is a prose narrative of the adventures of this same Knight of the Swan, "newly translated out of Frenſhe into Englyſhe at thintſtigacion of the puyſſaunt and illuſtryous prynce, lorde Edward duke of Buckynghame." This lord it ſeems had a peculiar intereſt in the book, for in the preface the tranſlator tells us, that this "highe dygne and illuſtryous prynce my lorde Edwarde by the grace of god Duke of Buckyngham, erle of Hereforde, Stafforde, and Northampton, deſyrynge codyally to encrease and augment the name and fame of ſuch as were relucient in vertuouſ feates and triumphaunt actes of chyvalry, and to encourage and ſtyre every luſty and gentell herte by the exemplyficacoyn of the ſame, havynge a goodli booke of the highe and miraculoſ histori of a famous and puyſſaunt kyng, named Oryant, ſometime reynynge in the parties of beyonde the ſea, havynge to his wife a noble lady; of whome ſhe conceyved fixe ſonnes and a daughter, and chylded of them at one only
 " time;

i) K. vol. 10.

“ time; “ at whose byrthe echone of them had a
 “ chayne of sylver at their neckes, the whiche were
 “ all tourned by the provydence of god into whyte
 “ swannes (save one) of the whiche this present hystory
 “ is compyled, named Helyas, the knight of the
 “ swanne, OF WHOME LINIALLY IS DYSCENDED MY
 “ SAYDE LORDE. The whiche ententifly to have the
 “ sayde hystory more amply and unyversally knowen
 “ in thys hys natif countrie, as it is in other, hath of
 “ hys hie bountie by some of his faithful and trusti
 “ servauntes cohorted mi mayster Wynkin de Worde
 “ (k) to put the said vertuous hystori in prynte at
 “ whose instigacion and stiring I (Roberte Copland)
 “ have me applied, moiening the helpe of god, to re-
 “ duce and translate it into our maternal and vulgare
 “ english tonge after the capacite and rudenesse of
 “ my weke entendement.” — A curious picture of
 the times! While in Italy literature and the fine arts
 were ready to burst forth with classical splendor under
 Leo X. the first peer of this realm was proud to de-
 rive his pedigree from a fabulous KNIGHT OF THE
 SWAN (l).

To return to the Metre of Pierce Plowman: In the folio MS. so often quoted in these volumes, are two poems written in that species of versification. One of these is an ancient allegorical poem, intitled DEATH AND LIFFE, (in 2 fitts or parts, containing 458 distichs) which, for ought that appears, may have been written as early, if not before, the time of Langland. The first forty lines are broke as they should be into distichs,

(k) W. de Worde's edit. is in 1512. See Ames. p. 92. Mr. G's copy is "¶ Imprinted at London by me William Copland."

(l) He is said in the story-book to be the grandfather of Godfrey of Boulogne, thro' whom I suppose the duke made out his relation to him. This duke was beheaded, May 17. 1521. 23 Hen. VIII.

a distinction that is neglected in the remaining part of the poem, in order I suppose to save room. It begins,

- “ *Christ Cbristen king,*
 that on the *Crosse* tholed;
 “ *Hadd Paines and Passyons*
 to defend our soules;
 “ *Give us Grace on the Ground*
 the *Greatlye* to serve,
 “ *For that Royall Red blood*
 that *Rann* from thy side.”

The subject of this piece is a vision, wherein the poet sees a contest for superiority between “our lady Dame *LIFE*,” and the “ugly fend Dame *DEATH* ;” who with their several attributes and concomitants are personified in a fine vein of allegoric painting. Part of the description of Dame *LIFE* is,

- “ *Shee* was *Brighter* of her *Blee*,
 then was the *Bright* sonn :
 “ *Her Rudd Redder* then the *Rose*,
 that on the *Rife* hangeth :
 “ *Meekely* smiling with her *Mouth*,
 And *Merry* in her lookes ;
 “ *Ever Laughing* for *Love*,
 as shee *Like* would.
 “ And as shee came by the *Banckes*,
 the *Boughes* eche one
 “ *They Lowted* to that *Ladye*,
 and *Layd* forth their branches ;
 “ *Blossomes*, and *Burgens*
 Breathed full sweete ;

“ *Flowers*

“ Flowers Flourished in the Frith,
 where shee Forth stepped;
 “ And the *Graffe*, that was *Gray*,
 Greened belive.”

DEATH is afterwards sketched out with a no less bold and original pencil.

The other poem is that, which is quoted in the 27th page of this volume, and which was probably the last that was ever written in this kind of metre in its original simplicity unaccompanied with rhyme. It should have been observed above in pag. 27. that in this poem the lines are throughout divided into distichs, thus :

Grant Gracious God,
Grant me this time, &c.

It is intituled SCOTTISH FEILDE (in 2 FITTS, 420 distichs,) containing a very circumstantial narrative of the battle of Flodden, fought Sept. 9. 1513: at which the author seems to have been present from his speaking in the first person plural,

“ Then WE Tild downe our Tents,
 that Told were a thousand.”

In the conclusion of the poem he gives this account of himself,

“ He was a Gentleman by *Jesu*,
 that this *Gest* made:
 “ Which Say but as he Sayd (*m*)
 for Sooth and noe other.”

(*m*) Probably corrupted for — ‘Says but as he Saw.’

- “ At Bagily that Bearne
 his Biding place had;
 “ And his ancestors of old time
 have yearded (*n*) their longe,
 “ Before William Conquerour
 this Cuntry did inhabitt.
 “ Jesus Bring ‘ them (*o*)’ to Blisse,
 that Brought us forth of BALE,
 “ That hath Harkened me Heare
 or Heard my TALE.”

The village of Bagily or Baguleigh is in Cheshire, of which county the author appears to have been, from other passages in the body of the poem, particularly from the pains he takes to wipe off a stain from the Cheshire-men, who it seems ran away in that battle, and from his encomiums on the Stanleys earls of Derby, who usually headed that county. He laments the death of James Stanley bishop of Ely, as what had recently happened when this poem was written: which serves to ascertain its date, for that prelate died March 22. 1514-5.

Thus have we traced the Alliterative Measure so low as the sixteenth century. It is remarkable that all such poets as used this kind of metre, retained along with it many peculiar Saxon idioms, particularly such as were appropriated to poetry: this deserves the attention of those, who were desirous to recover the laws of the ancient Saxon Poesy, usually given up as

in-

(*n*) Yearded, *i. e.* buried, earthed, earded. It is common to pronounce “Earth,” in some parts of England “Yearth,” particularly in the North.—Pitcottie speaking of James III. slain at Bannockbourn, says, “Nae man wet whar they YEARDED him.”

(*o*) ‘us.’ MS.

inexplicable: I am of opinion that they will find what they seek in the Metre of Pierce Plowman (*p*).

About the beginning of the sixteenth century this kind of versification began to change its form: the author of SCOTTISH FIELD, we see, concludes his poem with a Couplet of Rhymes: this was an innovation, that did but prepare the way for the general admission of that more modish ornament; till at length the old uncouth verse of the ancient writers would no longer go down without it. Yet when Rhyme began to be superadded, all the niceties of Alliteration were at first retained along with it; and the song of LITTLE JOHN NOBODY exhibits this union very clearly. By degrees the correspondence of final sounds engrossing the whole attention of the poet and fully satisfying the reader, the internal embellishment of Alliteration was no longer studied, and thus was this kind of metre at length swallowed up and lost in our common Burlesque Alexandrine, or Anapestic verse (*q*),

LOW

(*p*) And in that of Robert of Gloucester. See the next note.

(*q*) Consisting of four Anapests (o o -) in which the Accent rests upon every third syllable. This kind of Verse, which I also call the Burlesque Alexandrine (to distinguish it from the other Alexandrines of 11 and 14 syllables, the parents of our lyric measure: see examples, p. 138. &c.) was early applied by Robert of Gloucester to serious subjects. That writer's metre, like this of Langland's, is formed on the Saxon models, (each verse of his containing a Saxon distich) only instead of the internal Alliterations adopted by Langland, he rather chose final Rhymes, as the French poets have done since. Take a specimen.

“ The Saxons tho in ther power, tho thii were so rive,
 “ Seve kingdoms made in Engelonde, and fute but vive:
 “ The king of Northomberlond, and of Eastangle also,
 “ Of Kent, and of Westsex, and of the March, therto.”

Robert of Gloucester wrote in the western dialect, and his language differs exceedingly from that of other contemporary Writers,

now never used but in ballads and pieces of light humour, as in the following Song of CONSCIENCE, and in that well-known doggrel,

“ A cobbler there was, and he lived in a stall.”

But although this kind of measure hath with us been thus degraded, it still retains among the French its ancient dignity : their grand Héroic Verse of twelve syllables (*r*) is the same genuine offspring of the old alliterative metre of the ancient Gothic and Francic poets, stripped like our Anapestic of its alliteration, and ornamented with rhyme : But with this difference, that whereas this kind of verse hath been applied by us only to light and trivial subjects, to which by its quick and lively measure it seemed best adapted, our Poets have let it remain in a more lax unconfined state, (*s*)

as

who resided in the metropolis or in the midland counties. Had the Heptarchy continued, our English language would probably have been as much distinguished for its different dialects as the Greek ; or at least as that of the several independent states of Italy.

(*r*) Or of thirteen syllables, in what they call a feminine verse. It is remarkable that the French alone have retained this old Gothic metre for their serious poems ; while the English, Spaniards, &c. have adopted the Italic verse of ten syllables : altho' the Spaniards, as well as we, anciently used a short lined metre. I believe the success with which Petrarch, and perhaps one or two others, first used the heroic verse of ten syllables in Italian Poesy, recommended it to the Spanish writers ; as it also did to our Chaucer, who first attempted it in English ; and to his successors Lord Surrey, Sir Thomas Wyatt, &c. ; who afterwards improved it and brought it to perfection. To Ld. Surrey we also owe the first introduction of Blank Verse in his Versions of the *Eneid*.

(*s*) Thus our poets use this verse indifferently with 12, 11, and even 10 syllables. For though regularly it consists of 4 Anapests ($\cup \cup -$) or twelve syllables, yet they frequently retrench a syllable from the first or third Anapest ; and sometimes from both : as in these instances from *P* 108, and the following Song of CONSCIENCE.

Whō hās eēr beēn āt Pāris, mūst nēeds knōw thē Grēve,

Thē fātāl rētrēt of th' ūnfōrtūnāte brāve.

— sēpt tō hīm strāight, ānd dīd hīm rēquīre.

as a greater degree of severity and strictness would have been inconsistent with the light and airy subjects to which they have applied it. On the other hand, the French having retained this Verse as the vehicle of their Epic and Tragic flights, in order to give it a stateliness and dignity were obliged to confine it to more exact laws of Scansion; they have therefore limited it to the number of twelve Syllables; and by making the Cæsura or Pause as full and distinct as possible; and by other severe restrictions, have given it all the solemnity of which it was capable. The harmony of both however depends so much on the same flow of cadence and disposal of the pause, that they appear plainly to be of the same original; and every French heroic verse evidently consists of the ancient Distich of their Francic ancestors: which, by the way, will account to us why this verse of the French so naturally resolves itself into two complete hemistichs. And indeed by making the cæsura or pause always to rest on the last syllable of a word, and by making a kind of pause in the sense, the French poets do in effect reduce their hemistichs to two distinct and independent verses: and some of their old poets have gone so far as to make the two hemistichs rhyme to each other (*t*).

After all, the old alliterative and anapestic metre of the English poets being chiefly used in a barbarous age, and in a rude unpolished language, abounds with verses defective in length, proportion, and harmony; and therefore cannot enter into a comparison with the correct versification of the best modern French writers; but making allowances for these defects, that sort of metre runs with a cadence so exactly resembling the French heroic Alexandrine, that I believe no peculiarities of their versification can be produced, which

T 4

cannot

(*t*) See Instances in *L'Hist. de la Poësie Française par MASSIEU, &c.* In the same book are also specimens of alliterative French Verses.

cannot be exactly matched in the alliterative metre. I shall give by way of example a few lines from the modern French poets confronted with parallels from the ancient poem of LIFE AND DEATH: in these I shall denote the Cæsura or Pause by a perpendicular line, and the Cadence by the marks of the Latin quantity.

<i>L' succès fût toÿjours</i>		<i>ün ünfan̄t dē l' audāce;</i>
All shall drye with thē dñts		thāt I dēal with mÿ hānds.
<i>L' bōmmē prudēt voit trēp</i>		<i>l' illasiōn lē sūit,</i>
Yōndēr dāmsēl is dēath		thāt drēsēth hēr tō fmīte.
<i>L' intr'pīdē voit mīeux</i>		<i>ēt lē fāntimē fūit*.</i>
Whēn shē dōlefūllÿ fāw		hōw shē dāng dōwne hīr fōlke.
<i>Mēme aūc yeux dē l' injūste</i>		<i>ün injūste ēst hōrrīblē†.</i>
Thēn shē cāst ūp ā crÿe		tō thē hīgh kīng ōf hēavēn.
<i>Dū mēnsōngē toÿjours</i>		<i>lē vrāi dēmūrē māitrē,</i>
Thōu shālt bīttrēlyē bye		ōr ēlse thē bōokē fāilēth
<i>Pōür pārcitre hōnnēte bōmme</i>		<i>ēn ün mōt, il fāut l' ētrē‡.</i>
Thūs I fāred thrōughe ā frÿthe		whēre thē flōwērs wēre mānyē.

To conclude ; the metre of Pierce Plowman's Visions has no kind of relation with what is commonly called Blank Verse; yet has it a sort of harmony of its own, proceeding not so much from its alliteration, as from the artful disposal of its cadence, and the contrivance of its pause. So that when the ear is a little accustomed to it, it is by no means unpleasing; but claims all the merit of the French heroic numbers, only far less polished; being sweetened, instead of their final rhymes, with the internal recurrence of similar sounds.

THE

* Catalina. A. 3. † Eoilcau Sat. ‡ Boil. Sat. 111.

THE following Song intituled THE COMPLAINT OF CONSCIENCE, is printed from the Editor's folio Manuscript: Some corruptions in the old Copy are here corrected; but not without notice to the Reader, where it was necessary, by inclosing the corrections between inverted 'Commas.'

AS I walked of late by an wood side,
 To God for to meditate was mine entent;
 Where under an hawthorne I suddenlye spyed
 A silly poore creature ragged and rent,
 With bloody teares his face was besprent, 5
 His fleshe and his color consumed away,
 And his garments they were all mire, mucke, and clay.

This made me muse, and much 'to' desire
 To know what kind of man hee shold bee;
 I stept to him straight, and did him require 10
 His name and his secretts to shew unto mee.
 His head he cast up, and wooful was hee,
 My name, quoth he, is the cause of my care,
 And makes me scorned, and left here so bare.

Then straightway he turnd him, and prayd me sit downe,
 And I will, saithe he, declare my whole greefe; 16
 My name is called, CONSCIENCE: — wheratt he did
 frowne,

He repined to repeate it, and grinded his teethe,
 'Thoughe now, silly wretche, I'm denyed all releef,'
 'Yet'

' Yet' while I was young, and tender of yeeres, 20
I was entertained with kinges, and with peeres.

There was none in the court that lived in such fame,
For with the kinges councill I fate in commission ;
Dukes, earles, and barons esteem'd of my name ;
And how that I liv'd there, needs no repetition : 25
I was ever holden in honest condition,

For how-e'er the lawes went in Westminster-hall,
When sentence was given, for me they wold call.

No incomes at all the landlords wold take,
But one pore peny, that was their fine ; 30
And that they acknowledged to be for my sake.
The poore wold doe nothing without councill mine :
I ruled the world with the right line :

For nothing ' ere' passed betweene foe and friend,
But Conscience was called to bee at the end. 35

Noe bargaine, nor merchandize merchants wold make
But I was called a witnesse therto :

No use for noe money, nor forfett wold take,
But I wold controule them, if that they did foe :

' And' that makes me live now in great woe, 40
For then came in Pride, Sathan's disciple,
That is now entertained with all kind of people.

He brought with him three, whose names ' thus they call'
That is Covetousnes, Lecherye, Usury, beside :

They

They never prevail'd, till they wrought my downe-fall ; 45
 Soe Pride was entertained, but Conscience decried,
 And ' now ever since' abroad have I tryed
 To have had entertainment with some one or other ;
 But I am rejected, and scorned of my brother.

Then went I to Court the gallants to winne, 50
 But the porter kept me out of the gate :
 To Bartlemew Spittle to pray for my sinne,
 They bade me goe packe, itt was fit for my state ;
 Goe, goe, thread-bare Conscience, and seeke thee a mate.
 Good Lord, long preserve my king, prince, and queene,
 With whom I ever esteemed have been. 56

Then went I to London, where once I did ' dwell' :
 But they bade away with me, when they knew my name ;
 For he will undoe us to bye and to sell !
 They bade me goe packe me, and hye me for shame ; 60
 They laught at my raggs, and there had good game ;
 ' This is old thread-bare Conscience, that dwelt with
 faint Peter :
 But they wold not admitt me to be a chimney-sweeper.

Not one wold receive me, the Lord he doth know ;
 I having but one poor penny in my purse, 65
 On an awle and some patches I did it bestow ;
 For I thought better cobble shoes than to doe worse :
 Straight then all the coblers began for to curse,

And

And by statute wold prove me a rogue, and forlorne,
 And whipp me out of towne to seeke where I was
 borne. 70

Then did I remember, and call to my minde,
 The Court of Conscience where once I did sit,
 Not doubting but there I favor shold find,
 Sith my name and the place agreed foe fit ;
 But sure of my purpose I fayled a whit, 75
 For ' thought' the judge us'd my name in every com-
 mission,
 The lawyers with their quilllets wold get my dismissal.

Then Westminster-hall was no place for me ;
 Good lord ! how the Lawyers began to assemble,
 And fearfull they were, lest there I shold bee ! 80
 The silly poore clarkes began for to tremble ;
 I showed them my cause, and did not dissemble ;
 Soe they gave me some money my charges to beare,
 But swore me on a booke I must never come there.

Next the Merchants said, Counterfeite, get thee away, 85
 Dost thou remember how we thee fond ?
 We banisht thee the country beyond the salt sea,
 And sett thee on shore in the New-found land ;
 And there thou and wee most friendly shook hand,
 And we were right glad when thou didst refuse us ; 90
 For when we wold reape here thou woldst accuse us.

Then

Then had I noe way, but for to go on
 To Gentlemens houses of an ancyent name ;
 Declaring my greeffes, and there I made moane,
 Telling how their forefathers held me in fame : 95
 And at letting their farmes ‘ how always I came’.
 They sayd, Fye upon thee ! we may thee curse :
 Their leases continue, and we fare the worfe.

And then I was forced a begging to goe
 To husbandmens houses, who greeved right fore, 100
 And sware that their landlords had plagued them soe,
 Thet they were not able to keepe open dore,
 Nor nothing had left to give to the poore :
 Therefore to this wood I doe me repayre,
 Where hepps and hawes, it is my best fare. 105

Yet within this same desert some comfort I have
 Of Mercye, of Pittye, and of Almes-deeds ;
 Who have vowed to company me to my grave.
 We are all put to silence, and live upon weeds,
 ‘ And hence such cold house-keeping proceeds’ : 110.
 Our banishment is its utter decay,
 The which the riche glutton will answer one day.

Why then, I said to him, me-thinks it were best
 To goe to the Clergie ; for daylie they preach
 Eche man to love you above all the rest ; 115
 Of Mercye and Pittye and Almes-deeds they teache.
 O, said he, noe matter a pin what they preache,
 For

For their wives and their children foe hange them upon,
That whosoever gives alms they will * give none.

Then laid he him down, and turned him away, 120
And prayd me to goe, and leave him to rest.
I told him, I haplie might yet see the day
For him and his fellowes to live with the best.
First, said he, banish Pride, then England were blest;
For then those wold love us, that now sell their land, 125
And then good house-keeping wold revive out of hand.

* *We ought in justice and truth to read 'can'.*

II.

PLAIN TRUTH, AND BLIND IGNORANCE.

This excellent old ballad is preserved in the little ancient miscellany intitled, "The Garland of Goodwill."—IGNORANCE is here made to speak in the broad Somersetshire dialect. The scene we may suppose to be Glastonbury Abbey.

TRUTH.

GOD speed you, ancient father,
And give you a good daye;
What is the cause, I praye you,
So sadly here you staye?

And

A vellow of mean learning,
 Thee was not worth a vart :
 Vor when we had the old lawe,
 A merry world was then ; 30
 And every thing was plenty
 Among all zorts of men.

T R U T H .

Thou givest me an answer,
 As did the Jewes sometimes
 Unto the prophet Jeremye, 35
 When he accus'd their crimes :
 'Twas merry, sayd the people,
 And joyfull in our rea'me,
 When we did offer spice-cakes
 Unto the queen of heav'n. 40

I G N O R A N C E .

Chill tell thee what, good vellowe,
 Before the vriers went hence,
 A bushell of the best wheate
 Was zold vor vourteen pence ;
 And vorty egges a penny, 45
 That were both good and newe ;
 And this che zay my zelf have zeene,
 And yet ich am no Jewe.

T R U T H .

TRUTH.

Within the sacred bible
 We find it written plain, 50
 The latter days should troublesome
 And dangerous be, certaine;
 That we should be self-lovers,
 And charity wax colde;
 Then 'tis not true religion 55
 That makes thee grief to holde.

IGNORANCE.

Chill tell thee my opinion plaine,
 And choul'd that well ye knewe,
 Ich care not for the bible booke;
 Tis too big to be true. 60
 Our blessed ladyes psalter
 Zhall for my money goe;
 Zuch pretty prayers, as there bee,
 The bible cannot zhowe.

TRUTH.

Nowe hast thou spoken trulye, 65
 For in that book indeede
 No mention of our lady,
 Or Romish faint we read:
 For by the blessed Spirit
 That book indited was, 70
 And not by simple persons,
 As was the foolish masse.

I G N O R A N C E.

Cham zure they were not voolishe
That made the masse, che trowe:

Why, man, 'tis all in Latine, 75
And vools no Latine knowe.

Were not our fathers wise men,
And they did like it well;

Who very much rejoyced
To heare the zacring bell? 80

T R U T H.

But many kinges and prophets,
As I may fay to thee,

Have wisht the light that you have,
And could it never see:

For what art thou the better 85
A Latin song to heare,

And understandest nothing,
That they sing in the quiere?

I G N O R A N C E.

O hold thy peace, che pray thee,
The noise was passing trim

To heare the vriers zinging, 90
As we did enter in:

And then to zee the rood-loft

Zo bravely zet with zaints;—

But now to zee them wandring 95
My heart with zorrow vaints.

T R U T H.

TRUTH.

The Lord did give commandment,
 No image thou shouldst make,
 Nor that unto idolatry
 You should your self betake: 100
 The golden calf of Israel
 Moses did therefore spoile;
 And Baal's priests and temple
 Were brought to utter foile.

IGNORANCE.

But our lady of Walsingham 105
 Was a pure and holy zaint,
 And many men in pilgrimage
 Did shew to her complaint;
 Yea with zweet Thomas Becket,
 And many other moe; 110
 The holy maid of Kent * likewise
 Did many wonders zhowe.

TRUTH.

Such faints are well agreeing
 To your profession sure;
 And to the men that made them 115
 So precious and so pure;
 The one for being a traytoure,
 Met an untimely death;

U 2

The

* By name Eliz. Barton, executed Ap. 21. 1534. Stow, p. 570.

The other eke for treason
 Did end her hateful breath.

126

IGNORANCE.

Yea, yea, it is no matter,
 Dispraise them how you wille :
 But zure they did much goodnesse ;
 Would they were with us stille !
 We had our holy water,
 And holy bread likewise,
 And many holy reliques
 We zaw before our eyes.

125

TRUTH.

And all this while they fed you
 With vain and empty showe,
 Which never Christ commanded,
 As learned doctors knowe :
 Search then the holy scriptures,
 And thou shalt plainly see
 That headlong to damnation
 They alway trained thee,

130

135

IGNORANCE.

If it be true, good vellowe,
 As thou dost zay to mee,
 Unto my heavenly fader
 Alone then will I flee :

140

Be-

Believing in the Gospel,
 And passion of his zon,
 And with the zutil papistes
 Ich have for ever done.

III.

THE WANDERING JEW.

The story of the Wandering Jew is of considerable antiquity: it had obtained full credit in this part of the world before the year 1228, as we learn from Mat. Paris. For in that year, it seems, there came an Armenian archbishop into England, to visit the shrines and reliques preserved in our churches; who being entertained at the monastery of St. Albans, was asked several questions relating to his country, &c. Among the rest a monk, who sat near him, inquired "if he had ever seen or heard of the famous person named Joseph, that was so much talked of; who was present at our Lord's crucifixion and conversed with him, and who was still alive in confirmation of the Christian faith." The archbishop answered, That the fact was true. And afterwards one of his train, who was well known to a servant of the abbot's, interpreting his master's words, told them in French, "That his lord knew the person they spoke of very well: that he had dined at his table but a little while before he left the East: that he had been Pontius Pilate's porter, by name Cartaphilus; who, when they were dragging Jesus out of the door of the Judgment-hall, struck him with his fist on the back, say-

ing, "Go faster, Jesus, go faster; why dost thou linger?" Upon which Jesus looked at him with a frown and said, "I indeed am going, but thou shalt tarry till I come." Soon after he was converted, and baptized by the name of Joseph. He lives for ever, but at the end of every hundred years falls into an incurable illness, and at length into a fit or ecstasy, out of which when he recovers, he returns to the same state of youth he was in when Jesus suffered, being then about 30 years of age. He remembers all the circumstances of the death and resurrection of Christ, the saints that arose with him, the composing of the apostles creed, their preaching, and dispersion; and is himself a very grave and holy person." This is the substance of Matthew Paris's account, who was himself a monk of St. Albans, and was living at the time when this Armenian archbishop made the above relation.

Since his time several impostors have appeared at intervals under the name and character of the WANDERING JEW; whose several histories may be seen in Calmet's dictionary of the Bible. See also the Turkish Spy, Vol. 2. Book 3. Let. 1. The story that is copied in the following ballad is of one, who appeared at Hamburgh in 1547, and pretended he had been a Jewish shoemaker at the time of Christ's crucifixion.—The ballad however seems to be of later date. It is printed from a black-letter copy in the Pepys collection.

WHEN as in faire Jerusalem
 Our Saviour Christ did live,
 And for the sins of all the worlde
 His own deare life did give;
 The wicked Jewes with scoffes and scornes
 Did dailye him molest,
 That never till he left his life,
 Our Saviour could not rest.

When

When they had crown'd his head with thornes,
 And scourg'd him to disgrace, 10
 In scornfull fort they led him forthe
 Unto his dying place ;
 Where thousand thousands in the streete
 Beheld him passe along,
 Yet not one gentle heart was there, 15
 That pityed this his wrong.

Both old and young reviled him,
 As in the streete he wente,
 And nought he found but churlish tauntes,
 By every ones consente : 20
 His owne deare crosse he bore himselfe,
 A burthen far too great,
 Which made him in the street to fainte,
 With blood and water sweat.

Being weary thus, he sought for rest, 25
 To ease his burthened soule,
 Upon a stone ; the which a wretch
 Did churlishly controule ;
 And sayd, Awaye, thou king of Jewes,
 Thou shalt not rest thee here ; 30
 Pass on ; thy execution place
 Thou seeest nowe draweth neare.

And thereupon he thrust him thence ;
 At which our Saviour sayd,

- I fure will rest, but thou shalt walke,
 And have no journey stayed. 35
 With that this cursed shoemaker,
 For offering Christ this wrong,
 Left wife and children, house and all,
 And went from thence along. 40
- Where after he had seene the bloude
 Of Jesus Christ thus shed,
 And to the crosse his bodye nail'd,
 Away with speed he fled
 Without returning backe againe 45
 Unto his dwelling place,
 And wandred up and downe the worlde,
 A runnagate most base.
- No resting could he finde at all,
 No ease, nor hearts content ; 50
 No house, nor home, nor biding place :
 But wandring forth he went
 From towne to towne in foreigne landes,
 With grieved conscience still,
 Repenting for the heinous guilt 55
 Of his fore-passed ill.
- Thus after some fewe ages past
 In wandring up and downe ;
 He much again desired to see
 Jerusalems renowne, 60
 But

But finding it all quite destroyd,
 He wandred thence with woe,
 Our Saviours wordes, which he had spoke,
 To veresie and shoue.

“ I'll rest, sayd hee, but thou shalt walke,” 65
 So doth this wandring Jew
 From place to place, but cannot rest
 For seeing countries newe ;
 Declaring still the power of him,
 Whereas he comes or goes, 70
 And of all things done in the east,
 Since Christ his death, he shoues.

The world he hath still compast round
 And seene those nations strange,
 That hearing of the name of Christ, 75
 Their idol gods doe change :
 To whom he hath told wondrous thinges
 Of time forepast, and gone,
 And to the princes of the worlde
 Declares his cause of moane : 80

Desiring still to be dissolv'd,
 And yeild his mortal breath ;
 But, if the Lord hath thus decreed,
 He shall not yet see death.
 For neither lookes he old nor young, 85
 But as he did those times,

When

When Christ did suffer on the crosse
For mortall finners crimes.

He hath past through many a foreigne place,
Arabia, Egypt, Africa, 90
Grecia, Syria, and great Thrace,
And throughout all Hungaria :
Where Paul and Peter preached Christ,
Those blest apostles deare ;
There he hath told our Saviours wordes, 95
In countries far, and neare.

And lately in Bohemia,
With many a German towne ;
And now in Flanders, as tis thought,
He wandreth up and downe : 100
Where learned men with him conferre
Of those his lingering dayes,
And wonder much to heare him tell
His journeyes, and his wayes.

If people give this Jew an almes, 105
The most that he will take
Is not above a groat a time ;
Which he, for Jesus' sake,
Will kindlye give unto the poore,
And thereof make no spare, 110
Affirming still that Jesus Christ
Of him hath dailye care.

He

He ne'er was seene to laugh nor smile,
 But weepe and make great moane;
 Lamenting still his miseries, 115
 And dayes forepast and gone:
 If he heare any one blaspheme,
 Or take God's name in vaine,
 He telles them that they crucifie
 Their Saviour Christe againe. 120

If you had seene his death, faith he,
 As these mine eyes have done,
 Ten thousand thousand times would yee
 His torments think upon:
 And suffer for his sake all paine 125
 Of torments, and all woes.
 These are his wordes and eke his life
 Whereas he comes or goes.

IV.

T H E L Y E,

BY SIR WALTER RALEIGH,

— is found in a very scarce miscellany intituled “ Davison's
 “ Poems, or a poetickall Rapsodie divided into fixe books
 “ The

TO ANCIENT SONGS

“ The 4th impression newly corrected and augmented, and
 “ put into a forme more pleasing to the reader. Lond. 1621.
 “ 12mo.” This poem is reported to have been written by
 its celebrated author the night before his execution, Oct. 29.
 1618. But this must be a mistake, for there were at least
 two editions of Davison’s poems before that time, one in
 1608* : the other in 1611 †. So that unless this poem
 was an after-insertion in the 4th edit. it must have been
 written long before the death of Sir Walter : perhaps it was
 composed soon after his condemnation in 1603.

G O E, soule, the bodies guest,
 Upon a thankelesse arrant ;
 Feare not to touche the best,
 The truth shall be thy warrant :
 Goe, since I needs must dye,
 And give the world the lye.

5

Goe tell the court, it glowes
 And shines like rotten wood ;
 Goe tell the church it showes
 What’s good, and doth no good :
 If church and court reply,
 Then give them both the lye.

10

Tell potentates they live
 Acting by others actions ;
 Not lov’d unlesse they give,
 Not strong but by their factions :

15

IF

* Catalog. of T. Rawlinson 1727.

† Cat. of Sion coll. library. This is either lost or mislaid.

If potentates reply,
Give potentates the lye.

Tell men of high condition,
That rule affairs of state, 20
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practise onely hate ;
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lye.

Tell them that brave it most, 25
They beg for more by spending,
Who in their greatest cost
Seek nothing but commending ;
And if they make reply,
Spare not to give the lye. 30

Tell zeale, it lacks devotion ;
Tell love it is but lust ;
Tell time, it is but motion ;
Tell flesh, it is but dust ;
And wish them not reply, 35
For thou must give the lye.

Tell age, it daily wasteth ;
Tell honour, how it alters ;
Tell beauty, how she blasteth ;
Tell favour, how she falters ; 40

And

And as they shall reply,
Give each of them the lye.

Tell wit, how much it wrangles
In tickle points of nicenesse;

Tell wisedome, she entangles
Herfelfe in over-wisenesse;

And if they do reply,
Straight give them both the lye. 45

Tell phyficke of her boldnesse;

Tell skill, it is pretension;

Tell charity of coldnesse;

Tell law, it is contention;

And as they yield reply,

So give them still the lye. 50

Tell fortune of her blindnesse;

Tell nature of decay;

Tell friendship of unkindnesse;

Tell justice of delay:

And if they dare reply,

Then give them all the lye. 55

Tell arts, they have no foundnesse,

But vary by esteeming;

Tell schooles, they want profoundnesse,

And stand too much on seeming: 60

If arts and schooles reply, 65
 Give arts and schooles the lye.

Tell faith, it's fled the citie ;
 Tell how the countrey erreth ;
 Tell, manhood shakes off pitie ;
 Tell, vertue least preferreth : 70
 And, if they doe reply,
 Spare not to give the lye.

So, when thou hast, as I
 Comanded thee, done blabbing,
 Although to give the lye 75
 Deserves no less than stabbing,
 Yet stab at thee who will,
 No stab the foule can kill.

V.

VERSES BY KING JAMES I.

In the former edition of this book were inserted, by way of specimen of his majesty's poetic talents, some Punning Verses made on the disputations at Sterling: but it having been suggested to the editor, that the king only gave the quibbling

*quibbling commendations in prose, and that some obsequious court-rhymer put them into metre * ; it was thought proper to exchange them for two SONNETS of K. James's own composition. James was a great versifier, and therefore out of the multitude of his poems, we have here selected two, which (to shew our impartiality) are written in his best and his worst manner. The first would not dishonour any writer of that time ; the second is a most complete example of the Bathos.*

A SONNET ADDRESSED BY KING JAMES TO HIS
SON PRINCE HENRY :

From K. James's works in folio : Where is also printed another called his Majesty's OWN Sonnet ; it would perhaps be too cruel to infer from thence that this was NOT his Majesty's OWN Sonnet.

GOD gives not kings the stile of Gods in vaine,
For on his throne his scepter do they swey :
And as their subjects ought them to obey,
So kings should feare and serve their God againe.

If then ye would enjoy a happie reigne,
Observe the statutes of our heavenly king ;
And from his law make all your laws to spring ;
Since his lieutenant here ye should remaine.

Rewarde the just, be stedfast, true and plaine ;
Repreffe the proud, maintayning aye the right ;
Walke always so, as ever in HIS sight,
Who guardes the godly, plaguing the prophane.

And

* See a folio intituled " The Muses welcom: to King James."

And so ye shall in princely vertues shine,
 Resembling right your mightie king divine.

A SONNET OCCASIONED BY THE BAD WEATHER
 WHICH HINDERED THE SPORTS AT NEW-
 MARKET IN JANUARY 1616.

This is printed from Drummond of Hawthornden's works, folio: where also may be seen some verses of Lord Stirling's upon this Sonnet, which concludes with the finest Anticlimax I remember to have seen.

HOW cruelly these captives do conspire?
 What loathsome love breeds such a baleful band
 Betwixt the cankered king of Creta land*,
 That melancholy old and angry fire,

And him, who went to quench debate and ire 5
 Among the Romans, when his ports were clos'd †?
 But now his double face is still dispos'd,
 With Saturn's help, to freeze us at the fire.

The earth ore-covered with a sheet of snow,
 Refuses food to fowl, to bird and beast: 10

The chilling cold lets every thing to grow,
 And surfeits cattle with a starving feast.

Curs'd be that love and mought continue short,
 Which kills all creatures, and doth spoil our sport.

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X

VI. K.

* Saturn.

† Janus.

VI.

K. JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY.

The common popular ballad of KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT seem to have been abridged and modernized about the time of James I. from one much older, intitled KING "JOHN AND THE BISHOP OF CANTERBURY." The Editor's folio MS. contains a copy of this last, but in too corrupt a state to be reprinted; it however afforded many lines worth reviewing, which will be found inserted in the ensuing stanzas.

The archness of the following questions and answers hath been much admired by our old ballad-makers; for besides the two copies above mentioned, there is extant another ballad on the same subject, (but of no great antiquity or merit) intitled, "KING OLFREY AND THE ABBOT." Lastly, about the time of the civil wars, when the cry ran against the bishops, some Puritan worked up the same story into a very doleful ditty, to a solemn tune, concerning "KING HENRY AND A BISHOP," with this stinging moral,*

*" Unlearned men hard matters out can find,
" When learned bishops princes eyes do blind."*

The

** See the collection of Hist. Ballads, 3 vol. 1727. Mr. Wise supposes OLFREY to be a corruption of ALFRED, in his pamphlet concerning the WHITE HORSE in Berkshire, p. 15.*

The following is chiefly printed from an ancient black-letter copy, to "The tune of Derry down."

AN ancient story Ile tell you anon
Of a notable prince, that was called king John;
And he ruled England with maine and with might,
For he did great wrong, and maintein'd little right.

And Ile tell you a story, a story so merrye, 5
Concerning the Abbot of Canterbūrye;
How for his house-keeping, and high renowne,
They rode poste for him to fair London towne.

An hundred men, the king did heare say,
The abbot kept in his house every day; 10
And fifty golde chaynes, without any doubt,
In velvet coates waited the abbot about.

How now, father abbot, I heare it of thee,
Thou keepest a farre better house than mee,
And for thy house-keeping and high renowne, 15
I feare thou work'st treason against my crown.

My liege, quo' the abbot, I would it were knowne,
I never spend nothing, but what is my owne;
And I trust, your grace will doe me no deere,
For spending of my owne true-gotten geere. 20

Yes, yes, father abbot, thy fault it is highe,
 And now for the same thou needest must dye;
 For except thou canst answer me questions three,
 Thy head shall be smitten from thy bodie.

And first, quo' the king, when I'm in this stead, 25
 With my crowne of golde so faire on my head,
 Among all my liege-men so noble of birthe
 Thou must tell me to one penny what I am worthe.

Secondlye, tell me, without any doubt,
 How soone I may ride the whole world about; 30
 And at the third question thou must not shrink,
 But tell me here truly what I do think.

O, these are hard questions for my shallow witt,
 Nor I cannot answer your grace as yet;
 But if you will give me but three weekes space, 35
 Ile do my endeavour to answer your grace.

Now three weeks space to thee will I give,
 And that is the longest time thou hast to live;
 For if thou dost not answer my questions three,
 Thy lands and thy livings are forfeit to mee. 40

Away rode the abbot all sad at that word,
 And he rode to Cambridge, and Oxenford;
 But never a doctor there was so wise,
 That could with his learning an answer devise.

Then

Then home rode the abbot of comfort so cold, 45
 And he mett his shepheard a going to fold :
 How now, my lord abbot, you are welcome home ;
 What newes do you bring us from good king John ?

“ Sad newes, fad newes, shepheard, I must give ;
 That I have but three days more to live : 50
 For if I do not answer him questions three,
 My head will be smitten from my bodie.

The first is to tell him there in that stead,
 With his crowne of golde so fair on his head,
 Among all his liege men so noble of birth, 55
 To within one penny of what he is worth.

The seconde, to tell him, without any doubt,
 How soone he may ride this whole world about :
 And at the third question I must not shrinke,
 But tell him there truly what he does thinke.” 60

Now cheare up, fire abbot, did you never hear yet,
 That a fool he may learn a wise man witt ?
 Lend me horse, and serving men, and your apparel,
 And I'll ride to London to answere your quarrel.

Nay frowne not, if it hath bin told unto mee, 65
 I am like your lordship, as ever may bee :
 And if you will but lend me your gowne,
 There is none shall knowe us at fair London towne.

“ Now horsés, and ferving-men thou shalt have,
 With sumptuous array most gallant and brave; 70
 With crozier, and miter, and rochet, and cope,
 Fit to appeare 'fore our fader the pope.”

Now welcome, sire abbot, the king he did say,
 Tis well thou'rt come back to keepe thy day;
 For an if thou canst answer my questions three, 75
 Thy life and thy living both saved shall bee.

And first, when thou seeest me here in this stead,
 With my crown of golde so fair on my head,
 Among all my liege-men so noble of birthe,
 Tell me to one penny what I am worth. 80

“ For thirty pence our Saviour was sold
 Amonge the false Jewes, as I have bin told;
 And twenty nine is the worth of thee,
 For I thinke, thou art one penny worfer than hee.”

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Bittel*, 85
 I did not think I had been worth so littel!
 — Now secondly tell me, without any doubt,
 How soone I may ride this whole world about.

“ You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same,
 Until the next morning he riseth againe; 90
 And

* *Meaning probably St. Botolph.*

And then your grace need not make any doubt,
But in twenty-four hours you'll ride it about."

The king he laughed, and swore by St. Jone,
I did not think, it could be gone so soone!

—Now from the third question thou must not shrink,
But tell me here truly what I do thinke. 96

" Yea, that shall I do, and make your grace merry :
You thinke I'm the abbot of Canturbury ;
But I'm his poor shepheard, as plain you may see,
That am come to beg pardon for him and for mee." 100

The king he laughed, and swore by the masse,
He make thee lord abbot this day in his place!

" Now naye, my liege, be not in such speede,
For alacke I can neither write, ne reade."

Four nobles a weeke, then I will give thee, 105
For this merry jest thou hast showne unto mee ;
And tell the old abbot when thou comest home,
Thou hast brought him a pardon from good king John.

VII.

YOU MEANER BEAUTIES.

This little Sonnet was written by Sir HENRY WOTTON Knight, on that amiable Princess, Elizabeth daughter of James I. and wife of the Elector Palatine, who was chosen King of Bohemia, Sept. 5. 1619. The consequences of this fatal election are well known: Sir Henry Wotton, who in that and the following year was employed in several embassies in Germany on behalf of this unfortunate lady, seems to have had an uncommon attachment to her merit and fortunes, for he gave away a jewel worth a thousand pounds, that was presented to him by the Emperor, "because it came from an enemy to his royal mistress the Queen of Bohemia." See Biog. Britan.

This song is printed from the Reliquiæ Wottonianæ 1651. with some corrections from an old MS. copy.

YOU meaner beauties of the night,
 Which poorly satisfie our eies
 More by your number, then your light;
 You common people of the skies,
 What are you when the Sun shall rise?

5

Ye

Ye violets that first appeare,
 By your pure purple mantles known
 Like the proud virgins of the yeare,
 As if the Spring were all your own ;
 What are you when the Rose is blown ? 10

Ye curious chaunters of the wood,
 That warble forth dame Nature's layes,
 Thinking your passions understood
 By your weak accents : what's your praise,
 When Philomell her voyce shall raise ? 15

So when my mistress shal be seene
 In sweetnesse of her looks and minde ;
 By virtue first, then choyce a queen ;
 Tell me, if she was not design'd
 Th' eclipse and glory of her kind ? 20

VIII.

THE OLD AND YOUNG COURTIER.

This excellent old song, the subject of which is a comparison between the manners of the old gentry, as still subsisting in the times of Elizabeth, and the modern refinements affected

lected by their sons in the reigns of her successors, is given from an ancient black-letter copy in the Pepys collection, compared with another printed among some miscellaneous "poems and songs" in a book intituled, "Le Prince d' amour." 1660. 8vo.

AN old song made by an aged old pate,
Of an old worshipful gentleman, who had a greate
estate,

That kept a brave old house at a bountiful rate,
And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate ;
Like an old courtier of the queen's,
And the queen's old courtier.

With an old lady, whose anger one word asswages ;
This every quarter paid their old servants their wages,
And never knew what belong'd to coachmen, footmen,
nor pages,
But kept twenty old fellows with blue coats and badges ;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old study fill'd full of learned old books,
With an old reverend chaplain, you might know him
by his looks.

With an old buttery hatch worn quite off the hooks,
And an old kitchen, that maintain'd half a dozen old
cocks ;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With

With an old hall, hung about with pikes, guns, and bows,
 With old swords, and bucklers, that had born many
 shrewde blows,

And an old frize coat, to cover his worship's trunk hose,
 And a cup of old sherry, to comfort his copper nose;
 Like an old courtier, &c.

With a good old fashion, when Christmässe was come,
 To call in all his old neighbours with bagpipe, and drum,
 With good chear enough to furnish every old room,
 And old liquor able to make a cat speak, and man dumb,
 Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old falconer, huntfman, and a kennel of hounds,
 That neverhawked, nor hunted, but in his own grounds,
 Who, like a wise man, kept himself within his own
 bounds,

And when he dyed gave every child a thousand good
 pounds;
 Like an old courtier, &c.

But to his eldest son his house and land he assign'd,
 Charging him in his will to keep the old bountifull mind,
 To be good to his old tenants, and to his neighbours be
 kind:

But in the ensuing ditty you shall hear how he was in-
 clin'd;

Like a young courtier of the king's,
 And the king's young courtier.

Like

Like a flourishing young gallant, newly come to his
land,

Who keeps a brace of painted madams at his command,
And takes up a thousand pound upon his fathers land,
And gets drunk in a tavern, till he can neither go nor
stand ;

Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new-fangled lady, that is dainty, nice, and spare,
Who never knew what belong'd to good house-keeping,
or care,

Who buyes gaudy-color'd fans to play with wanton air,
And seven or eight different dressings of other womens
hair ;

Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new-fashion'd hall, built where the old one
stood,

Hung round with new pictures, that do the poor no
good,

With a fine marble chimney, wherein burns neither coal
nor wood,

And a new smooth shovelboard, whereon no victuals
ne'er stood ;

Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new study, stuf full of pamphlets, and plays,
And a new chaplain, that swears faster than he prays,

With

With a new buttery hatch, that opens once in four or
five days,
And a new French cook, to devise fine kickshaws, and
toys ;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new fashion, when Christmas is drawing on,
On a new journey to London straight we all must begone,
And leave none to keep house, but our new porter John,
Who relieves the poor with a thump on the back with
a stone ;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new gentleman-usher, whose carriage is com-
pleat,
With a new coachman, footmen, and pages to carry up
the meat,
With a waiting-gentlewoman, whose dressing is very neat,
Who when her lady has din'd, lets the servants not eat ;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With new titles of honour bought with his father's old
gold,
For which sundry of his ancestors old manors are sold ;
And this is the course most of our new gallants hold,
Which makes that good house-keeping is now grown so
cold,
Among the young courtiers of the king,
Or the king's young courtiers.

IX.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING'S CAMPAIGNE.

When the Scottish covenanters rose up in arms, and advanced to the English borders in 1639, many of the courtiers complimented the king by raising forces at their own expence. Among these none were more distinguished than the gallant Sir John Suckling, who raised a troop of horse, so richly accoutred, that it cost him 12,000 l. The like expensive equipment of other parts of the army, made the king remark, that "the Scots would fight stoutly, if it were but "for the Englishmen's fine cloaths." [Lloyd's memoirs.] When they came to action, the rugged Scots proved more than a match for the fine shewy English: many of whom behaved remarkably ill, and among the rest this splendid troop of Sir John Suckling's.

This humorous pasquil has been generally supposed to have been written by Sir John, as a banter upon himself. Some of his contemporaries however attributed it to Sir John Mennis, a wit of those times, among whose poems it is printed in a small poetical miscellany intitled, "Musarum "deliciæ: or the muses recreation, containing several pieces "of poetique wit. 2d edition.—By Sir J. M. [Sir John "Mennis] and Ja. S. [James Smith.] Lond. 1656. "12mo."—[See Wood's Athenæ. II. 397. 418.] In that copy is subjoined an additional stanza, which probably was written by this Sir John Mennis, viz.

" But

“ *But now there is peace, he’s return’d to increase*
 “ *His money, which lately he spent-a,*
 “ *But his lost honour must lye still in the dust ;*
 “ *At Barwick away it went-a.”*

SIR John he got him an ambling nag,
 To Scotland for to ride-a,
 With a hundred horse more, all his own he swore,
 To guard him on every side-a.

No Errant-knight ever went to fight 5
 With halfe so gay a bravado,
 Had you seen but his look, you’ld have sworn on a book,
 Hee’ld have conquer’d a whole armado.

The ladies ran all to the windows to see
 So gallant and warlike a fight-a, 10
 And as he pass’d by, they said with a sigh,
 Sir John, why will you go fight-a?

But he, like a cruel knight, spurr’d on ;
 His heart would not relent-a,
 For, till he came there, what had he to fear ? 15
 Or why should he repent-a?

The king (God blefs him !) had singular hopes
 Of him and all his troop-a :
 The borderers they, as they met him on the way,
 For joy did hollow, and whoop-a. 20

None lik'd him so well, as his own colonell,
 Who took him for John de Wert-a ;
 But when there were shows of gunning and blows,
 My gallant was fo nothing pert-a.

For when the Scots army came within fight, 25
 And all prepared to fight-a,
 He ran to his tent, they ask'd what he meant,
 He swore he must needs goe sh*te-a.

The colonell sent for him back agen,
 To quarter him in the van-a, 30
 But Sir John did swear, he would not come there,
 To be kill'd the very first man-a.

To cure his fear, he was sent to the reare,
 Some ten miles back, and more-a ;
 Where Sir John did play at trip and away, 35
 And ne'er saw the enemy more-a.

Vcr. 22. JOHN DE WERT was a German general of great reputation, and the terror of the French in the reign of Louis XIII. Hence his name became proverbial in France, where he was called De Vert. See Bayle's dict.

X.

TO ALTHEA FROM PRISON.

This excellent sonnet, which possessed a high degree of fame among the old Cavaliers, was written by Colonel Richard Lovelace during his confinement in the gate-house Westminster: to which he was committed by the house of Commons, in April 1642, for presenting a petition from the county of Kent, requesting them to restore the king to his rights, and to settle the government. See Wood's Athenæ, Vol. II. p. 228; where may be seen at large the affecting story of this elegant writer, who after having been distinguished for every gallant and polite accomplishment, the pattern of his own sex, and the darling of the ladies, died in the lowest wretchedness, obscurity, and want, in 1658.

This song is printed from a scarce volume of his poems intitled, "Lucaſta, 1649. 12mo." collated with a copy in the editor's folio MS.

WHEN love with unconfined wings
 Hovers within my gates,
 And my divine Althea brings
 To whisper at my grates;
 When I lye tangled in her haire,
 And fetter'd with her eye,
 The birds that wanton in the aire,
 Know no such libertye.

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Y

When

When flowing cups run swiftly round
 With no allaying thames, 10
 Our carelesse heads with roses crown'd,
 Our hearts with loyal flames ;
 When thirsty grieffe in wine we steepe,
 When healths and draughts goe free,
 Fishes, that tipple in the deepe, 15
 Know no such libertie.

When, linnets-like, confined I
 With shriller note shall sing
 The mercye, sweetness, majesty,
 And glories of my king ; 20
 When I shall voyce aloud how good,
 He is, how great should be,
 Th' enlarged windes, that curle the flood,
 Know no such libertie.

Stone walls doe not a prison make, 25
 Nor iron barres a cage,
 Mindes, innocent, and quiet, take
 That for an hermitage :
 If I have freedom in my love,
 And in my soule am free, 30
 Angels alone, that soare above,
 Enjoy such libertie.

XI. THE

Vet. 10. with woe-allaying themes. *MS.*

XI.

THE DOWNFALL OF CHARING-CROSS.

Charing-cross, as it stood before the civil wars, was one of those beautiful Gothic obelisks erected to conjugal affection by Edward I. who built such a one wherever the bier of his beloved Eleanor rested in its way from Lincolnshire to Westminster. But neither its ornamental situation, the beauty of its structure, nor the noble design of its erection (which did honour to humanity) could preserve it from the merciless zeal of the times: For in 164. . it was demolished by order of the House of Commons, as popish and superstitious. This occasioned the following not-unhumorous sarcasm, which has been often printed among the popular sonnets of those times.

The plot referred to in ver. 17. was that entered into by Mr. Waller the poet, and others, with a view to reduce the city and tower to the service of the king; for which two of them, Nath. Tomkins, and Rich. Chaloner, suffered death July 5. 1643. Vid. Ath. Ox. II. 24.

U^Ndone, undone the lawyers are,
 They wander about the towne,
 Nor can find the way to Westminster,
 Now Charing-cross is downe:
 At the end of the Strand, they make a stand, 5
 Swearing they are at a loss,
 And chaffing say, that's not the way,
 They must go by Charing-cross.

The parliament to vote it down
 Conceived it very fitting, 10
 For fear it should fall, and kill them all,
 In the house, as they were sitting.
 They were told god-wot, it had a plot,
 Which made them so hard-hearted,
 To give command, it should not stand, 15
 But be taken down and carted.

Men talk of plots, this might have been worse
 For any thing I know,
 Than that Tomkins, and Chaloner
 Were hang'd for long agoe. 20
 Our parliament did that prevent,
 And wisely them defended,
 For plots they will discover still,
 Before they were intended.

But neither man, woman, nor child, 25
 Will say, I'm confident,
 They ever heard it speak one word
 Against the parliament.
 An informer swore, it letters bore,
 Or else it had been freed ; 30
 In troth I'll take my Bible oath,
 It could neither write, nor read.

The committee said, that verily
 To popery it was bent ;
 For ought I know, it might be so, 35
 For to church it never went.
 What with excise, and such device,
 The kingdom doth begin
 To think you'll leave them ne'er a cross, I
 Without doors nor within. 40

Methinks the common-council shou'd
 Of it have taken pity,
 'Cause, good old cross, it always stood
 So firmly to the city.
 Since crosses you so much disdain, 45
 Faith, if I were as you,
 For fear the king should rule again,
 I'd pull down Tiburn too.

* * *Whitlocke says, " May 3. 1643, Cheapside cross and other crosses were voted down," &c. — When this vote was put in execution does not appear, probably not till many months after Tomkins and Chaloner had suffered. See above ver. 18.*

We had a very curious account of the pulling down of Cheapside Cross lately published in one of the numbers of the GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, 1766.

XII.

L O Y A L T Y C O N F I N E D .

This excellent old song is preserved in David Lloyd's "Memoires of those that suffered in the cause of Charles I." Lond. 1668. fol. p. 96. He speaks of it as the composition of a worthy personage, who suffered deeply in those times, and was still living with no other reward than the conscience of having suffered. The author's name he has not mentioned, but, if tradition may be credited, this song was written by Sir ROGER L'ESTRANGE.—Some mistakes in Lloyd's copy are corrected by two others, one in MS. the other in the Westminster Drollery, or a Choice Collection of Songs and Poems, 1671. 12mo.

BEAT on, proud billows ; Boreas blow ;
 Swell, curled waves, high as Jove's roof ;
 Your incivility doth show,
 That innocence is tempest proof ;
 Though furly Nereus frown, my thoughts are calm ; 5
 Then strike, Affliction, for thy wounds are balm.

That which the world miscalls a jail,
 A private closet is to me :
 Whilst a good conscience is my bail,
 And innocence my liberty :

My king from me what adamant can part,
Whom I do wear engraven on my heart ? 60

Have you not seen the nightingale,
A prisoner like, coopt in a cage,
How doth she chaunt her wonted tale
In that her narrow hermitage ?

Even then her charming melody doth prove, 65
That all her bars are trees, her cage a grove.

I am that bird, whom they combine
Thus to deprive of liberty ;

But though they do my corps confine,
Yet maugre heat, my soul is free : 70

And though immur'd, yet can I chirp, and sing
Disgrace to rebels, glory to my king.

My soul is free, as ambient air,
Although my baser part's immew'd,
Whilst loyal thoughts do still repair 75
T' accompany my solitude :

Although rebellion do my body binde,
My king alone can captivate my minde.

XIII.

V E R S E S B Y K. C H A R L E S I.

*“ This prince, like his father, did not confine himself to
 “ prose: Bishop Burnet has given as a pathetic elegy said
 “ to be written by Charles in Carisbrook castle [in 1648.]
 “ The poetry is most uncouth and unharmonious, but there are
 “ strong thoughts in it, some good sense, and a strain of ma-
 “ jestic piety.” Mr. Walpole’s Royal and Noble Authors,
 vol. I.*

*It is in his “ Memoirs of the Dukes of Hamilton,” p. 379.
 that Burnet hath preserved this elegy, which he tells us he
 had from a gentleman, who waited on the king at the time
 when it was written, and copied it out from the original. It
 is there intitled “ MAJESTY IN MISERY: OR AN
 “ IMPLORATION TO THE KING OF KINGS.”*

*Hume hath remarked of these stanzas, “ that the truth of
 “ the sentiment, rather than the elegance of the expression,
 “ renders them very pathetic.” See his hist. 1763. 4to.
 vol. 5. p. 437. 442. which is no bad comment upon them.
 —These are almost the only verses known of Charles’s com-
 posure. Indeed a little Poem ON A QUIET CONSCIENCE,
 printed in the Poetical Calendar, 1763. vol. 8th. is attributed
 to K. CHARLES I; but I know not upon what authority.*

Great monarch of the world, from whose power springs
 The potency and power of kings,
 Record the royal woe my suffering sings ;

And teach my tongue, that ever did confine
 Its faculties in truth's seraphick line,
 To track the treasons of thy foes and mine.

Nature and law, by thy divine decree,
 (The only root of righteous royaltie)
 With this dim diadem invested me :

With it, the sacred scepter, purple robe,
 The holy unction, and the royal globe :
 Yet am I levell'd with the life of Job.

10

The fiercest furies, that do daily tread
 Upon my grief, my gray discrowned head,
 Are those that owe my bounty for their bread.

15

They raise a war, and christen it THE CAUSE,
 While sacrilegious hands have best applause,
 Plunder and murder are the kingdom's laws ;

Tyranny bears the title of taxation,
 Revenge and robbery are reformation,
 Oppression gains the name of sequestration.

20

My loyal subjects, who in this bad season
 Attend me (by the law of God and reason),
 They dare impeach, and punish for high treason.

Next

Next at the clergy do their furies frown, 25
 Pious episcopacy must go down,
 They will destroy the crozier and the crown.

Churchmen are chain'd, and schismaticks are freed,
 Mechanicks preach, and holy fathers bleed,
 The crown is crucified with the creed. 30

The church of England doth all factions foster,
 The pulpit is usurpt by each impostor,
Extempore excludes the *Pater-noster*.

The Presbyter, and Independent feed
 Springs with broad blades. To make the religion bleed 35
 Herod and Pontius Pilate are agreed.

The corner stone's misplac'd by every pavier :
 With such a bloody method and behaviour
 Their ancestors did crucifie our Saviour.

My royal consort, from whose fruitful womb 40
 So many princes legally have come,
 Is forc'd in pilgrimage to seek a tomb.

Great Britain's heir is forced into France,
 Whilst on his father's head his foes advance :
 Poor child ! he weeps out his inheritance. 45

With

With my own power my majesty they wound,
 In the king's name the king himself's uncrown'd :
 So doth the dust destroy the diamond.

With propositions daily they enchant
 My people's ears, such as do reason daunt, 50
 And the Almighty will not let me grant.

They promise to erect my royal stem,
 To make me great, t' advance my diadem,
 If I will first fall down, and worship them !

But for refusal they devour my thrones, 55
 Distress my children, and destroy my bones ;
 I fear they'll force me to make bread of stones.

My life they prize at such a slender rate,
 That in my absence they draw bills of hate,
 To prove the king a traitor to the state. 60

Felons obtain more privilege than I,
 They are allow'd to answer ere they die ;
 'Tis death for me to ask the reason, why.

But, sacred Saviour, with thy words I woo
 Thee to forgive, and not be bitter to 65
 Such, as thou know'st do not know what they do.

For

Will you buy any bacon-fitches, 10

The fattest, that ever were spent?

They're the fides of the old committees,

Fed up in the long parliament.

Here's a pair of bellows, and tongs,

And for a small matter I'll fell ye 'um; 15

They are made of the presbyters lungs,

To blow up the coals of rebellion.

Says old Simon, &c.

I had thought to have given them once

To some black-smith for his forge, 20

But now I have considered on't,

They are consecrate to the church:

So I'll give them unto some quire,

They will make the big organs roar,

And the little pipes to squeeke higher, 25

Than ever they could before.

Says old Simon, &c.

Here's a couple of stools for sale,

One's square, and t'other is round;

Betwixt them both the tail 30

Of the RUMP fell down to the ground.

Will you buy the states council-table,

Which was made of the good wain Scot?

The frame was a tottering Babel

To uphold the Independent plot. 35

Says old Simon, &c.

Here's

Here's the beefom of Reformation,
 Which should have made clean the floor,
 But it swept the wealth out of the nation,
 And left us dirt good store. 40

Will you buy the states spinning-wheel,
 Which spun for the ropers trade?
 But better it had stood still,
 For now it has spun a fair thread.
 Says old Simon, &c. 45

Here's a glyster-pipe well try'd,
 Which was made of a butcher's stump*,
 And has been safely apply'd,
 To cure the colds of the rump.
 Here's a lump of Pilgrims-Salve, 50
 Which once was a justice of peace,
 Who Noll and the Devil did serve;
 But now it is come to this.
 Says old Simon, &c.

Here's a roll of the states tobacco, 55
 If any good fellow will take it;
 No Virginia had e'er such a smack-o,
 And I'll tell you how they did make it:

* Alluding probably to Major-General Harrison a butcher's son, who assisted Cromwell in turning out the long parliament, Ap. 20. 1653.

'Tis th' Engagement, and Covenant cookt
 Up with the Abjuration oath ; 60
 And many of them, that have took't,
 Complain it was foul in the mouth.
 Says old Simon, &c.

Yet the ashes may happily serve
 To cure the scab of the nation, 65
 Whene'er 't has an itch to swerve
 To Rebellion by Innovation.
 A Lanthorn here is to be bought,
 The like was scarce ever gotten,
 For many plots it has found out 70
 Before they ever were thought on.
 Says old Simon, &c.

Will you buy the RUMP's great saddle,
 With which it jocky'd the nation ?
 And here is the bitt, and the bridle, 75
 And curb of Dissimulation :
 And here's the trunk-hose of the RUMP,
 And their fair dissembling cloak,
 And a Presbyterian jump,
 With an Independent smock. 80
 Says old Simon, &c.

Will you buy a Conscience oft turn'd,
 Which serv'd the high-court of justice,
 And stretch'd until England it mourn'd :
 But Hell will buy that if the worst is, 85
 Here's

Here's Joan Cromwell's kitching-stuff tub,
 Wherein is the fat of the Rumpers,
 With which old Noll's horns she did rub,
 When she was got drunk with false bumpers.
 Says old Simon, &c. 90

Here's the purse of the public faith ;
 Here's the model of the Sequestration,
 When the old wives upon their good troth,
 Lent thimbles to ruine the nation.
 Here's Dick Cromwell's Protectorship, 95
 And here are Lambert's commissions,
 And here is Hugh Peters his scrip
 Cramm'd with the tumultuous Petitions.
 Says old Simon, &c.

And here are old Noll's brewing vessels, 100
 And here are his dray, and his slings ;
 Here are Hewson's awl, and his bristles ;
 With diverse other odd things :
 And what is the price doth belong
 To all these matters before ye ? 105
 I'll sell them all for an old song,
 And so I do end my story.
 Says old Simon, &c.

XV. THE

Ver. 86. This was a cant name given to Cromwell's wife by the Royalists, tho' her name was Elizabeth : to the latter part of the verse hangs some tale that is now forgotten.

Ver. 94. See Grey's Hudibras, Pt. 1. Cant. 2. ver. 570. &c.

Ver. 100. 102. Cromwell had in his younger years followed the brewing trade at Huntingdon. Col. Hewson is said to have been originally a cobbler.

XV.

THE BAFFLED KNIGHT, OR LADY'S POLICY.

Given (with some corrections) from a MS copy, and collated with two printed ones in Roman character in the Pepys collection.

THERE was a knight was drunk with wine,
 A riding along the way, fir;
 And there he met with a lady fine,
 Among the cocks of hay, fir.

Shall you and I, O lady faire, 5
 Among the grafs lye downe-a:
 And I will have a special care
 Of rumpling of your gowne-a.

Upon the grafs there is a dewe,
 Will spoil my damask gowne, fir: 10
 My gown, and kirtle they are newe,
 And cost me many a crowne, fir.

I have a cloak of scarlet red,
 Upon the ground I'll throwe it;
 Then, lady faire, come lay thy head; 15
 We'll play, and none shall knowe it.

O yonder stands my steed so free
 Among the cocks of hay, fir ;
 And if the pinner should chance to see,
 He'll take my steed away, fir.

20

Upon my finger I have a ring,
 Its made of finest gold-a ;
 And, lady, it thy steed shall bring
 Out of the pinner's fold-a.

O go with me to my father's hall ;
 Fair chambers there are three, fir :
 And you shall have the best of all,
 And I'll your chamberlaine bee, fir.

25

He mounted himself on his steed so tall,
 And her on her dapple gray, fir :
 And there they rode to her father's hall,
 Fast pricking along the way, fir.

30

To her father's hall they arrived strait ;
 'Twas moated round about-a ;
 She slipped herself within the gate,
 And lockt the knight without-a.

35

Here is a silver penny to spend,
 And take it for your pain, fir ;
 And two of my father's men I'll send
 To wait on you back again, fir.

40

He

He from his scabbard drew his brand,
 And whet it upon his sleeve-a :
 And cursed, he said, be every man,
 That will a maid believe-a !

She drew a bodkin from her haire, 45
 And whip'd it upon her gown-a ;
 And curst be every maiden faire,
 That will with men lye down-a !

A tree there is, that lowly grows,
 And some do call it rue, fir : 50
 The smallest dunghill cock that crows,
 Would make a capon of you, fir.

A flower there is, that shineth bright,
 Some call it mary-gold-a :
 He that wold not when he might, 55
 He shall not when he wold-a.

The knight was riding another day,
 With cloak and hat and feather :
 He met again with that lady gay,
 Who was angling in the river. 60

Now, lady faire, I've met with you,
 You shall no more escape me ;
 Remember, how not long agoe
 You falsely did intrap me.

The lady blushed scarlet red,
 And trembled at the stranger :
 How shall I guard my maidenhead
 From this approaching danger ? 65

He from his saddle down did light,
 In all his riche attyer ; 70
 And cryed, As I am a noble knight,
 I do thy charms admyer.

He took the lady by the hand,
 Who seemingly consented ;
 And would no more disputing stand : 75
 She had a plot invented.

Locke yonder, good sir knight, I pray,
 Methinks I now discover
 A riding upon his dapple gray,
 My former constant lover. 80

On tip-toe peering flood the knight,
 Fast by the rivers brink-a ;
 The lady pusht with all her might :
 Sir knight, now swim or sink-a.

O'er head and ears he plunged in, 85
 The bottom faire he founded ;
 Then rising up, he cried amain,
 Help, helpe, or else I'm drowned !

Now, fare-you-well, fir knight, adieu!
 You see what comes of fooling : 90
 That is the fittest place for you ;
 Your courage wanted cooling.

Ere many days, in her fathers park,
 Just at the close of eve-a,
 Again she met with her angry sparke ; 95
 Which made this lady grieve-a.

False lady, here thou'rt in my powre,
 And no one now can hear thee :
 And thou shalt sorely rue the hour,
 That e'er thou dar'dst to jeer me. 100

I pray, fir knight, be not so warm
 With a young filly maid-a :
 I vow and swear I thought no harm,
 'Twas a gentle jest I playd-a.

A gentle jest, in foothe ! he cry'd, 105
 To tumble me in and leave me :
 What if I had in the river dy'd ? —
 That fetch will not deceive me.

Once more I'll pardon thee this day,
 Tho' injur'd out of measure ; 110
 But then prepare without delay
 To yield thee to my pleasure.

Well then, if I must grant your suit,
 Yet think of your boots and spurs, fir :
 Let me pull off both spur and boot, 115
 Or else you cannot stir, fir.

He set him down upon the grass,
 And begg'd her kind assistance :
 Now, smiling thought this lovely lass,
 I'll make you keep your distance. 120

Then pulling off his boots half-way ;
 Sir knight, now I'm your betters :
 You shall not make of me your prey ;
 Sit there like a knave in fetters.

The knight when she had served foe, 125
 He fretted, fum'd, and grumbled :
 For he could neither stand nor goe,
 But like a cripple tumbled.

Farewell, fir knight, the clock strikes ten,
 Yet do not move nor stir, fir : 130
 I'll send you my father's serving men,
 To pull off your boots and spurs, fir.

This merry jest you must excuse,
 You are but a single's nettle :
 You'd never have stood for boots or shoes, 135
 Had you been a man of mettle.

All

All night in grievous rage he lay,
Rolling upon the plain-a ;
Next morning a shepherd past that way,
Who set him right again-a. 140

Then mounting upon his steed so tall,
By hill and dale he swore-a :
I'll ride at once to her father's hall ;
She shall escape no more-a.

I'll take her father by the beard, 145
I'll challenge all her kindred ;
Each dastard soul shall stand affeard ;
My wrath shall no more be hindred.

He rode unto her father's house,
Which every side was moated : 150
The lady heard his furious vows,
And all his vengeance noted.

Thought shee, sir knight, to quench your rage,
Once more I will endeavour ;
This water shall your fury 'swage, 155
Or else it shall burn for ever.

Then faining penitence and feare,
She did invite a parley :
Sir knight, if you'll forgive me heare,
Henceforth I'll love you dearly. 160
My

My father he is now from home,
 And I am all alone, fir :
 Therefore a-crofs the water come ;
 And I am all your own, fir.

Falfe maid, thou canst no more deceive ; 165
 I scorn the treacherous bait-a ;
 If thou would'ft have me thee believe,
 Now open me the gate-a.

The bridge is drawn, the gate is barr'd,
 My father he has the keys, fir. 170
 But I have for my love prepar'd
 A shorter way and eafier.

Over the moate I've laid a plank
 Full feventeen feet in meafure :
 Then ftep a-crofs to the other bank, 175
 And there we'll take our pleasure.

Thefe words fhe had no fooner fpoke,
 But ftrait he came tripping over :
 The plank was faw'd, it snapping broke ;
 And fous'd the unhappy lover. 180

* *
 *

XVI.

WHY SO PALE?

From Sir John Suckling's poems. This sprightly knight was born in 1613, and cut off by a fever about the 29th year of his age. See above, pag. 318.

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prethee, why so pale?

Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prèthee why so pale? 5

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prethee why so mute?

Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing doe't?
Prethee why so mute? 10

Quit, quit for shame; this will not move,
This cannot take her;

If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her.
The devil take her! 15

XVII. OLD

XVII.

O L D T O M O F B E D L A M .

M A D S O N G T H E F I R S T .

It is worth attention, that the English have more songs and ballads on the subject of madness, than any of their neighbours. Whether it is that we are more liable to this calamity than other nations, or whether our native gloominess hath peculiarly recommended subjects of this cast to our writers, the fact is incontestable, as any one may be satisfied, who will compare the printed collections of French, Italian Songs, &c. with those in our language.

Out of a much larger quantity, we have selected half a dozen MAD SONGS for these volumes. The three first are originals in their respective kinds; the merit of the three last is chiefly that of imitation. They were written at considerable intervals of time; but we have here grouped them together, that the reader may the better examine their comparative merits. He may consider them as so many trials of skill in a very peculiar subject, as the contest of so many rivals to shoot in the bow of Ulysses. The two first were probably written about the beginning of the last century; the third about the middle of it; the fourth and sixth towards the end; and the fifth within this present century.

This is given from the editor's folio MS. compared with two or three old printed copies.—With regard to the author of this old rhapsody, in Walton's Compleat Angler, cap. 3. is
a song

a song in praise of angling, which the author says was made at his request " by Mr. WILLIAM BASSE, one that has " made the choice songs of the HUNTER IN HIS CAREER, " and of TOM OF BEDLAM, and many others of note."
p. 84. See Mr. HAWKINS's curious Edition, 8vo. of this excellent old Piece.

FORTH from my sad and darksome cell,
 Or from the deepe abyffe of hell,
 Mad Tom is come into the world againe
 To see if he can cure his distempered braine.

Feares and cares oppresse my soule : 5
 Harke, howe the angrye Fureys houle !
 Pluto laughes, and Proserpine is gladd
 To see poore naked Tom of Bedlam madd.

Through the world I wander night and day
 To seeke my straggling senses, 10
 In an angrye moode I mett old Time,
 With his pentarchye of tenfes :

When me he spyed,
 Away he hyed,
 For time will stay for no man : 15
 In vaine with cryes
 I rent the skyes,
 For pity is not common.

Cold and comfortles I lye :
 Helpe, oh helpe ! or else I dye ! 20
 Harke !

Harke ! I heare Apollo's teame,
 The carman 'gins to whistle ;
 Chast Diana bends her bowe,
 The boare begins to bristle.

Come, Vulcan, with tools and with tackles, 25
 To knocke off my troublesome shackies ;
 Bid Charles make ready his waine
 To fetch me my senses againe.

Last night I heard the dog-star bark ;
 Mars met Venus in the darke ; 30
 Limping Vulcan het an iron barr,
 And furiously made at the god of war :

Mars with his weapon laid about,
 But Vulcan's temples had the gout,
 For his broad horns did so hang in his light, 35
 He could not see to aim his blowes aright :

Mercurye the nimble post of heaven,
 Stood still to see the quarrell ;
 Gorrel-bellyed Bacchus, gyant-like,
 Bestryd a strong-beere barrell. 40

To mee he dranke,
 I did him thanke,
 But I could get no cyder ;

He

He dranke whole butts
 'Till he burst his gutts,
 But mine were ne'er the wyder. 45

Poore naked Tom is very drye :
 A little drinke for charitye !

Harke, I hear Acteons horne !
 The huntsmen whoop and hallowe : 50
 Ringwood, Royfter, Bowman, Jowler,
 All the chafe do followe.

The man in the moone drinks clarret,
 Eates powder'd beef, turnip, and carret,
 But a cup of old Malaga sacke 55
 Will fire the bushe at his backe.

XVIII.

THE DISTRACTED PURITAN,

MAD SONG THE SECOND,

—was written about the beginning of the seventeenth century by the witty bishop Corbet, and is printed from the 3d edition of his poems, 12mo. 1672, compared with a more ancient copy in the editor's folio MS.

AM I mad, O noble Festus,
 When zeal and godly knowledge
 Have put me in hope
 To deal with the pope,
 As well as the best in the college? 5
 Boldly I preach, hate a cross, hate a surplice,
 Mitres, copes, and rochets;
 Come hear me pray nine times a day,
 And fill your heads with crochets.

In the house of pure Emanuel * 10
 I had my education,
 Where my friends surmise
 I dazel'd my eyes
 With the sight of revelation.
 Boldly I preach, &c.

They bound me like a bedlam, 15
 They lash'd my four poor quarters;
 Whilst this I endure,
 Faith makes me sure
 To be one of Foxes martyrs.
 Boldly I preach, &c.

These injuries I suffer 20
 Through antichrist's perswasion :
 Take

* Emanuel college Cambridge was originally a seminary of Puritans.

Take off this chain,
 Neither Rome nor Spain
 Can resist my strong invasion.
 Boldly I preach, &c.

Of the beasts ten horns (God blefs us!) 25
 I have knock'd off three already ;
 If they let me alone
 I'll leave none :
 But they say I am too heady.
 Boldly I preach, &c.

When I sack'd the seven-hill'd city, 30
 I met the great red dragon ;
 I kept him aloof
 With the armour of proof,
 Though here I have never a rag on.
 Boldly I preach, &c.

With a fiery sword and target, 35
 There fought I with this monster :
 But the sons of pride
 My zeal deride,
 And all my deeds misconfer.
 Boldly I preach, &c.

I un-hors'd the Whore of Babel, 40
 With the lance of Inspiration ;

I made her stink,
 And spill the drink
 In her cup of abomination.
 Boldly I preach, &c.

I have seen two in a vision 45
 With a flying book * between them.
 I have been in despair
 Five times in a year,
 And been cur'd by reading Greenham †.
 Boldly I preach, &c.

I observ'd in Perkins tables † 50
 The black line of damnation ;
 Those crooked veins
 So stuck in my brains,
 That I fear'd my reprobation.
 Boldly I preach, &c.

In

* Alluding to some visionary exposition of Zech. ch. v. ver. 1. or, if the date of this song would permit, one might suppose it aimed at one Coppe, a strange enthusiast, whose life may be seen in Wood's Athen. vol. 2. p. 501. He was author of a book intitled, "The fiery flying Roll:" and afterwards published a Recantation, part of whose Title is, "The fiery flying Roll's wings clipt," &c.

† See Greenham's works, fol. 1605. particularly the tract intitled, "A sweet comfort for an afflicted conscience."

‡ See Perkins's works, fol. 1616. vol. 1. p. 11; where is a large half-sheet folded, containing "A survey, or table declaring the order of "the causes of salvation, and damnation, &c." the pedigree of damnation being distinguished by a broad black zig-zag line.

In the holy tongue of Canaan
I plac'd my chiefest pleasure :
Till I prick'd my foot
With an Hebrew root,
That I bled beyond all measure.
Boldly I preach, &c.

I appear'd before the archbishop *,
And all the high commission ;
I gave him no grace,
But told him to his face,
That he favour'd superstition.
Boldly I preach, hate a cross, hate a surplice,
Miters, copes, and rotchets :
Come hear me pray nine times a day,
And fill your heads with crotchets.

* *Lord.*

XIX.

T H E L U N A T I C L O V E R ,

M A D S O N G T H E T H I R D ,

—*is given from an old printed copy in the British Museum, compared with another in the Pepys collection; both in black letter.*

GRIM king of the ghosts, make haste,
 And bring hither all your train;
 See how the pale moon does waste,
 And just now is in the wane.
 Come, you night-hags, with all your charms, 5
 And revelling witches away,
 And hug me close in your arms;
 To you my respects I'll pay.

I'll court you, and think you fair,
 Since love does distract my brain: 10
 I'll go, I'll wed the night-mare,
 And kifs her, and kifs her again:

But

But if she prove peevish and proud,
 Then, a pife on her love! let her go;
 I'll seek me a winding shroud, 15
 And down to the shades below.

A lunacy sad I endure,
 Since reason departs away;
 I call to those hags for a cure,
 As knowing not what I say. 20
 The beauty, whom I do adore,
 Now flights me with scorn and disdain;
 I never shall see her more:
 Ah! how shall I bear my pain!

I ramble, and range about 25
 To find out my charming faint;
 While she at my grief does flout,
 And smiles at my loud complaint.
 Distraction I see is my doom,
 Of this I am now too sure; 30
 A rival is got in my room,
 While torments I do endure.

Strange fancies do fill my head,
 While wandering in despair,
 I am to the desarts lead, 35
 Expecting to find her there.

Methinks in a spangled cloud
 I see her enthroned on high ;
 Then to her I crie aloud,
 And labour to reach the sky.

40

When thus I have raved awhile,
 And wearyed myself in vain,
 I lye on the barren soil,
 And bitterly do complain.
 Till slumber hath quieted me,
 In sorrow I sigh and weep ;
 The clouds are my canopy
 To cover me while I sleep.

45

I dream that my charming fair
 Is then in my rival's bed,
 Whose tresses of golden hair
 Are on the fair pillow bespread.
 Then this doth my passion inflame,
 I start, and no longer can lie :
 Ah ! Sylvia, art thou not to blame
 To ruin a lover ? I cry.

50

55

Grim king of the ghosts, be true,
 And hurry me hence away,
 My languishing life to you
 A tribute I freely pay.

60

To

To the elysian shades I post
 In hopes to be freed from care,
 Where many a bleeding ghost
 Is hovering in the air.

XX.

THE LADY DISTRACTED WITH LOVE,

MAD SONG THE FOURTH,

—was originally sung in one of TOM D'URFEY'S comedies of *Don Quixote* acted in 1694 and 1696; and probably composed by himself. In the several stanzas, the author represents his pretty Mad-woman as 1. sullenly mad: 2. mirthfully mad: 3. melancholy mad: 4. fantastically mad: and 5. stark mad. Both this, and Num. XXII. are printed from D'urfey's "*Pills to purge Melancholy.*" 1719. vol. I.

FROM roſie bowers, where ſleeps the god of love,
 Hither, ye little wanton cupids, fly;
 Teach me in ſoft melodious ſtrains to move
 With tender paſſion my heart's darling joy:
 Ah! let the ſoul of muſick tune my voice, 5
 To win dear Strephon, who my ſoul enjoys.

When once the sence is fled, is fled,
 Love has no power to charm.
 Wild thro' the woods I'll fly, I'll fly,
 Robes, locks——shall thus——be tore ! 35
 A thousand, thousand times I'll dye
 Ere thus, thus, in vain,—ere thus in vain adore.

XXI,

THE DISTRACTED LOVER,

MAD SONG THE FIFTH,

—was written by HENRY CAREY, a celebrated composer of Music at the beginning of this century, and author of several little Theatrical Entertainments, which the reader may find enumerated in the “Companion to the Play-house,” &c. The sprightliness of this Songster's fancy could not preserve him from a very melancholy catastrophe, which was effected by his own hand. In his POEMS, 4to. Lond. 1729, may be seen another Mad-Song of this author begining thus,

“ Gods ! I can never this endure,
 “ Death alone must be my cure, &c.

I Go to the Elyfian shade,
 Where sorrow ne'er shall wound me ;
 Where nothing shall my rest invade,
 But joy shall still surround me.

I fly

And grumbling, and growling
Strike the ear with horrid woe. 30

Hissing snakes,
Fiery lakes
Would be a pleasure, and a cure :
Not all the hells,
Where Pluto dwells, 35
Can give such pain as I endure.

To some peaceful plain convey me,
On a mossy carpet lay me,
Fan me with ambrosial breeze,
Let me die, and so have ease! 40

XXII.

THE FRANTIC LADY,

MAD SONG THE SIXTH.

This, like Num. XX, was originally sung in one of D'URFEY'S Comedies of Don Quixote, (first acted about the year 1694), and was probably composed by that popular Songster, who died Feb. 26. 1723.

This is printed from the "Hive, a Collection of Songs," 4 vol. 1721. 12mo. where may be found two or three other MAD Songs not admitted into these Volumes.

I Burn, my brain consumes to ashes!
 Each eye-ball too like lightning flashes!
 Within my breast there glows a solid fire,
 Which in a thousand ages can't expire!

Blow, blow, the winds' great ruler! 5
 Bring the Po, and the Ganges hither,
 'Tis fultry weather,
 Pour them all on my soul,
 It will hiss like a coal,
 But be never the cooler. 10

'Twas pride hot as hell,
 That first made me rebel,
 From love's awful throne a curst angel I fell;
 And mourn now my fate, 15
 Which myself did create:
 Fool, fool, that consider'd not when I was well!

Adieu! ye vain transporting joys!
 Off ye vain fantastic toys!
 That dress this face—this body—to allure!
 Bring me daggers, poison, fire! 20
 Since scorn is turn'd into desire.
 All hell feels not the rage, which I, poor I, endure.

XXIII.

LILLIBURLERO.

The following rhymes, slight and insignificant as they may now seem, had once a more powerful effect than either the *Philippics* of Demosthenes, or Cicero; and contributed not a little towards the great revolution in 1688. Let us hear a contemporary writer.

“ A foolish ballad was made at that time, treating the Papists, and chiefly the Irish, in a very ridiculous manner, which had a burden said to be Irish words, “ Lero, lero, liburlero,” that made an impression on the [king’s] army, that cannot be imagined by those that saw it not. The whole army, and at last the people both in city and country, were singing it perpetually. And perhaps never had so slight a thing so great an effect.” Burnet.

It was written on occasion of the king’s nominating to the lieutenancy of Ireland in 1686, general Talbot, newly created earl of Tyrconnel, a furious Papist, who had recommended himself to his bigotted master by his arbitrary treatment of the Protestants in the preceding year, when only lieutenant general; and whose subsequent conduct fully justified his expectations and their fears. The violences of his administration may be seen in any of the histories of those times: particularly in bishop King’s “ *State of the protestants in Ireland.*” 1691. 4to.

LILLIBURLERO and BULLEN-A-LAH are said to have been the words of distinction used among the Irish Papists in their massacre of the Protestants in 1641.

HO!

HO! broder Teague, dost hear de decree?
Lilli burlero bullen a-la.

Dat we shall have a new deputie,

Lilli burlero bullen a-la.

Lero lero, lilli burlero, lero lero, bullen a-la, 5

Lero lero, lilli burlero, lero lero, bullen a-la.

Ho! by shaint Tyburn, it is de Talbote:

Lilli, &c.

And he will cut all de English troate.

Lilli, &c.

10

Dough by my shoul de English do praat,

Lilli, &c.

De law's on dare side, and Creish knows what.

Lilli, &c.

But if dispence do come from de pope,

15

Lilli, &c.

We'll hang Magna Charta, and dem in a rope.

Lilli, &c.

For de good Talbot is made a lord,

Lilli, &c.

20

And with brave lads is coming aboard:

Lilli, &c.

Who all in France have taken a fware,

Lilli, &c.

Dat

Dat dey will have no protestant heir. 25

Lilli, &c.

Ara! but why does he stay behind?

Lilli, &c.

Ho! by my shoul 'tis a protestant wind.

Lilli, &c.

30

But see de Tyrconnel is now come ashore,

Lilli, &c.

And we shall have commiffions gillore.

Lilli, &c.

And he dat will not go to de mafs,

35

Lilli, &c.

Shall be turn out, and look like an afs.

Lilli, &c.

Now, now, de hereticks all go down,

Lilli, &c.

40

By Chrish and shaint Patrick, de nation's our own.

Lilli, &c.

Dare was an old prophefy found in a bog,

Lilli, &c.

“ Ireland shall be rul'd by an afs, and a dog.” 45

Lilli, &c.

And

And now dis prophesy is come to pass,

Lilli, &c.

For Talbot's de dog, and JA**s is de afs.

Lilli, &c.

50

XXIV.

THE BRAES OF YARROW,

IN IMITATION OF THE ANCIENT SCOTS MANNER,

—was written by William Hamilton of Bangour, Esq; who died March 25. 1754. aged 50. It is printed from an elegant edition of his Poems published at Edinburgh, 1760, 12mo.

A. **B**USK ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
 Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
 Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bonny bride,
 And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Where gat ye that bonny bonny bride? 5
 Where gat ye that winsome marrow?

A. I gat her where I dare na weil be seen,
 Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Weep

Weep not, weep not, my bonny bonny bride,
 Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow ; 10
 Nor let thy heart lament to leive
 Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

B. Why does she weep, thy bonny bonny bride ?
 Why does she weep thy winsome marrow ?
 And why dare ye nae mair weil be seen 15
 Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow ?

A. Lang maun she weep, lang maun she, maun she weep,
 Lang maun she weep with dule and sorrow ;
 And lang maun I nae mair weil be seen
 Puing the birks on the Braes of Yarrow. 20

For she has tint her luver, luver dear,
 Her luver dear, the cause of sorrow,
 And I hae slain the comliest swain
 That eir pu'd birks on the Braes of Yarrow.

Why rins thy stream, O Yarrow, Yarrow, reid ? 25
 Why on thy braes heard the voice of sorrow ?
 And why yon melancholious weids
 Hung on the bonny birks of Yarrow ?

What's yonder floats on the rueful rueful flude ?
 What's yonder floats ? O dule and sorrow ! 30
 O 'tis he the comely swain I slew
 Upon the duleful Braes of Yarrow.

Wash, O wash his wounds, his wounds in tears,
 His wounds in tears with dule and sorrow;
 And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds, 35
 And lay him on the Braes of Yarrow.

Then build, then build, ye sisters, sisters sad,
 Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow;
 And weep around in waeful wise
 His hapless fate on the Braes of Yarrow. 40

Curse ye, curse ye, his useless, useless shield,
 My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,
 The fatal spear that pierc'd his breast,
 His comely breast on the Braes of Yarrow.

Did I not warn thee, not to, not to luvè? 45
 And warn from fight? but to my sorrow
 Too rashly bauld a stronger arm
 Thou mett'ft, and fell'ft on the Braes of Yarrow.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows, green grows the
 grafs,
 Yellow on Yarrow's bank the gowan, 50
 Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
 Sweet the wave of Yarrow flowan.

Flows Yarrow sweet? as sweet, as sweet flows Tweed,
 As green its grafs, its gowan as yellow,

As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
The apple frae its rock as mellow. 55

Fair was thy luvè, fair fair indeed thy luvè,
In flow'ry bands thou didst him fetter;
Tho' he was fair, and weil-beluv'd again
Than me he never luv'd thee better. 60

Busk ye, then busk, my bouny bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow,
Busk ye, and luvè me on the banks of Tweed,
And think nae mair on the Braes of Yarrow.

C. How can I busk a bonny bonny bride? 65
How can I busk a winsome marrow?
How luvè him upon the banks of Tweed,
That slew my luvè on the Braes of Yarrow?

O Yarrow fields, may never never rain,
Now dew thy tender blossoms cover, 70
For there was basely slain my luvè,
My luvè, as he had not been a lover.

The boy put on his robes, his robes of green,
His purple vest, 'twas my awn sewing:
Ah! wretched me! I little, little kenn'd 75
He was in these to meet his ruin.

The boy took out his milk-white, milk-white steed,
 Unheedful of my dule and forrow;
 But ere the toofall of the night
 He lay a corps on the Braes of Yarrow. 80

Much I rejoyc'd that waeful waeful day;
 I sang, my voice the woods returning:
 But lang ere night the spear was floun,
 That slew my luvè, and left me mourning.

What can my barbarous barbarous father do, 85
 But with his cruel rage pursue me?
 My luvè's blood is on thy spear,
 How canst thou, barbarous man, then wooe me?

My happy sisters may be, may be proud
 With cruel, and ungentle scoffin', 90
 May bid me seek on Yarrow's Braes
 My luvè nailed in his coffin.

My brother Douglas may upbraid, upbraid,
 And strive with threatenng words to muve me:
 My luvè's blood is on thy spear, 95
 How canst thou ever bid me luvè thee?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of luvè,
 With bridal sheets my body cover,
 Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
 Let in the expected husbände lover. 100
 But

But who the expected husband husband is ?

His hands, methinks, are bath'd in slaughter :

Ah me ! what ghastly spectre's yon

Comes in his pale shroud, bleeding after ?

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down, 105

O lay his cold head on my pillow ;

Take aff, take aff these bridal weids,

And crown my careful head with willow,

Pale tho' thou art, yet best, yet best beluv'd,

O could my warmth to life restore thee ! 110

Yet lye all night between my breasts,

No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale, pale indeed, O lovely lovely youth,

Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,

And lye all night between my breasts, 115

No youth shall ever lye there after.

A. Return, return, O mournful, mournful bride,

Return and dry thy usefess sorrow :

Thy luvver heeds nought of thy sighs,

He lyes a corps in the Braes of Yarrow. 120

XXV.

ADMIRAL HOSIER'S GHOST,

—was written by the ingenious author of LEONIDAS, on the taking of Porto Bello from the Spaniards by Admiral Vernon, Nov. 22. 1739.—The case of Hosier, which is here so pathetically represented, was briefly this. In April, 1726, that commander was sent with a strong fleet into the Spanish West-Indies, to block up the galleons in the Ports of that country, or should they presume to come out, to seize and carry them into England: he accordingly arrived at the Bastimentos near Porto Bello, but being restricted by his orders from obeying the dictates of his courage, lay inactive on that station until he became the jest of the Spaniards: he afterwards removed to Carthagena, and continued cruising in these seas, till far the greater part of his men perished deplorably by the diseases of that unhealthy climate. This brave man, seeing his best officers and men thus daily swept away, his ships exposed to inevitable destruction, and himself made the sport of the enemy, is said to have died of a broken heart. See Smollet's hist.

The following song is commonly accompanied with a Second Part, or Answer, which being of inferior merit, and apparently written by another hand, hath been rejected.

AS near Porto-Bello lying
 On the gently swelling flood,
 At midnight with streamers flying
 Our triumphant navy rode ;

There

There while Vernon fate all-glorious
 From the Spaniards' late defeat:
 And his crews, with shouts victorious,
 Drank success to England's fleet:

On a sudden shrilly founding,
 Hideous yells and shrieks were heard; 10
 Then each heart with fear confounding,
 A sad troop of ghosts appear'd,
 All in dreary hammocks shrouded,
 Which for winding-sheets they wore,
 And with looks by sorrow clouded 15
 Frowning on that hostile shore.

On them gleam'd the moon's wan lustre,
 When the shade of Hosier brave
 His pale bands was seen to muster
 Rising from their watry grave: 20
 O'er the glimmering wave he hy'd him,
 Where the Burford * rear'd her sail,
 With three thousand ghosts beside him,
 And in groans did Vernon hail.

Heed, oh heed our fatal story, 25
 I am Hosier's injur'd ghost,
 You, who now have purchas'd glory,
 At this place where I was lost!

B b 4

Tho'

* *The Admiral's ship.*

Tho' in Porto-Bello's ruin
 You now triumph free from fears, 30
 When you think on our undoing,
 You will mix your joy with tears.

See these mournful spectres sweeping
 Ghastly o'er this hated wave,
 Whose wan cheeks are stain'd with weeping ; 35
 These were English captains brave :
 Mark those numbers pale and horrid,
 Those were once my failors bold,
 Lo, each hangs his drooping forehead,
 While his dismal tale is told. 40

I, by twenty sail attended,
 Did this Spanish town affright ;
 Nothing then its wealth defended
 But my orders not to fight :
 Oh ! that in this rolling ocean 45
 I had cast them with disdain,
 And obey'd my heart's warm motion
 To have quell'd the pride of Spain !

For resistance I could fear none,
 But with twenty ships had done 50
 What thou, brave and happy Vernon,
 Hast atchiev'd with six alone.

Then

Then the bastimentos never
 Had our foul dishonour seen,
 Nor the sea the sad receiver
 Of this gallant train had been. 55

Thus, like thee, proud Spain dismaying,
 And her galleons leading home,
 Though condemn'd for disobeying
 I had met a traitor's doom, 60
 To have fallen, my country crying
 He has play'd an English part,
 Had been better far than dying
 Of a griev'd and broken heart.

Unrepining at thy glory, 65
 Thy successful arms we hail ;
 But remember our sad story,
 And let Hofier's wrongs prevail.
 Sent in this foul clime to languish,
 Think what thousands fell in vain, 70
 Wasted with disease and anguish,
 Not in glorious battle slain.

Hence with all my train attending
 From their oozy tombs below,
 Thro' the hoary foam ascending, 75
 Here I feed my constant woe :

Here

Here the bastimentos viewing,
 We recal our shameful doom,
 And our plaintive cries renewing,
 Wander thro' the midnight gloom. 80

O'er these waves for ever mourning
 Shall we roam depriv'd of rest,
 If to Britain's shores returning
 You neglect my just request ;
 After this proud foe subduing, 85
 When your patriot friends you see,
 Think on vengeance for my ruin,
 And for England sham'd in me.

XXVI.

J E M M Y D A W S O N .

JAMES DAWSON was one of the Manchester rebels, who was hanged, drawn, and quartered on Kennington Common in the County of Surrey, July 30. 1746.—This ballad is founded on a remarkable fact, which was reported to have happened at his execution. It was written by the late WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Esq; soon after the event, and has been printed amongst his posthumous works, 2 vols. 8vo. It is here given from a MS copy, which contained some small variations from that lately printed.

C O M E

C O M E listen to my mournful tale,
 Ye tender hearts, and lovers dear;
 Nor will you scorn to heave a sigh,
 Nor will you blush to shed a tear.

And thou, dear Kitty, peerless maid, 5
 Do thou a pensive ear incline;
 For thou canst weep at every woe,
 And pity every plaint, but mine.

Young Dawson was a gallant youth,
 A brighter never trod the plain; 10
 And well he lov'd one charming maid,
 And dearly was he lov'd again.

One tender maid she lov'd him dear,
 Of gentle blood the damsel came,
 And faultless was her beauteous form, 15
 And spotless was her virgin fame.

But curse on party's hateful strife,
 That led the faithful youth astray,
 The day the rebel clans appear'd:
 O had he never seen that day! 20

Their colours and their fash he wore,
 And in the fatal dress was found;
 And now he must that death endure,
 Which gives the brave the keenest wound,

How

How pale was then his true love's cheek, 25
 When Jemmy's sentence reach'd her ear?

For never yet did Alpine fnows
 So pale, nor yet so chill appear.

With faltering voice she weeping said,
 Oh Dawson, monarch of my heart, 30
 Think not thy death shall end our loves,
 For thou and I will never part.

Yet might sweet mercy find a place,
 And bring relief to Jemmy's woes,
 O GEORGE, without a prayer for thee 35
 My orisons should never close.

The gracious prince that gives him life
 Would crown a never-dying flame,
 And every tender babe I bore
 Should learn to list the giver's name. 40

But though, dear youth, thou shouldst be dragg'd
 To yonder ignominious tree,
 Thou shalt not want a faithful friend
 To share thy bitter fate with thee.

O then her mourning coach was call'd, 45
 The sledge mov'd slowly on before;
 Tho' borne in a triumphal car,
 She had not lov'd her favourite more.

She

She followed him, prepar'd to view
 The terrible behests of law ; 50
 And the last scene of Jemmy's woes
 With calm and steadfast eye she saw.

Distorted was that blooming face,
 Which she had fondly lov'd so long :
 And stifled was that tuneful breath, 55
 Which in her praise had sweetly sung :

And fever'd was that beauteous neck,
 Round which her arms had fondly clos'd :
 And mangled was that beauteous breast,
 On which her love-sick head repos'd : 60

And ravish'd was that constant heart,
 She did it every heart prefer ;
 For tho' it could his king forget,
 'Twas true and loyal still to her.

Amid those unrelenting flames 65
 She bore this constant heart to see ;
 But when 'twas moulder'd into dust,
 Now, now, she cried, I'll follow thee.

My death, my death alone can show
 The pure and lasting love I bore : 70
 Accept, O heaven, of woes like ours,
 And let us, let us weep no more.

The

The dismal scene was o'er and past,
 The lover's mournful hearse retir'd ;
 The maid drew back her languid head, 75
 And sighing forth his name, expir'd.

Tho' justice ever must prevail,
 The tear my Kitty sheds is due ;
 For seldom shall she hear a tale
 So sad, so tender, and so true. 80

THE END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

A GLOSSARY

OF THE OBSOLETE AND SCOTTISH WORDS IN

VOLUME THE SECOND.

Such words, as the reader cannot find here, he is desired to look for in the Glossaries to the other volumes.

A Deid of nicht. s. p. 100.
in dead of night.

Aboven ous. *above us.*

Advoutry, advoutrous. *adulter, adulterous.*

Aff. s. *off.*

Ahte. *ought.*

Aith. s. *oath.*

Al. p. 5. *albeit. although.*

Alemaigne. f. *Germany.*

Alyes. p. 27. *probably corrupted for algates. always.*

Ancient. *a flag, banner.*

Angel. *a gold coin worth 10 s.*

Ant. *and*

Aplyht. p. 10. *al aplyht. quite complete.*

Argabusne. *harquebussé, an old-fashioned kind of musket.*

Ase. *as.*

Attowre. s. *out over, over and above.*

Azein, agein. *against.*

Azont the ingle. s. *beyond the fire. The fire was in the middle of the room*.*

B.

Bairded. s. *bearded.*

Bairn. s. *child.*

Bale. *evil, mischief, misery.*

Balow. s. *a nursery term, bush! lullaby! &c.*

Ban. *curse.*

Banning. *cursing. (in p. 196. it was baninge in MS.)*

Battes. *heavy sticks, clubs.*

Bayard. *a noted blind horse in the old romances. The horse on which the four sons of Aymon rode, is called Bayard*

* In the west of Scotland, at this present time, in many cottages they pile their peats and turfs upon stones in the middle of the room. There is a hole above the fire in the ridge of the house to let the smoke out at. In some places are cottage-houses, from the front of which a very wide chimney projects like a bow window: the fire is in a grate like a malt-kiln grate, round which the people sit: sometimes they draw this grate into the middle of the room. L.

- Montalbon, by Skelton in his
 "Philip Sparrow." p. 233.
 Ed. 1736. 12mo.
- Be. s. by. Be that. *by that time.*
- Bearn, bairn. s. *child: also,*
human creature.
- Bed. p. 9. *bade.*
- Bede. p. 17. *offer, engage.*
- Befall. p. 71. *befallen.*
- Befoir. s. *before.*
- Belive. *immediately, presently.*
- Ben. s. *within, the inner room.*
 p. 61. †
- Ben. p. 11. *be, are.*
- Bene. p. 12. *bean, an expression*
of contempt.
- Beoth. *be, are.*
- Ber the prys. p. 7. *bare the*
prize.
- Besprent. *besprinkled.*
- Bested. p. 271. *abode.*
- Bewraies. *discovers, betrays.*
- Bet. *better.* Bett. *did beat.*
- Bi mi leauté. *by my loyalty, ho-*
nesty.
- Birk. s. *birch-tree.*
- Blent. p. 142. *ceased.*
- Blink. s. *a glimpse of light: the*
sudden light of a candle seen
in the night at a distance.
- Boist: boisteris. s. *boast: boast-*
ers.
- Bonny, s. *handsome, comely.*
- Boote. *gain, advantage.*
- Bot. s. *but.* p. 215. *besides,*
moreover.
- Bot. s. *without.* Bot dreid.
without dread, i. e. cer-
tainly.
- Bougils. s. *bugle horns.*
- Bowne. *ready.*
- Braes of Yarrow. s. *the hilly*
banks of the river Yar-
row.
- Brade, braid. s. *broad.*
- Braifly. s. *bravely.*
- Braw. s. *brave.*
- Brayd. s. *arose, hastened.*
- Brayd attowre the bent. s. *hast-*
ed over the field.
- Brede. *breadth.* So Chauc.
- Brenning drake. p. 19. *may*
perhaps be the same as a fire-
drake, or fiery serpent, a
meteor or fire-work so call-
ed: Here it seems to signify
"burning embers or fire-
brands."
- Brimme. *public, universally*
known. A. S. bryme. *idem.*
- Brok her with winne. *enjoy her*
with pleasure. A. S.
- Brouch. *an ornamental trinket:*
a stone buckle for a woman's
breast. &c. Vid. Brooches,
 Gloss. vol. 3.
- Buen, bueth. *been, be, are.*
- Buik. s. *book.*
- Burgens. *buds, young shoots.*
- Busk ye. s. *dress ye.*
- But. *without.* but let. *without*
hindrance.

† "BUT o' house" means the outer part of the house, outer-room; viz. that part of the house into which you first enter, suppose, from the street. BEN o' house," is the inner room, or more retired part of the house.—The daughter did not lie out of doors.—The cottagers often desire their landlords to build them a BUT, and a BEN. L.

But

But give. s. p. 74. *but if, unless*
 Bute. s. *boot, advantage, good.*
 Butt. s. *out, the outer room.*

C.

Cadgily. s. *merrily, chearful-ly.*

Caliver, *a kind of musket.*

Can curtesye, *know, understand good manners.*

Cannes. p. 21. *wooden cups, bowls.*

Cantabanqui. *Ital. ballad-singers, singers on benches.*

Canty. s. *chearful. chatty.*

Cantles. *pieces, corners.*

Capul. *a poor horse.*

Carle. *churl, clown. It is also used in the North, for a strong hale old man.*

Carline. s. *the feminine of Carle.*

Carpe. *to speak, recite: also, to censure.*

Carping. *reciting.*

Chayme. p. 65. *Cain.*

Che. (*Somerset dialect.*) *I.*

Cheis. s. *chuse.*

Cheefe. p. 20. *the upper part of the scutcheon in heraldry.*

Chill. (*Som. dial.*) *I will.*

Chould (*dittō.*) *I would.*

Chylded. *brought forth, was delivered.*

Clattered. *beat so as to rattle.*

Clead. s. *clad, cloath.*

Clenking. *clinking, jingling.*

Clepe. *call.*

Cohorted. *incited, exhorted.*

Cokeney. p. 24. *some dish now*

unknown. See Chaucer. Perhaps the same as Cockeleky, a dish in the north, being a Cock boiled to rags, with roots, herbs, and barley. The Cock is taken out, and the broth so thickened with the ingredients, that a spoon will stand upright in it. It is then set upon the table.

Cold rost. (*a phrase*) *nothing to the purpose.*

Com. p. 8. *came.*

Comen of kinde. p. 19. *come of a good breed.*

Con, can. gan. began. *Item, Conspringe (a phrase) sprung.*

Con fare. *went, passed.*

Coote. p. 248. (*note*) *coat*

Cost. *coast, side.*

Cotydyallye. *daily, every day.*

Covetise. *covetousness.*

Could bear. *a phrase for bare.*

Could creip. s. *crept.* Could say. *said.* Could weip. s. *wept.*

Could his good. p. 253. *Knew what was good for him; Or perhaps, Could live upon his own.*

Couthen. p. 9. *knew.*

Croft. *an inclosure near a house.*

Croiz. *cross.*

Crook my knee. p. 63. *make lame my knee. They say in the north. "The horse is crookit," i. e. lame. "The horse crooks." i. e. goes lame.*

Crouneth. p. 8. *crown ye.*

Crumpling. *crooked; or perhaps with crooked knotty horns.*

C c

Cule.

Culr. s. *cool*.

Comarer. s. *gossip*. friend, fr.

Comimere, *compere*.

Cure. *care, heed, regard*.

D.

Deal. s. *deal*. p. 74. but give I dale. *unless I deal*.

Dampred. *darned*.

Dan. f. 11. *an ancient title of red*.

Danke. p. 238. *Denmark, query*.

Darb. p. 10. *perhaps for Thar, there*.

Darr'd. s. *bit*.

Dart the tree. s. *bit the tree*.

Daukin. *diminutive of Daniel: or perhaps the same as Dobkin*.

Daunger hault *coyness boldeth*.

Deare day. *charming, pleasant day*.

Dede is do. p. 30. *deed is done*.

Deere. p. 347. *hurt, mischief*.

Deerlye dight. *richly fitted out*.

Deimt. s. *deem'd, esteem'd*.

Deir. s. *dear*. Item: *hurt, trouble, disturb*.

Dele. *deal*.

Deme, *deemed judge, doomed*.

Dent. p. 17. *a dint blow*.

Deol. *dole, grief*.

Dere, deere. *dar: also hurt*.

Derked. *darkened*.

Dern. s. *secret*. p. 74. I' dern. *in secret*.

Devyz. *devise, the act of bequeathing by will*.

Deze, deye. *die*.

Dight: dicht. s. *decked, dressed,*

prepared, fitted out, done, made.

Dyht. p. 10. *to dispose, order*.

Dill. *still, calm, mitigate*.

Dol. *see Deol*. Dule.

Doughtiness of dent. *sturdiness of blows*.

Drake. *See Brenning Drake*.

Drie. s. *suffer*.

Drowe. *drew*.

Dryng. *drink*.

Dude. *did*.

Dule. s. *duel, dol, dole, grief*.

Dyce, s. *dice, chequer-work*.

Dyne. s. p. 96. *dinner*.

E.

Eard. e. *earth*.

Earn. s. *to curdle, make cheese*.

Eikd. s. p. 76. *added, enlarged*.

Elvish. *peevish:—fantastical*.

Ene. s. *eyn, eyes*. Ene. s. *even*.

Enfue. *follow*.

Entendement. f. *understanding*.

Ententify. *to the intent, purposely*.

Er, ere. *before*. Ere. *ear*.

Ettled. *aimed*.

F.

Fader: Fatheris. s. *father; fathers*.

Fair of feir. s. *of a fair and healthful look (Ramsay) Rather, jar off (free from) fear*.

Falsing. *dealing in falsehood*.

Fannes. p. 21. *instruments for winnowing corn*.

Fare. *go, pass, travel*.

Fare.

- Fare. *the price of a passage: p. 84. abusively; shot, reckoning.*
- Fauzt; faucht. s. *fought. Item fight.*
- Feil. s. p. 77. *have failed.*
- Fell. p. 15. *furious. p. 21. skin.*
- Fend. *defend.*
- Fere. *fear. Item companion, wife.*
- Ferliet. s. *wondered.*
- Ferly. *wonder; also, wonderful.*
- Fey. s. *predestinated to death, or some misfortune: under a fatality.*
- Fie. s. *beasts, cattle.*
- Firth, Frith. s. p. 76. *a wood. It. an arm of the Sea. l. fretum.*
- Fit. s. *foot.*
- Fitt. *division, part. See the end of this Glossary.*
- Fleyke, p. 122. *a large kind of burdle: Cows are frequently milked in hovels made of Fleyks.*
- Flowan. s. *flowing*
- Fond. *contrive: also, endeavour, try.*
- Force. p. 140. *no force. no matter.*
- Forced. *regarded, heeded.*
- Forefend. *avert, hinder.*
- Forfought. p. 21. *through fighting: or perhaps for fought, over-fought.*
- Forwatcht. *over-watched, kept awake.*
- Fors. p. 12. *I do no fors. I don't care.*
- Forst. p. 68. *heeded, regarded.*
- Fowkin. *a cant word for a fart.*
- Fox't. *drunk.*
- Frae thay begin. p. 74. *from their beginning: from the time they begin.*
- Freers, fryars. *friars, monks.*
- Freake, freeke, freyke. *man, human creature.*
- Freyke. p. 123. *humour, indulge freakishly, capriciously.*
- Freyned. *asked.*
- Frie. s. *fre. free.*

G.

- Ga, gais. s. *go, goes.*
- Gaberlunzie. *gaberlunzie. s. a wallet.*
- Gaberlunzie-man. s. *a wallet-man, i. e. tinker, beggar, &c.*
- Gadlings. *gadders, idle fellows.*
- Galliard. *a sprightly kind of dance.*
- Gar. s. *to make, cause, &c.*
- Gayed. *made gay (their cloaths.)*
- Gear, geire, geir, gair. s. *goods, effects, stuff.*
- Geere will fway. p. 188. *this matter will turn out: affair terminate.*
- Gederede ys hofst. *gathered his host.*
- Get, geve. *give.*
- Gest. p. 275. *act, feat, story, history. (It is Jest in MS.)*
- Gie, gien. s. *give, given.*
- Gillore. *(Irish.) plenty.*
- Gimp, jimp. s. *neat, slender.*
- Girt. s. *pierced. Throughgirt. p. 70. pierced through.*
- Give, s. *giff. p. 74. if.*

- Glaive. *f. sword.*
 Glen. *s. a narrow valley.*
 Glee. *s. glee. merriment, joy.*
 Glift. *s. glistered.*
 Gode, godness. *good, goodness.*
 God before. *p. 81. i. e. God be they guide: a form of blessing*.*
 Good. *p. 81. sc. a good deal.*
 Good-e'ens. *good-evenings.*
 Gorget. *the dress of the neck.*
 Gowan. *s. the common yellow crowfoot, or goldcup.*
 Graithed (gowden). *s. was caparisoned with gold.*
 Gree. *f. prize, victory.*
 Greened. *grew green.*
 Gret. *p. 9. great. p. 8. grieved, sorry.*
 Grippel. *gripping. tenacious, miserly.*
 Grownes. *grounds. p. 241. (rythmigratiâ. (Vid. Sowne.)*
 Growte. *In Northamptonshire, is a kind of small-beer, extracted from the malt, after the strength has been drawn off. In Devon, it is a kind of sweet ale medicated with eggs, said to be a Danish liquor.*
 Grype. *a griffin.*
 Gurd. *p. 18. girded, lashed, &c.*
 Gybe. *jest. joke.*
 Gyles. *s. guiles.*
 Gyn. *engine, contrivance.*
 Gyse, *s. guise, form, fashion.*

H.

- Ha, have. *ha. s. hall.*
 Habbe, afe he brew. *p. 4. have, as he brews.*
 Haggis. *s. a ship's stomach, stuffed with a pudding made of mince-meat, &c.*
 Hail, hale. *s. whole, altogether.*
 Halt. *holdeth.*
 Hame, hamward. *home, homeward.*
 Han. *have. 3. pers. plur.*
 Hare. . . swerdes. *p. 4. their. . . swords.*
 Harnifine. *harness, armour.*
 Harrowed. *barassed, disturbed.*
 Hav. *have.*
 Haves (ot) *p. 16. effects, substance, riches.*
 Hawkin. *i. e. Hobkin, diminutive of Robert: unless it may rather be thought synonymous to Halkin, dimin. of Harry.*
 He. *p. 21. hie, hasten.*
 Hede. *p. 17. bied. p. 8. be'd, he would. p. 35. beed.*
 Hed. *head.*
 Heare, here. *p. 68. hair.*

* So in Shakespear's *K. HENRY V. (A. 3. sc. 8.)* the King says,

"My army's but a weak and sickly guard ;

"Yet, GOD BEFORE, tel him we will come on."

PREVENT was used in the same sense, as Mr. Johnson observes, vol. 4. p. 425.

- Heil. s. *hele. health.*
 Hecht to lay thee law. s. *promised, engaged to lay thee low.*
 Heicht. s. *height.*
 Heiding-hill. s. *the 'beading [i. e. beheading] hill. The place of execution was anciently an artificial billock.*
 Helen. *beal.*
 Helpeth. *help ye.*
 Hem. *them.*
 Henne. *bence.*
 Hent, hente. *held, laid hold of: also, received.*
 Her. p. 17. 23. 28. *their.*
 Here. p. 5. *their.* p. 64. *hear.* p. 37. *hair.*
 Herkneht. *hearken ye.*
 Hert, hart; heitis. *heart; hearts.*
 Hes. s. *has.*
 Het. *hot.*
 Hether. s. *heath, a low shrub, that grows upon the moors, &c. so luxuriantly, as to choak the grass; to prevent which the inhabitants set whole acres of it on fire, the rapidity of which gave the poet that apt and noble simile in p. 105.*
 Heuch. s. *a rock or steep hill.*
 Hevede, hevedest. *had, hadst.*
 Heveriche, hevenriche. *heavenly.* p. 8.
 Heyze. *high.* Heyd. s. *bied.*
 Hicht, a-hicht. s. *on height.*
 Hie dames to wail. s. p. 103. *high [or, great] ladies too wail; Or, hasten ladies to wail, &c.*
 Hight. *promised, engaged: also, named.*
 Hilt. *taken off, flayed.* Sax. hyl. dan Sax.
 Hinch-boys. *pages of honour, men that went on foot attending on persons in office.*
 Hind. s. *behind.*
 Hinny. s. *honey.*
 Mit. *it.* hit be write. p. 8. *it be written.*
 Holden. *bold.*
 Holtis hair. s. p. 77. *boar bills.*
 Holy-roode. *holy cross.*
 Honden wrynge. *hands wring.*
 Hop-halt. *limping; hopping, and halting.*
 Houzle. *give the sacrament.*
 Howeres, howers. *hours.*
 Huerte. *heart.*
 Hye, hyest. *high, highest.*
 Hynd attowre. s. *behind, over, or about.*
 Hys. *his; also, is.*
 Hyt, hytt. *it.*
 Hyznes. *highness.*

I.

- Janglers. *talkative persons, tell-tales.*
 I-lore, lost. I-strike. *stricken.*
 I-trowe. [*I believe,*] *verily.*
 I-wisse. [*I know,*] *verily.*
 Ich. I. Ich biqueth. *I bequeath.*
 Jenkin. *diminutive of John.*
 Ilk: *this ilk.* s. *this same.*
 Ilke. p. 18. *every ilke. every one.*
 Illfardly. s. *illfavouredly, uglily.*
 Inowe. *enough.*

Into. s. *in*.
 Jo. s. *sweet-heart, friend*.
 Ioo, p. 20. *should probably be*
loo, i. e. baloo!
 Is. p. 4. *his*.
 Iſe. s. *I shall*.
 Its neir. s. p. 98. *It ſhall ne'er*.
 Jupe. s. p. 104. *an upper gar-*
ment. fr. a petticoat.

K.

Kauk. s. *chalk*.
 Keipand. s. *keeping*.
 Keel. s. *raddle*.
 Kempes. *soldiers, warriors*.
 Kend. s. *knew*.
 Kene. *keen*.
 Keynd. s. p. 73. *kind*.
 Kid, kithed. *made known,*
shown.
 Kind, kinde. *nature. p. 15.*
To carpe is our kind. it is
natural for us to talk of.
 Kirm. s. *churn*.
 Kirs. s. *chests*.
 Kith and kin. *acquaintance*
and kindred.
 Kye. *kine, cows*.
 Kirtel, kirtle. *petticoat*.
 Kythe. *appear; also, make ap-*
pear, ſbew, declare.
 Kythed, s. *appeared*.

L.

Lane, lain. s. *lone. her lane,*
alone, by herself.
 Layd unto her. p. 252. *imputed*
to her.
 Laſſe. *leſs*.

Layne. *lien: also, laid*.
 Leek. p. 69. *phrase of contempt*.
 Leal, leil. s. *loyal, honest, true,*
f. loyal.
 Leiman, leman. *lover, mistress*.
 Leir. s. *lere. learn*.
 Lenger. *longer*.
 Lengeth in. p. 272. *resideth in*.
 Lett, latte. *binder. p. 21. ſlac-*
ken, leave off. late. let.
 Lever. *rather*.
 Leves and bowes. *leaves and*
boughs.
 Leuch, leugh. s. *laughed*.
 Leyke, like. *play. p. 123. 274*.
 Lie. s. *lee. p. 109. field, plain*.
 Liege-men. *vassals, subjects*.
 Lightly. *easily*.
 Lire. *flesh, complexion*.
 Lodlye. p. 51. *loathsome. vid.*
Gloſs. vol. 3. lothly.
 Lo'e. s. *love*.
 Loo. *baloo!*
 Lore. *lesson, doctrine, learning*.
 Lore. *loſt*.
 Lorrel. *a sorry, worthless per-*
son.
 Loſel. *ditto*.
 Loud and ſtill. *phr. at all times*.
 Lought; lowe. *laughed*.
 Lowns. s. p. 100. *blazes*.
 Lowte, lout. *bow, ſloop*.
 Lude, luid, luivt. s. *loved*.
 Luiks. s. *looks*.
 Lyard. *nimble. p. 19. probably*
the name of ſome noted horſe
in the old romances.
 Lys. *lies*.
 Lythe. p. 168. *easy, gentle*.
 Lyven na more. *live no more,*
no longer.

Maden.

M.

Maden. *made.*
 Making. p. 45. *sc. verses: versifying.*
 Marrow. *s. equal.*
 Mart. *s. marred, hurt, damaged.*
 Mane, maining. *s. moan, moaning.*
 Mangonel. *an engine used for discharging great stones, arrows, &c. before the invention of gunpowder.*
 Margarite. *a pearl. lat.*
 Maugre. p. 4. *spite of. p. 74. ill-will (I incur).*
 Me. p. 9. *men. Me con. men'gan.*
 Me-thuncreth. *metbinks.*
 Meane. *moderate, middle-sized.*
 Meit. *s. meet. fit, proper.*
 Meid. *s. p. 103. mood.*
 Meise. *s. soften, reduce, mitigate. p. 106.*
 Mell. *honey. Lat. Mel.*
 Menſe the faucht. *s. measure the battel. To give to the menſe, is, to give above the measure. Twelve and one to the menſe, is common with children in their play. p. 103.*
 Menzie. *s. meaney. retinue, company.*
 Meſſager. *f. meſſenger.*
 Minny. *s. mother.*
 Minke. *s. dark. black.*
 Mirry. *s. meri. merry.*
 Miſkaryed. *miſccaried.*
 Miſter. *s. to need.*
 Mo, moe. *more.*

Moiening. *by means of. fr.*
 Mome. *a dull, stupid person.*
 Mone. *moon.*
 More, mure. *s. moor, heath. also marshy ground.*
 Mores. *hills. p. 4. mores ant the fenne. q. d. bill and dale.*
 Morne. p. 74. *to morn. tomorrow: in the morning.*
 Mornying. p. 44. *mourning.*
 Mote I thee, *might I thrive.*
 Mowe. *may, mou. s. mouth.*
 Muchele boſt. *mickle boeſt, great boeſt.*
 Mude. *s. mood.*
 Mulne. *mill.*
 Murne, murnt, murning. *s. mourn, mourned, mourning.*
 Myzt; myzty. *might; mighty.*

N.

Natheles. *nevertheleſs.*
 Neat. *oxen, cows, large cattle.*
 Neatherd. *a keeper of cattle.*
 Neatrefſe. *a female ditto.*
 Neir. *s. ner, nere. ne'er, never.*
 Nere. p. 272. *ne were; were it not for.*
 Neſt; nyeſt. *next; neareſt.*
 Noble. *a gold coin in value 20 groats, or 6 s. 8 d.*
 Nom. p. 8. *took. Nome. name.*
 Non. *none. None. noon.*
 Nonce. *purpose. for the nonce. for the occaſion.*
 Norſe. *s. Norway.*
 Nou. *now.*
 Nout: nocht. *s. nought: alſo, not. Nout. p. 10. ſeems for 'ne mought.'*

Nowght. *nought.*
Nowls. *noddles, beads.*

O.

Ocht. s. *ought.*
Oferlyng. *superior, paramount.*
opposed to underling. p. 4.
On. p. 44. *one, an.*
On-lofte. p. 18. *aloft.*
Or. *ere, before.*
Orifons. s. *prayers. f. oraisons.*
Ou, oure. p. 7. *you, your. ibid.*
our.
Out alas! *exclamation of grief.*
Out owre. s. *out over.*
Owene: awen, ain. s. *own.*
Owre. s. *over.*

P.

Pardè, perdie. *verily. f. par dieu.*
Pauky. s. *sbrewd, cunning, sly.*
Pece. p. 16. *piece. sc. of canon.*
Pees, pefe. *peace.*
Pele. *a baker's peel.*
Pentarchye of tenfes. *five tenfes.*
Perchmine. f. *parchment.*
Per fay. s. *verily. f. par foy.*
Perkin. *diminutive of Peter.*
Perfit. s. *pearced. pierced.*
Petye. *pity.*
Peyn. *pain.*
Pibrochs. s. *Highland war-tunes.*
Pilch. p. 20. *a vestment made of skins.*
Playand. s. *playing.*

Plett. s. *platted.*
Plowmell. p. 21. *a small wooden hammer occasionally fixed to the plow, still used in the North: in the midland counties in its stead is used a Plow-Hatchet.*
Poll-cat. *a cant word for a whore.*
Powdered. p. 25. *a term in Heraldry, for sprinkled over.*
Powlls. *polls, heads.*
Prest. f. *ready.*
Priefe. p. 85. *prove.*
Priving. s. *proving, tasting.*
Prove. p. 41. *proof.*
Prude. p. 4. *pride.*
Puing. s. *pulling.*
Purchsed. p. 12. *procured.*
Purvayed. *provided.*

Q.

Quat. s. *quitted.*
Quaint. p. 226. *cunning. p. 243.*
nice. p. .fantastical.
Quel. p. 123. *cruel. murderous.*
Quillets. *quibbles. l. quidlibet.*
Quyle. s. *while.*
Quyt. s. *quite.*
Qwyknit. s. *quickenened, restored to life.*

R.

Rae. *a roe.*
Raik. s. *to go apace. Raik on raw. go fast in a row.*
Ranted. s. p. 6. *were merry. vid. Gl. to Gent. Skepherd.*
Raught. *reached, gained, obtained.*

Rea'me,

Rea'me. *realm*.
 Rede, redde. p. 9. *read*.
 Rede, read. p. 30. *advise, advice*.
 Redresse. p. 70. *care, labour*.
 Refe, reve, reeve. *bailiff*.
 Reid. s. *advise*.
 Remeid. s. *remedy*.
 Rescous, *rescues*.
 Reve. p. 19. *bereave, deprive*.
 Revers. s. *robbers, pirates,rovers*.
 Rew. s. *take pity*.
 Rin. s. *run*.
 Rise. p. 274. *shoot, bush, shrub*.
 Rive. p. 277. *rise, abounding*.
 Rood loft, *the place in the church where the images were set up*.
 Rudd. *ruddiness; complexion*.
 Rude. s. *rood, cross*.
 Ruell-bones. p. 18. *perhaps bones diversly coloured. f. ri-olè.—or perhaps, small bone-rings, from the Fr. rouelle, a small ring or hoop. Cot-grav. Diction.*
 Rugged. p. 23. *pulled with violence*.
 Rushy. s. p. 77. *should be rashy gair, rushy stuff; ground covered with rushes*.
 Ruthe. p. 41. *pity*. p. 203. *woe*.
 Rywe. *rue*.

S.

Saif. s. *save*. Savely. *safely*.
 Saifede. *seized*.
 Say. p. 27. *assay, attempt*.
 Scant. *scarce*.

Schaw. s. *show*.
 Schene. s. *shene: shining; It. brightness*.
 Schiples. s. *shipless*.
 Scho. s. *she*.
 Schuke. s. *shook*.
 Sclat. *slate: p. 12. little table-book of slates to write upon*.
 Scot. *tax, revenue. p. 5. a year's tax of the kingdom*.
 Se; fene; feying. *see; seen; seeing*.
 See, sees. s. *sea, seas*.
 Sely, feely. *fily, simple*.
 Selven. *self*.
 Selver, filler. s. *silver*.
 Sen. s. *since*.
 Senvy. *mustard-seed. f. senvie*.
 Seve. p. 277. *seven*.
 Sey yow. p. 11. *say to, tell you*.
 Seyd. s. *saw*.
 Shave, p. 68. *be shave. been shaven*.
 Sheeve. *a great slice or luncheon of bread. p. 242*.
 Shirt of male. *coat of mail*.
 Sho. s. *she*.
 Shope. p. 269. *betook me, shaped my course*.
 Shorte. s. *shorten*.
 Shrive. *confess. Item, bear confession*.
 Shynand. s. *shining*.
 Shurting. *recreation, diversion, pastime. Vid. Gaw. Dougl. Gloss.*
 Shunted. *shunned*.
 Sich, sic. s. *sich. Sich. s. sigh*.
 Side. s. *long*.
 Sindle. s. *seldom*.
 Sitteth. p. 3. *sit ye*.

- Six-mens song. *p.* 24. *a song for six voices* *.
- Skaith, scath. *harm, mischief.*
- Skalk. *p.* 122. *perhaps from the Germ. Schalck. malicious, perverse. (Sic Dan. Skalck. Nequitia, malicia, &c. Sheringham de Angl. Orig. p. 318.)—Or perhaps from the Germ. Schalchen. to squint. Hence our Northern word, Skelly, to squint.*
- Skinker. *one that serves drink.*
- Skomfit. *discomfit.*
- Skot. *shot, reckoning.*
- Slattered. *split, broke into splinters.*
- Sle, flea, fley, flo. *slay.*
- Slee. *s. fly.*
- Sønde. *a present.*
- Sone. *soon. p.* 9. son. *p. sun.*
- Sonn. *p.* 274. *sun.*
- Soth, sooth. *truth; also, true.*
- Soothly. *truly.*
- Sould. *s. should.*
- Souling, *p.* 242. *victualling.*
Sowle is still used in the north for any thing eaten with
- bread. A. S. Suple. Suple. Job. 21. 5.*
- Sowne. *found. p.* 46. (*rhythmi gr.*)
- Spec. spak, spack. *s. spake.*
- Speere. *p.* 133.
- Speered, sparred. *i. e. fastened, shut. So Bale in his 2d Pt. of Actes of Eng. Notaries. fo. "38. The Dore therof oft "tymes opened and speared agayne ||."*
- Speir. *s. spear. spear.*
- Speir. *s. (p. 61.) speer. speare. ask, inquire. Vid. Gloss. vol. 3.*
- Spence. *expence.*
- Spindles and whorles, *the instruments used for spinning in Scotland, in the same manner as spinning-wheels here †.*
- Spilt. *s. spilt.*
- Spole. *shoulder. f. espaule. p.* 190. *it seems to mean "arm pit."*
- Stalwart. *stout.*
- Startopes. *buskins worn by rustics, laced down before.*
- Stead, stede. *place.*

* So Shakespear uses, THREE MAN SONG-MEN, in his Winter's Tale. A. 3. sc. 3. to denote men that could sing catches composed for three voices. Of these sort are Weelkes's Madrigals mentioned above in p. 158. So again Shakesp. has THREE-MAN BEETLE, i. e. a beetle or rammer worked by three men. 2 Hen. 4. A. 1 sc. 3.

|| So again in an old "Treatyse agaynst Pestilence, &c. 4to. En-
 "prynted by Wynkyn de Worde:" we are exhorted to "SPERE
 "[i. e. shut, or bar] the wyndowes ayenst the south." fol. 5.

† THE ROCK, SPINDLES, and WHORLES are very much used in Scotland and the northern parts of Northumberland at this time. The thread for Shoe-makers, and even some Linen-webs, and all the twine of which the Tweed Salmon-nets are made, are spun upon SPINDLES. They are said to make a more even and smooth thread than Spinning-wheels.

Steir. s. *flir*.
 Stel. *steel*. *steilly*. s. *steely*.
 Stound. *time*. a stound, a *while*.
 Stown. s. *stolen*.
 Stoup of weir. s. *pillar of war*.
 Strike, p. 12. *stricken*.
 Stra, strae. s. *straw*.
 Suth, swith. *soon*. *quickly*.
 Suore bi ys chyn. *sworn by his chin*.
 Sware. *swearing*, *oath*.
 Swa, fa. *so*.
 Swarvde, swarved. *climbed*.
 Swaird. *the grassy surface of the ground*.
 Swearde, swerd. *sword*.
 Swevens. *dreams*.
 Swipping. p. 21. *striking fast* ;
 [Cimb. *suipan, cito agere*,
 or rather 'scourging,' from
solwere, raptare.] Scot.
 Sweap. *to scourge*. Vid. *Gloss*.
to Gasw. Douglas.
 Swipples, p. 21. A Swipple
is that staff of the flail, with
which the corn is beaten out.
vulg. a Supple : (called in
the midland counties a Swind
gell ; where the other part is
termed the Hand-staff.)
 Swinkers. *labourers*.
 Swyving. *whoring*.
 Syke. *figh*.
 Syn. *since*. Syne. s. *then*.
 Sythemell. p. 65. *Ishmael*.
 Syth. *since*.

T.

Take p. 25. *taken*.
 Taken. s. p. 106. *token*, *sign*.
 Targe. *target*, *shield*.
 Te. to. *to make*, p. 3. *to make*.
 Te he! *interjection of laughing*.
 Tent. s. *beed*.
 Terry. *diminutive of Thierry*.
Theodoricus, Didericus. Lat.
 Tha. p. 22. *them*. Thah. *though*.
 Thare, theire, ther, thore. *there*.
 The. *thee*.
 The God. p. 24. *seems contracted for The he. i. e. high God*.
 The, thee. *thrive*. So mote I
 thee. p. 86. *So may I thrive* *.
 Thii. p. 277. *they*.
 Thi sone. p. 9. *thy son*.
 Thilke. *this*.
 Thir. s. *this*, *these*.
 Thirtowmonds. s. *these twelve months*.
 Tho. *then*. p. 32. *those*.
 Thole ; tholed. *suffer* ; *suffered*.
 Thoust. *thou shalt*, or *shouldest*.
 Thrang. s. *throng* ; *close*.
 Thrawis. s. *throes*.
 Thritti thousand. *thirty thousand*.
 Thrie. s. *three*. *three*.
 Thrif. *thrive*.
 Thruch, through. s. *through*.
 Thud. p. 106. *noise of a fall*.
 Tibbe. In Scotland *Tibbe* is
the diminutive of Isabel.
 Tild down. p. 275. *pitched*. *qu*.
 Till. s. to. p. 16. *when*. *query*.

* So in Chaucer, *passim*. See the *Sompnour's Tale*.

"What shulde I say, God let him never THE."

Urry's Ed. p. 94. ver. 943.

Timkin.

Timkin. *diminutive of Timothy.*

Tint. s. *lost.*

Too fall. s. p. 372. *twilight.*

Traiterye. *treason.*

Trie. s. tre. *tree.*

Trichard. *treacherous.* f. tri-
cheur.

Tricthen. *trick, deceive.*

Trough, trowth. *trot.*

Trow. *think, believe, trust.*

Trumped. p. 16. *boasted, told
bragging lies, lying stories.*
*So in the North they say,
"That's a trump," i. e. a
lie. "She goes about trump-
ing:"; i. e. telling lies.*

Trumps made of tree. p. 21.
*perhaps "wooden trumpets:"
musical instruments fit enough
for a mock tournament.*

Tuke gude keip. s. *kept a close
eye upon her.*

Turnes a crab. *sc. at the fire:
roasts a crab.*

Twirtle twist. s. p. 99. *tho-
roughly twisted: "twisted,"
or "twirled twist." f. tor-
tillè.*

V.

Vair. *Somersetsh. Dialect. fair.*

Valziant. s. *valiant.*

Vazem. *Som. perhaps, faith.*

Uch. *each.*

Vive. p. 277. *Som. five.*

Uncertain. s. p. 73. *doubtful.
or perhaps, on (i. e. in) cer-
tain, for certain.*

Unmusit. s. *undisturbed, uncon-
founded. perh. unmuvit.*

Unsonie. s. *unlucky, unfortu-
nate.*

Vriers. *Som. friers. p. 288. (it
is Vicars in PCC.)*

Uthers. s. *others.*

W.

Wa. s. p. 95. *way. p. 213. wall.*

Wad. s. *would.*

Waine. *waggon.*

Wallowit. s. *faded, withered.*

Wame. s. *womb.*

Wan neir. s. *drew near.*

Wanruse. s. *uncasy.*

War ant wys. p. 8. *wary and
wise.*

Ward. s. *watch, sentinel.*

Warke. s. *work.*

Warld. s. *world.*

Waryd. s. *accursed.*

Wate. s. *weete, wete, wit,
witte, wot, wote, wotte.
know.*

Weale, weel, weil, wele. s.
well.

Wearifou'. *wearisome, tire-
some, disturbing.*

Wee. s. *little.*

Weet. s. *wet.*

Weid. s. *wede, weed. cloaths,
clothing.*

We it. s. p. 98. *with it.*

Weldynge. *ruling.*

Weind. s. *wende, went, weende.
weened, thought.*

Wene; weneft. *wene; weeneft.*

Wend, wenden. *go*

Wende. *went. p. 9. wendeth.
goeth.*

Wer. *were.*

Wereth. p. 272. *defendeth.*

Werre: weir. s. *war. Waris.
s. war's.*

Wes.

Wes. *was*.

Westlin. s. *western*.

Whang. s. *a large slice*.

Wheder. p. 30. *whither*.

Whelyng. *wheeling*.

Whig. *four whey, or butter-milk*.

Whorles. *See Spindles*.

Wildings. *wild apples*.

Wintome. s. *agreeable, engaging*.

Win. s. *get, gain*.

Wirke wislier. *work more wisely*.

Wispes and kixes. p. 23. *whispes and kexes*.

Wifs; wift. *know; knew*.

Withouten. *without*.

Wobster. s. *webster, weaver*.

Wode-ward. p. 37. *towards the wood*.

Woe worth. *woe be to [thee.]*

Won. *wont, usage*.

Wonders. *wonderous*.

Wood. *mad, furious*.

Wote, wot. *know*. I wote. *verily*.

Worshipfully frended. p. 253. *of worshipful friends*.

Wow. *An exclamation of wonder*.

Wreake. *pursue revengefully*.

Wreuch. s. *wretchedness*.

Wrouzt. *wrought*.

Wynnen. *win, gain*.

Wisse. p. 8. *direct, govern, take care of*. A. S. *piſſian*:

Y.

Y. I. Y syng. *I sing*.

Yae. s. *each*.

Y beare; Y-boren. *beare; borne*. so Y-founde. *found*.

Y-mad. *made*. Y-wonne. *won*.

Y-core. *chosen*.

Y-wis. [*I know*] *verily*.

Y-zote. *molten, melted*.

Yalping. s. *yelping*.

Ycholde, yef. *I should, if*.

Yearded, p. 276. *buried*.

Yede, yode. *went*.

Yfere. *together*.

Yf. *if*.

Yll. *ill*.

Yn. *house, home*.

Ys. p. 10. *is*. p. 4. *his*. p. 8. *in his*.

Z.

Zacring bell. *Scm. Sacring bell. a little bell rung to give notice of the elevation of the host. (It is Zeering in PCC. p. 290.)*

Zee: zeene. *Som. see: seen*.

Zef. ycf. *if*.

Zeirs. s. *years*.

Zeme. *take care of*. A. S. *zeman*.

Zent. *through*. A. S. *zēond*.

Zestrene. s. *yester-e'en*.

Zit. s. *zet, yet*.

Zoud. s. *you'd, you would*.

Zule. s. *yule, christmas*.

Zung. s. *young*.

P O S T - S C R I P T .

Since page 166 was printed off, reasons have offered, which lead us to think that the word FIT, originally signified "a po-
etic

“etic strain, verse,” or “poem”; for in these senses it is used by the Anglo-Saxon writers. Thus K. Ælfred in his *Boetius*, having given a version of lib. 3. metr. 5. adds, *Dareþirdom tha thaþ fitte arunjen hæfde*, p. 65. i. e. “When wisdom had sung these [FITTS] verses.” And in the *Proem*. to the same book *Fon on fitte*, “Put into [FITT] verse.” So in *Cedmon*, p. 45. *Feond on fitte*, seems to mean “composed a song,” or “poem.”

Spenser has used the same word to denote “a strain of music:” see his poem, intitled *COLLIN Clout’s come home again*, where he says, *The Shepherd of the ocean* [Sir Walt. Raleigh]

Provoked me to play some pleasant FIT,

And when he heard the music which I made

He found himself full greatlye pleas’d at it, &c.

From being applied to Music, this word was easily transferred to Dancing; thus in the old play of *Hasty Juventus* (see p. 112.) *Juventus* says,

By the masse I would fayne go daunce a FITTE.

And from being used as a Part or Division in a Ballad, Poem, &c. it is applied by BALE to a Section or Chapter in a Book, (though I believe in a sense of ridicule or sarcasm) for thus he intitles two Chapters of his *English Dictaryes*, pt. 2d. viz. — fol. 49.

“The fyrst FYTT of Anselme with Kyng Wylliam Rufus.” — fol. 50. “An other FYTT of Anselme with kyng Wylliam Rufus.”

Other instances may be seen in the foregoing volume. See the Glossary.

THE END OF THE GLOSSARY.



ADDITIONAL NOTES.

Page 1.

The satirical Ballad on RICHARD OF ALMAIGNE will rise in its importance with the curious Reader, when he finds, that it is even believed to have occasioned a Law in our Statute Book, viz. “Against slanderous reports or tales, to cause discord betwixt king and people.” (WESTM. PRIMER, c. 34. anno 3. Edw. I.) And that it had this effect

effect is the opinion of an eminent Lawyer : See " Observations upon the Statutes, chiefly the more Ancient, &c." 4to. 2d Edit. 1766. p. 71.

If the very learned and ingenious Writer would examine the Original MS. in the Harl. Collection, whence our Ballad was extracted, he would, I believe, find other satirical and defamatory rhymes of the same age, that might have had their share in contributing to this first Law against Libels.

Page 26.

The Poem of the NUTBROWNE MAYD was first reviewed in " The Muscs Mercury for June, 1707." 4to. being pre-faced with a little " Essay on the old English Poets and Poetry : " in which this poem is concluded to be " near 300 years old," upon reasons, which, though they appear inconclusive to us now, were sufficient to determine Prior ; who there first met with it. However, this opinion had the approbation of the learned WANLEY, an excellent judge of ancient books.

Page 28.

An ingenious friend proposes to read the first lines thus, as a latinism :

Be it right or wrong, 'tis men among,
On women to complayne.

Page 78.

To shew what constant tribute was paid to OUR LADY OF WALSINGHAM, I shall give a few extracts from the ancient MS. of the " Establishment of the Household of " HENRY V. Earl of Northumberland." (Vid. Vol. I. p. 367.)

SECT. XLIV.

ITEM, My Lorde usith yerly to sende afore Michaelmas for his Lordship's Offerynge to our Lady of Walsyngham. iiij d.

ITEM, My Lorde usith and accustomyth to send yerely for the upholdynge of the Light of Wax which his Lordship syndeth birnyng yerly besfor our Lady of Walsyngham, containynge vj lb. of Wax in it, after vj d. ob. for the syndynge of every lb. redy wrought by a covenant maid with the

Chanon

Chanon by great, for the hole yere, for the findinge of the said Lyght byrnyng, vj s. viij d.

ITEM, *My Lord useth and accustometh to send yerely to the Chanen that kepith the Light before our Lady of Walsyngham, for his reward for the hole yere, for kepynge of the said Light, lyghtynge of it at all ser-vice tymes dayly thorowt the yere, xij d.*

ITEM, *My Lord useth and accustomyth yerely to sende to the Prest that kepith the Light, lyghtynge of it at all sservice tymes daily thorout the yere, iij s. iiij d.*

Page 256.

An original Picture of JANE SHORE almost naked is preserved in the Provost's Lodgings at Eton; and another picture of her is in the Provost's Lodge at King's College Cambridge: to both which foundations she is supposed to have done friendly offices with EDWARD IV. A small quarto Mezzotinto Print was taken from the former of these by J. FABER.

THE END OF VOLUME THE SECOND.



The Notes referred to Vol. 2.^d pag. 24

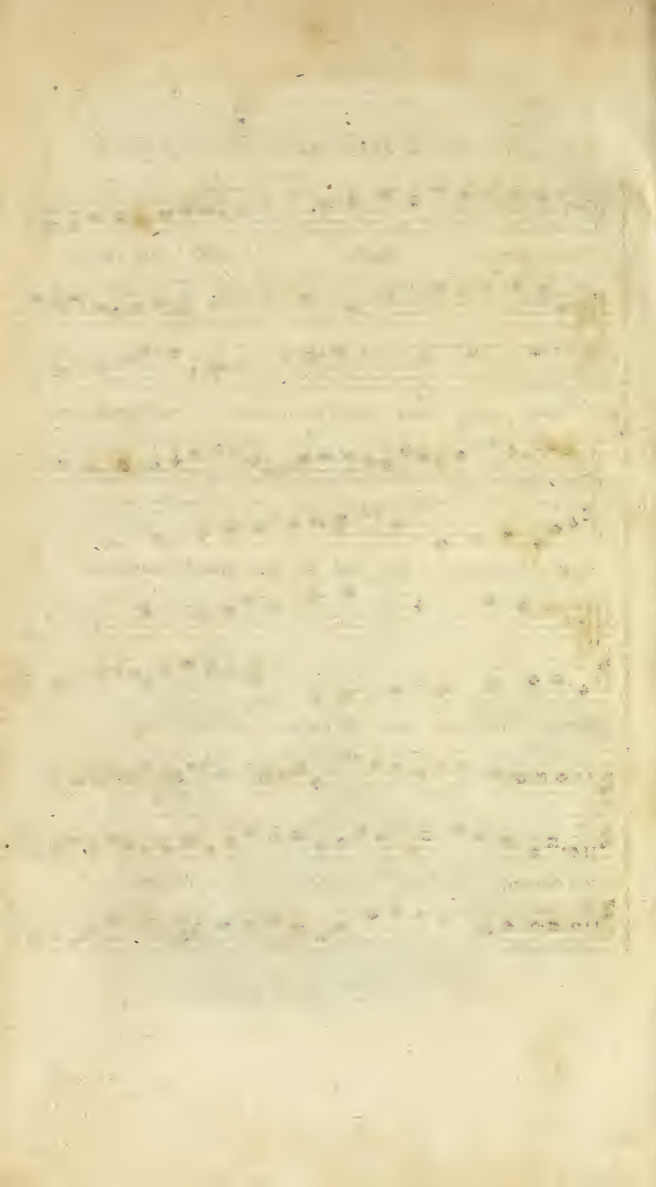
Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria

Owr Kynge went forth to Normandy with grace and
myzt of Chyvalry, the God for hym wrouzt marvelously
Wherefore Englonde may call and cry, *Deo Gratias.*

Deo Gratias, Anglia redde pro Victoria.

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of ten staves of music, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are written below the notes. The first line of music is followed by the text 'Deo gratias Anglia redde pro victoria'. The second line of music is followed by 'Owr Kynge went forth to Normandy with grace and'. The third line of music is followed by 'myzt of Chyvalry, the God for hym wrouzt marvelously'. The fourth line of music is followed by 'Wherefore Englonde may call and cry, Deo Gratias.'. The fifth line of music is followed by 'Deo Gratias, Anglia redde pro Victoria.'. The score is written in a historical style with diamond-shaped notes and stems.

To come in at the End of Vol. 2.^d





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